



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

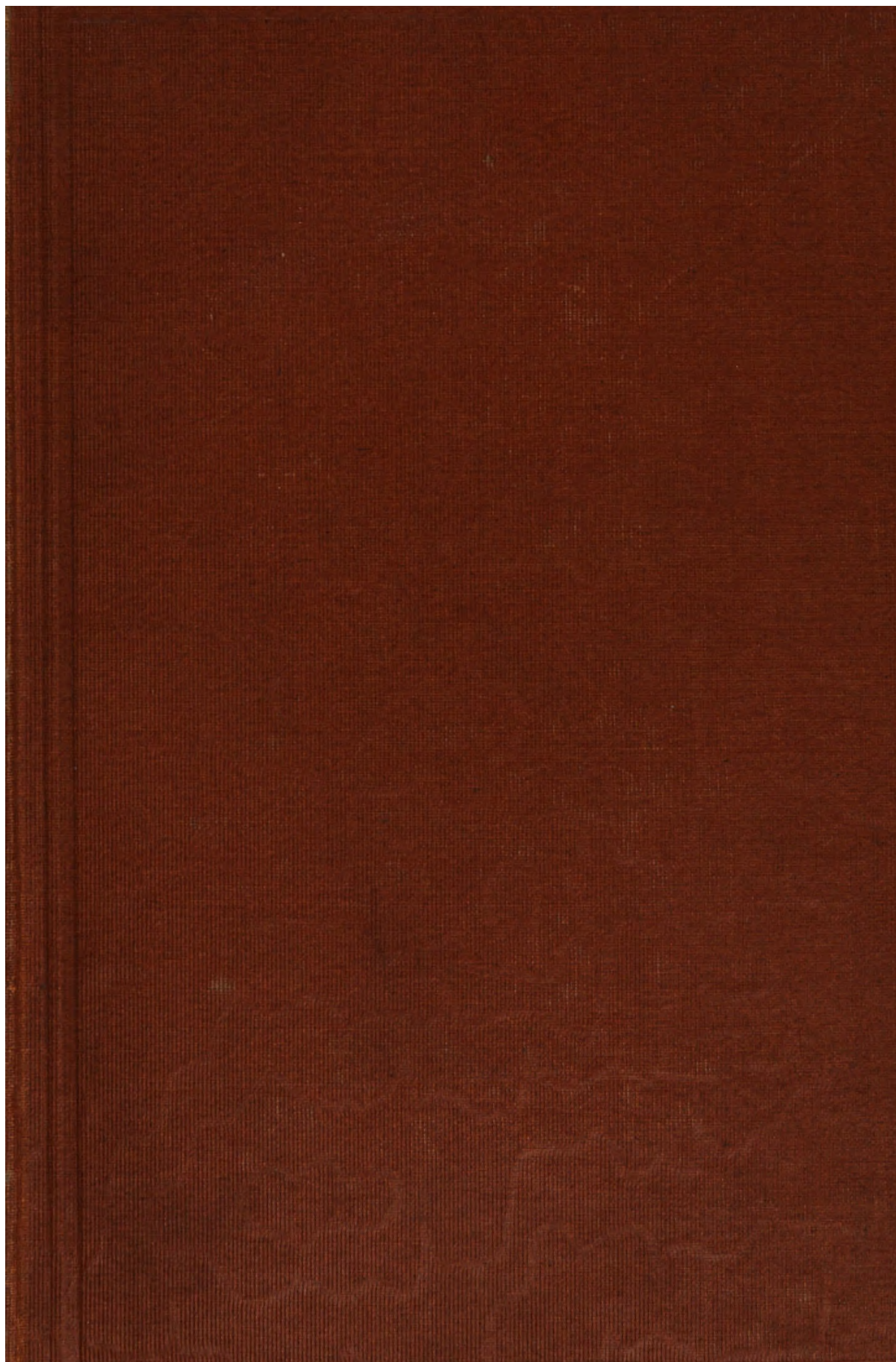
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries
and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-
ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.





600056258W



GUILD COURT.



VOL. III.

GUILD COURT

BY

GEORGE MAC DONALD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF

"ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN,"

"DAVID ELGINBROD,"

ETC. ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.



LONDON :

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1868.

The right of Translation is reserved.

250. n. 210.

LONDON:
SAVILL, EDWARDS AND CO., PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

CONTENTS
OF
THE THIRD VOLUME.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. POPPIE CHOOSES A PROFESSION . . .	1
II. THOMAS'S MOTHER	28
III. LUCY'S NEW TROUBLE	38
IV. MRS. BOXALL FINDS A COMPANION IN MISFORTUNE	75
V. WHAT THOMAS WAS ABOUT	96
VI. THOMAS RETURNS TO LONDON	127
VII. THOMAS IS CAPTURED	144
VIII. THE CONFESSION	158
IX. THOMAS AND MR. STOPPER	177
X. THOMAS AND HIS FATHER	185

CHAP.	PAGE
XI. THOMAS AND HIS MOTHER	192
XII. THOMAS AND LUCY	214
XIII. JACK OF THE NINGPO	229
XIV. LUCY, AND MATTIE, AND POPPIE	233
XV. MOLKEN ON THE SCENT	249
XVI. GRANNIE APPEALS TO WIDDLES	270
XVII. GUILD COURT AGAIN	286
XVIII. WOUND UP OR RUN DOWN	296

GUILD COURT.

CHAPTER I.

Poppie Chooses a Profession.

HEN their native red began to bloom again upon the cheeks of Poppie, she began to grow restless, and the heart of the tailor to grow anxious. It was very hard for a wild thing to be kept in a cage against her will, he thought. He did not mind sitting in a cage, but then he was used to it, and frequented it of his own free will; whereas his child Poppie took after her grandfather—her mother's father, who was a sailor, and never set his foot on shore but he wanted to be off again within the week. He therefore began to reason

with himself as to what ought to be done with her. So soon as she was strong again all her wandering habits would return, and he must make some provision for them. It would not only be cruel to try to break her of them all at once, but assuredly fruitless. Poppie would give him the slip some day, return to her Arab life, and render all sealing of the bond between father and daughter impossible. The streets were her home. She was used to them. They made life pleasant to her. And yet it would not do to let her run idle about the streets. He thought and thought what would be best.

Meantime the influence of Mattie had grown upon Poppie. Although there was as yet very little sign of anything like thought in her, the way she deferred to the superior intelligence in their common pursuits proved that she belonged to the body of humanity, and not to unassociated animality. Her love of bright colours now afforded the first hold by which to commence her education. Remembering her own childhood, Mattie sought to interest her pupil in dolls, pro-

ceeding to dress one, which she called Poppie, in a gorgeous scarlet cloth which the tailor procured for the purpose. And Poppie was interested. The colour drew her to the process. By degrees, she took a part; first only in waiting on Mattie, then in sewing on a button or string, at which she was awkward enough, as Mattie took more than necessary pains to convince her, learning, however, by slow degrees, to use her needle a little. But what was most interesting to find was, that a certain amount of self-consciousness began to dawn during and apparently from the doll-dressing. Her causative association with the outer being of the doll, led to her turning an eye upon her own outer being; and Poppie's redemption—I do not say regeneration—first showed itself in a desire to be dressed. Consciousness begins with regard to the body first. A baby's first lesson of consciousness lies in his blue shoes. But one may object, "You do not call it a sign of redemption in a baby that, when you ask where baby's shoes are, he holds up his little feet with a smile of triumph." I answer,

It must be remembered, that Poppie had long passed the age when such interest indicates natural development, and therefore she was out of the natural track of the human being, and a return to that track, indicating an awakening of the nature that was in her, may well be called a sign of redemption. And with a delicate instinct of his own, nourished to this particular manifestation by his trade, the tailor detected the interest shown in the doll by Poppie, as a most hopeful sign, and set himself in the midst of his work to get a dress ready for her, such as she would like. Accustomed, however, only to work in cloth, and upon male subjects, the result was, to say the least of it, remarkable—altogether admirable in Poppie's eyes, though somewhat strange in those of others. She appeared one day in a scarlet jacket of fine cloth, trimmed with black, which fitted her like her skin, and, to complete the dress, in a black skirt, likewise of cloth, which, however picturesque and accordant with the style of Poppie's odd beauty, was at least somewhat peculiar and undesirable in a city like London,

which persecutes men's tastes, if it leaves their convictions free.

This dress Mr. Spelt had got ready in view of a contemplated walk with Poppie. He was going to take her to Highgate on a Sunday morning, with his Bible in his pocket. I have already said that he was an apparent anomaly, this Mr. Spelt, loving his New Testament, and having no fancy for going to church. How this should have come about, I hardly understand. Not that I do not know several instances of it in most excellent men, but not in his stratum. Yet what was his stratum? The Spirit of God teaches men in a thousand ways, and Mr. Spelt knew some of the highest truths better than nine out of ten clergymen, I venture to say. Yet Mr. Spelt was inwardly reproached that he did not go to church, and made the attempt several times, with the result that he doubted the truth of the whole thing for half the week after. Some church-going reader must not condemn him at least for preferring Highgate to the churchyard-gate.

It was a bright frosty morning, full of life and

spirit, when the father and daughter—for thus we accept the wilful conviction of the tailor, and say no more about it—set out for Highgate. Poppie was full of spirits, too full for her father's comfort, for, every time she drew her hand from his, and danced away sideways or in front, he feared lest he had seen the last of her, and she would never more return to lay her hand in his. On one of these occasions, it was to dart a hundred yards in advance upon another little girl, who was listlessly standing at a crossing, take the broom from her hand, and begin to sweep vigorously. Nor did she cease sweeping till she had made the crossing clean, by which time her father had come up. She held out her hand to him, received in it a ready penny, and tossed it to the girl. Then she put her hand in his again, and trotted along with him, excited and sedate both at once.

“Would you like to sweep a crossing, Poppie?” asked he.

“Wouldn't I just, daddie? I should get no end o' ha'pence.”

“What would you do with them when you got them?”

“Give them to poor girls. I don’t want them, you see, now I’m a lady.”

“What makes a lady of you, then?”

“I’ve got a father of my own, all to myself—that makes a lady of me, I suppose. Anyhow I know I am a lady now. Look at my jacket.”

I do not know that Mr. Spelt thought that her contempt of money, or rather want of faith in it, went a good way to make her a very peculiar lady indeed; but he did think that he would buy her a broom the first day he saw the attraction of the streets grow too strong for Guild Court.

This day, things did not go quite to the tailor’s mind. He took Poppie to a little public-house which he had known for many years, for it was kept by a cousin of his own. There he ordered his half-pint of beer, carried it with him to a little arbour in the garden, now getting very bare of its sheltering leaves, sat down with Poppie, pulled out his bible, and began to read

to her. But he could not get her to mind him. Every other moment she was up and out of the arbour, now after one thing, now after another; now it was a spider busily rolling up a fly in his gluey web; now it was a chicken escaped from the hen-house, and scratching about as if it preferred finding its own living even in an irregular fashion; and now a bird of the air that sowed not nor reaped, and yet was taken care of.

"Come along, Poppie," said her father; "I want you to listen."

"Yes, daddie," Poppie would answer, returning instantly; but in a moment, ere a sentence was finished, she would be half across the garden. He gave it up in despair.

"Why ain't you reading, daddie?" she said, after one of these excursions.

"Because you wont listen to a word of it, Poppie."

"Oh! yes; here I am," she said.

"Come, then; I will teach you to read."

"Yes," said Poppie, and was off after another sparrow.

“Do you know that God sees you, Poppie?” asked Mr. Spelt.

“I don’t mind,” answered Poppie.

He sighed and closed his book, drank the last of his half-pint of beer, and rose to go. Poppie seemed to feel that she had displeased him, for she followed without a word. They went across the fields to Hampstead, and then across more fields to the Finchley road. In passing the old church, the deep notes of the organ reached their ears.

“There,” said Poppie; “I suppose that’s God making his thunder. Ain’t it, daddie?”

“No. It’s not that,” answered Spelt.

“It’s there he keeps it, anyhow,” said Poppie. “I’ve heard it coming out many a time.”

“Was you never in one o’ them churches?” asked her father.

“No,” answered Poppie.

“Would you like to go?” he asked again, with the hope that something might take hold of her.

“If you went with me,” she said.

Now Mr. Spelt had heard of Mr. Fuller from Mr. Kitely, and had been once to hear him preach. He resolved to take Poppie to his church that evening.

My reader will see that the child had already made some progress. She talked at least. How this began I cannot explain. No fresh sign of thought or of conscience in a child comes into my notice but I feel it like a miracle—a something that cannot be accounted for save in attributing it to a great Thought that can account for it.

They got upon an omnibus, to Poppie's great delight, and rode back into the city. After they had had some tea they went to the evening service, where they saw Lucy, and Mattie with her father. Mattie was very devout, and listened even when she could not understand; Poppie only stared; and showed by her restlessness that she wanted to be out again. When they were again in the street she asked just one question: "Why did Jesus Christ put on that ugly black thing?"

“That wasn’t Jesus Christ,” said Mattie, with a little pharisaical horror.

“Oh! wasn’t it?” said Poppie, in a tone of disappointment. “I thought it was.”

“Oh, Poppie, Poppie!” said poor Mr. Spelt; “haven’t I told you twenty times that Jesus Christ was the Son of God?”

But he might have told her a thousand times. Poppie could not recall what she had no apprehension of when she heard it. What was Mr. Spelt to do? He had tried and tried, but he had got no idea into her yet. But Poppie had no objection either to religion in general, or to any dogma whatever in particular. It was simply that she stood in no relation of consciousness towards it, or any part or phase of it. Even Mattie’s attempts resulted in the most grotesque conceptions and fancies. But that she was willing to be taught, an instance which soon followed will show.

Her restlessness increasing, and her father dreading lest she should be carried away by some sudden impulse of lawlessness, he bought

her a broom one day—the best he could find, of course—and told her she might, if she pleased, go and sweep a crossing. Poppie caught at the broom, and vanished without a word. Not till she was gone beyond recall did her father bethink himself that the style of her dress was scarcely accordant with the profession she was about to assume. She was more like a child belonging to a travelling theatre than any other. He remembered, too, that crossing-sweepers are exceedingly tenacious of their rights, and she might get into trouble. He could not keep quiet; his work made no progress; and at last he yielded to his anxiety, and went out to look for her. But he wandered about without success, lost half his day, and returned disconsolate.

At the dinner hour Poppie came home; but, alas! with her brilliant jacket nearly as dirty as her broom, the appearance of which certainly indicated work. Spelt stooped as usual, but hesitated to lift her to his nest.

“Oh, Poppie!” he expostulated, “what a mess you’ve made of yourself!”

"'Tain't me, daddy," she answered; "it's them nasty boys—would throw dirt at me. 'Twasn't their crossing I took; they hadn't no call to chivy me. But I gave it them!"

"What did you do, Poppie?" asked her father, a little anxiously.

"I looks up at St. Paul's, and I says, 'Please, Jesus Christ, help me to give it 'em.' And then I flies at 'em with my broom, and I knocks one o' them down, and a cart went over his leg, and he's took to the 'ospittle. I b'lieve his leg's broke."

"Oh, Poppie! And didn't they say anything to you? I wonder they didn't take you up."

"They couldn't find me. I thought Jesus Christ would help me. He did."

What was Mr. Spelt to say? He did not know; and therefore, unlike some, who would teach others even when they have nothing to impart, he held his peace. But he took good care not to let her go out in that dress any more.

"Didn't you get any ha'pence?" he asked.

“ Yes. I gave ’em all to the boy. I wouldn’t if the cart hadn’t gone over him, though. Catch me !”

“ Why did you give them to him ?”

“ Oh, I don’t know. I wanted to.”

“ Did he take them ?”

“ Course he did. Why shouldn’t he ? I’d ha’ tookt ’em.”

Mr. Spelt resolved at last to consult Mr. Fuller about the child. He went to see him, and told him all he knew concerning her. To his surprise, however, when he came to her onset with the broom, Mr. Fuller burst into a fit of the heartiest laughter. Spelt stood with his mouth open, staring at the sacred man. Mr. Fuller saw his amazement.

“ You don’t think it was very wicked of your poor child to pray to God and shoulder her broom, do you ?” he said, still laughing.

“ We’re told to forgive our enemies, sir. And Poppie prayed against hers.”

“ Yes, yes. You and I have heard that, and, I hope, learned it. But Poppie, if she has heard

it, certainly does not understand it yet. Do you ever read the Psalms?"

"Yes, sometimes. Some of them pretty often, sir."

"You will remember, then, how David prays against his enemies."

"Yes, sir. It' rather awful sometimes."

"What do you make of it? Was it wicked in David to do so?"

"I daren't say that, sir."

"Then why should you think it was in Poppie?"

"I think perhaps David didn't know better."

"And you think Poppie ought to know better than David?"

"Why, you see, sir, if I'm right, as I fancy, David lived before our Saviour came into the world to teach us better."

"And so you think Poppie more responsible than a man like David, who loved God as not one Christian in a million, notwithstanding that the Saviour has come, has learned to love him yet? A man may love God, and pray against his ene-

mies. Mind you, I'm not sure that David hated them. I know he did not love them, but I am not sure that he hated them. And I'm sure Poppie did not hate hers, for she gave the little rascal her coppers, you know."

"Thank you, sir," said Spelt, grateful to the heart's core that Mr. Fuller stood up for Poppie.

"Do you think God heard David's prayers against his enemies?" resumed Mr. Fuller.

"He gave him victory over them, anyhow."

"And God gave Poppie the victory, too. I think God heard Poppie's prayer. And Poppie will be the better for it. She'll pray for a different sort of thing before she has done praying. It is a good thing to pray to God for anything. It is a grand thing to begin to pray."

"I wish you would try and teach her something, sir. I've tried and tried, and I don't know what to do more. I don't seem to get anything into her."

"You're quite wrong, Mr. Spelt. You have taught her. She prayed to God before she fell upon her enemies with her broom."

“ But I do want her to believe. I confess to you, sir, I’ve never been much of a church-goer, but I do believe in Christ.”

“ It doesn’t much matter whether you go to church or not if you believe in him. Tell me how you came to hear or know about him without going to church.”

“ My wife was a splendid woman, sir—Poppie’s mother, but—you see, sir—she wasn’t—she didn’t—she was a bit of a disappointment to me.”

“ Yes. And what then ?”

“ I took to reading the Bible, sir.”

“ Why did you do that ?”

“ I don’t know, sir. But somehow, bein’ unhappy, and knowin’ no way out of it, I took to the Bible, sir. I don’t know why or wherefore, but that’s the fact. And when I began to read, I began to think about it. And from then I began to think about everything that came in my way—a tryin’ to get things all square in my own head, you know, sir.”

Mr. Fuller was delighted with the man, and

having promised to think what he could do for Poppie, they parted. And here I may mention that Spelt rarely missed a Sunday morning at Mr. Fuller's church after this. For he had found a fellow-man who could teach him, and that the Bible was not the sole means used by God to make his children grow : their brothers and sisters must have a share in it too.

Mr. Fuller set about making Poppie's acquaintance. And first he applied to Mattie, in order to find out what kind of thing Poppie liked. Mattie told him *lollipops*. But Mr. Fuller preferred attacking the town of Mansoul at the gate of one of the nobler senses, if possible. He tried Lucy, who told him about the bit of red glass and the buttons. So Mr. Fuller presented his friendship's offering to Poppie in the shape of the finest kaleidoscope he could purchase. It was some time before she could be taught to shut one eye and look with the other ; but when at length she succeeded in getting a true vision of the wonders in the inside of the thing, she danced and shouted for joy. This confirmed Mr. Fuller's

opinion that it was through her eyes, and not through her ears, that he must approach Poppie's heart. She had never been accustomed to receive secondary impressions; all her impressions, hitherto, had come immediately through the senses. Mr. Fuller therefore concluded that he could reach her mind more readily through the seeing of her eyes than such hearing of the ears as had to be converted by the imagination into visual forms before it could make any impression. He must get her to ask questions by showing her eyes what might suggest them. And protestantism having deprived the church of almost all means of thus appealing to the eye as an inlet of truth, he was compelled to supply the deficiency as he best could. I do not say that Mr. Fuller would have filled his church with gorgeous paintings as things in general, and artists in especial, are. He shrunk in particular from the more modern representations of our Lord given upon canvas, simply because he felt them to be so unlike him, showing him either as effeminately soft, or as pompously condescending; but if he could have filled his

church with pictures in which the strength exalted the tenderness, and the majesty was glorified by the homeliness, he would have said that he did not see why painted windows should be more consistent with protestantism than painted walls. Lacking such aids, he must yet provide as he could that kind of instruction which the early church judged needful for those of its members who were in a somewhat similar condition to that of Poppie. He therefore began searching the print-shops, till he got together about a dozen of such engravings, mostly from the old masters, as he thought would represent our Lord in a loveable aspect, and make the child want to have them explained. For Poppie had had no big family Bible with pictures, to pore over in her homeless childhood ; and now she had to go back to such a beginning.

By this time he had so far ingratiated himself with her that she was pleased to accompany Mattie to tea with him, and then the pictures made their appearance. This took place again and again, till the pictures came to be looked for as part of the entertainment—Mr. Fuller adding

one now and then, as he was fortunate in his search, for he never passed a fresh print-shop without making inquiry after such engravings.

Meantime Poppie went out crossing-sweeping by fits and starts. Her father neither encouraged nor prevented her.

One afternoon of a cold day, when the wind from the east was blowing the darkness over the city, and driving all who had homes and could go to them home for comfort, they were walking hand in hand in Farringdon-street, a very bleak, open place. Poppie did not feel the cold nearly so much as her father, but she did blow upon the fingers of her disengaged hand now and then notwithstanding.

“Have a potato to warm you, Poppie,” said her father, as they came up to one of those little steam-engines for cooking potatoes, which stand here and there on the edges of the pavement about London, blowing a fierce cloud of steam from their little funnels, so consoling to the half-frozen imagination.

“Jolly!” cried Poppie, running up to the man,

and laying her hand on the greasy sleeve of his velveteen coat.

“ I say, Jim, give us a ha’porth,” she said.

“ Why ’taint never you, Poppie,” returned the man.

“ Why ain’t it ?” said Poppie. “ Here’s my father. I’ve found one, and a good ’un, Jim.”

The man looked at Poppie’s dress, then at Mr. Spelt, touched the front of his cloth cap, and said,

“ Good evenin’, guv’nor.” Then in an undertone he added, “ I say, guv’nor, you never did better in your life than takin’ that ’ere pretty creeter off the streets. You look well arter her. She’s a right good ’un, *I* know. Bless you, she ain’t no knowledge what wickedness means.”

In the warmth of his heart, Mr. Spelt seized the man’s hand, and gave it a squeeze of gratitude.

“ Come, Jim, ain’t your taters done yet ?” said Poppie.

“ Bustin’ o’ mealiness,” answered Jim, throwing back the lid, and taking out a potato, which

he laid in the hollow of his left hand. Then he caught up an old and I fear dirty knife, and split the potato lengthways. Then with the same knife, he took a piece of butter from somewhere about the apparatus, though how it was not oil instead of butter I cannot think, laid it into the cleft as if it had been a trowelful of mortar, gave it a top-dressing of salt and a shake of the pepper-box, and handed it to Poppie.

“Same for you, sir?” he asked.

“Well, I don’t mind if I do have one,” answered Spelt. “Are they good?”

“The best *and* the biggest at the price in all London,” said Jim. “Taste one,” he went on, as he prepared another, “and if you like to part with it then, I’ll take it back and eat it myself.”

Spelt paid for the potatoes—the sum of three ha’pence—and Poppie bidding Jim good night, trotted away by his side, requiring both her hands now for the management of the potato, at which she was more expert than her father, for he, being nice in his ways, found the butter and the peel together troublesome.

"I say, ain't it jolly!" remarked Poppie. "I call that a good trade now."

"Would you like to have one o' them things and sell hot potatoes?" asked her father.

"Just wouldn't I?"

"As well as sweeping a crossing?"

"A deal better," answered Poppie. "You see, daddie, it's more respectable—a deal. It takes money to buy a thing like that. And I could wear my red jacket then. Nobody could say anything then, for the thing would be my own, and a crossing belongs to everybody."

Mr. Spelt turned the matter over and over in his mind, and thought it might be a good plan for giving Poppie some liberty, and yet keeping her from roving about everywhere without object or end. So he began at once to work for a potato steamer for Poppie, and, in the course of a fortnight, managed to buy her one. Great was Poppie's delight.

She went out regularly in the dusk to the corner of Bagot Street. Her father carried the machine for her, and leaving her there with it,

returned to his work. In following her new occupation the child met with little annoyance, for this was a respectable part of the city, and the police knew her, and were inclined to protect her. One of her chief customers was Mr. Spelt himself, who would always once, sometimes twice, of an evening lay down his work, scramble from his perch, and running to the corner of the street, order a potato, ask her how she was getting on, pay his ha'penny or penny, and hurry back with the hot handful to console him for the absence of his darling. Having eaten it, chuckling and rejoicing, he would attack his work with vigour so renewed as soon to make up for the loss of time involved in procuring it. But keeping out of view the paternal consumption, Poppie was in a fair way of soon paying all the expense of the cooking apparatus. Mr. and Miss Kitely were good customers, too, and everything looked well for father and daughter.

Every night at half-past nine, her father was by her side, to carry the "murphy-buster,"—

that was Jim's name for it—home. There was no room for it in the shop, of course. He took it up the three flights of stairs to Poppie's own room; and there, with three-quarters of a pint of beer to wash them down, they finished the remainder potatoes, “*with* butter, *with* pepper, and *with* salt,” as Poppie would exclaim, in the undisguised delight of her sumptuous fare. Sometimes there were none left, but that gave only a variety to their pleasures; for as soon as the engine, as Mr. Spelt called it, was deposited in safety, they set out to buy their supper. And great were the consultations to which, in Mr. Spelt's desire to draw out the choice and judgment of his daughter, this proceeding gave rise. At one time it was a slice of beef or ham that was resolved upon, at another a bit of pudding, sometimes a couple of mutton-pies or sausages, with bread *ad libitum*. There was a cookshop in the neighbourhood, whose window was all beclouded with jets of steam, issuing as from a volcanic soil, and where all kinds of hot dainties were ready for the fortunate purchaser: thither

the two would generally repair, and hold their consultation outside the window. Then, the desirable thing once agreed upon, came the delight of buying it, always left to Poppie; of carrying it home, still left to Poppie; of eating it, not left to Poppie, but heightened by the sympathetic participation of her father. Followed upon all, the chapter in the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, bed, and dreams of Mrs. Flanagan and her gin bottle, or, perhaps, of Lucy and her first kiss.

CHAPTER II.

Thomas's Mother.

MEANTIME Mrs. Worboise had taken to her bed, and not even Mr. Simon could comfort her. The mother's heart now spoke louder than her theology.

She and her priest belonged to a class more numerous than many of my readers would easily believe, a great part of whose religion consists in arrogating to themselves exclusive privileges, and another great part in defending their supposed rights from the intrusion of others. The thing does not look such to them, of course; but the repulsiveness of their behaviour to those who cannot use the same religious phrases, indicating the non-adoption of their particular creed, compels others so to conclude concerning their religion. Doubtless they would say for them-

selves, "We do but as God has taught us ; we believe but as he has told us ; we exclude whom he has excluded, and admit whom he has admitted." But alas for that people, the God of whose worship is altogether such a one as themselves, or worse ; whose God is paltry, shallow-minded, and full of party spirit ; who sticks to a thing *because* he has said it, accepts a man because of his feelings, and condemns him because of his opinions ; who looks no deeper than a man's words to find his thoughts, and no deeper than his thoughts to find his will ! True, they are in the hands of another God than that of their making, and such offences must come ; yet, alas for them ! for they are of the hardest to redeem into the childhood of the kingdom.

I do not say that Mrs. Worboise began to see her sins as such when the desolation of Thomas's disappearance fell upon her, but the atmosphere of her mind began to change, and a spring season of mother's feelings to set in. How it came about I cannot explain. I as well as any of my readers might have felt as if Mrs.

Worboise were almost beyond redemption, but it was not so. Her redemption came in the revival of a long-suppressed motherhood. Her husband's hardness and want of sympathy with her sufferings had driven her into the arms of a party of exclusive *Christians*, whose brotherhood consisted chiefly, as I have already described it, in denying the great brotherhood, and refusing the hand of those who follow not with them. They were led by one or two persons of some social position, whose condescending assumption of superiority over those that were without was as offensive as absurd, and whose weak brains were their only excuse. The worst thing of this company was that it was a company. In many holding precisely the same opinions with them, those opinions are comparatively harmless, because they are more directly counteracted by the sacred influences of God's world and the necessities of things, which are very needful to prevent, if possible, self-righteous Christians from sending themselves to a deeper hell than any they denounce against their neighbours. But

when such combine themselves into an esoteric school, they foster, as in an oven or a forcing-pit, all the worst distinctions for the sake of which they separate themselves from others. All that was worst in poor Mrs. Worboise was cherished by the companionship of those whose chief anxiety was to save their own souls, and who thus ran the great risk set forth by the Saviour of losing them. They treated the words of the Bible like talismans or spells, the virtue of which lay in the words and the assent given to them, or, at most, the feelings that could be conjured up by them, not in the doing of the things they presupposed or commanded. But there was one thing that did something to keep her fresh and prevent her from withering into a dry tree of supposed orthodoxy, the worst dryness of all, because it is the least likely to yield to any fresh burst of living sap from the forgotten root—that was her anxiety to get her son within the “garden walled around,” and the continual disappointment of her efforts to that end.

But now that the shock of his flight had

aggravated all the symptoms of her complaint, which was a serious one, though slow in the movement of its progressive cycles, now that she was confined to her bed and deprived of the small affairs that constituted the dull excitements of her joyless life, her imagination, roused by a reaction from the first grief, continually presented to her the form of her darling in the guise of the prodigal, his handsome face worn with hunger and wretchedness, or, still worse, with dissipation and disease; and she began to accuse herself bitterly for having alienated his affections from herself by too assiduously forcing upon his attention that which was distasteful to him. She said to herself that it was easy for an old woman like her, who had been disappointed in everything, and whose life and health were a wreck, to turn from the vanities of the world, but how could her young Thomas, in the glory of youth, be expected to see things as she saw them? How could he flee from the wrath to come when he had as yet felt no breath of that wrath on his cheek? She

ought to have loved him, and borne with him, and smiled upon him, and never let him fancy that his presence was a pain to her because he could not take her ways for his. Add to this certain suspicions that arose in her mind from what she considered unfriendly neglect on the part of the chief man of their chosen brotherhood, and from the fact that her daughter Amy had already wrought a questionable change on Mr. Simon, having persuaded him to accompany her—not to the theatre at all—only to the Gallery of Illustration, and it will be seen that everything tended to turn the waters of her heart back into the old channel with the flow of a spring-tide towards her son. She wept and prayed—better tears and better prayers, because her love was stronger. She humbled her heart, proud of its acceptance with God, before a higher idea of that God. She began to doubt whether she was more acceptable in his sight than other people. There must be some who were, but she could not be one of them. Instead of striving after assurance, as they called it, she

began to shrink from every feeling that lessened her humility; for she found that when she was most humble, then she could best pray for her son. Not that had her assurance rested in the love of God it would ever have quenched her prayer; but her assurance had been taught to rest upon her consciousness of faith, which, unrealized, tended to madness—realized, to spiritual pride. She lay thus praying for him, and dreaming about him, and hoping that he would return before she died, when she would receive him as son had never before been welcomed to his mother's bosom.

But Mr. Worboise's dry sand-locked bay was open to the irruption of no such waters from the great deep of the eternal love. Narrow and poor as it was, Mrs. Worboise's religion had yet been as a little wedge to keep her door open to better things, when they should arrive and claim an entrance, as they had now done. But her husband's heart was full of money, and the love of it. How to get money, how *not* to spend it, how to make it grow—these were the chief cares

that filled his heart. His was not the natural anxiety the objects of which, though not the anxiety, were justified by the Lord when he said, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." It was not what he needed that filled his mind with care, but what he did not need, and never would need; nay, what other people needed, and what was not his to take—not his in God's sight, whatever the law might say. And to God's decision everything must come at last, for that is the only human verdict of things—the only verdict which at last will satisfy the whole jury of humanity. But I am wrong: this was not all that filled his heart. One demon generally opens the door to another—they are not jealous of exclusive possession of the human thrall. The heart occupied by the love of money will be only too ready to fall a prey to other evils; for selfishness soon branches out in hatred and injustice. The continued absence of his son, which he attributed still to the Boxalls, irritated more than alarmed him; but if sometimes a natural feeling of dismay broke

in upon him, it only roused yet more the worst feelings of his heart against Lucy and her grandmother. Every day to which Thomas's absence extended itself, his indignation sank deeper rather than rose higher. Every day he vowed that, if favoured by fortune, he would make them feel in bitterness how deeply they had injured him. To the same account he entered all the annoyance given him by the well-meaning Mr. Sargent, who had only as yet succeeded in irritating him without gaining the least advantage over him. His every effort in resistance of probate failed. The decision of the court was that Mr. Boxall, a strong, healthy, well-seasoned middle-aged man, was far more likely to have outlived all his daughters, than any one of them to have outlived him; therefore Mr. Worboise obtained probate and entered into possession.

Although Mr. Sargent could not but have at least more than doubted the result, he felt greatly discomfited at it. He went straight to Mr. Morgestern's office to communicate his failure and the foiling of the liberality which had made the

attempt possible. Mr. Morgenstern only smiled and wrote him a cheque for the costs. Of course, being a Jew, he did not enjoy parting with his money for nothing—no Christian would have minded it in the least. Seriously, Mr. Morgenstern did throw half his cigar into the fire from annoyance. But his first words were—

“What is to be done for those good people, then, Sargent?”

“We must wait till we see. I think I told you that the old lady has a claim upon the estate, which, most unfortunately, she cannot establish. Now, however, that this cormorant has had his own way, he will perhaps be inclined to be *generous*; for justice must be allowed in this case to put on the garb of generosity, else she will not appear in public, I can tell you. I mean to make this one attempt more. I confess to considerable misgiving, however. To-morrow, before his satisfaction has evaporated, I will make it, and let you know the result.”

By this time Mr. Morgenstern had lighted another cigar.

CHAPTER III.

Lucy's New Trouble.

MR. SARGENT'S next application to Mr. Worboise, made on the morning after the decision of the court in his favour, shared the fate of all his preceding attempts. Mr. Worboise smiled it off. There was more inexorableness expressed in his smile than in another's sullen imprecation. The very next morning Mrs. Boxall was served with notice to quit at the approaching quarter day ; for she had no agreement, and paid no rent, consequently she was tenant only on sufferance. And now Mr. Stopper's behaviour towards them underwent a considerable change ; not that he was in the smallest degree rude to them ; but, of course, there was now no room for that assumption of the confidential by which he had sought to establish the most friendly relations

between himself and the probable proprietors of the business in which he hoped to secure his position, not merely as head clerk, but as partner. The door between the house and the office was once more carefully locked, and the key put in his drawer, and having found how hostile his new master was to the inhabitants of the house, he took care to avoid every suspicion of intimacy with them.

Mrs. Boxall's paroxysm of indignant rage when she received the notice to quit was of course as impotent as the bursting of a shell in a mountain of mud. From the first, however, her anger had had this effect, that everybody in the court, down to lowly and lonely Mr. Dolman, the cobbler, knew all the phases of her oppression and injury. Lucy never said a word about it, save to Mr. and Mrs. Morgenstern, whose offer of shelter for herself and her grandmother till they could see what was to be done, she gratefully declined, knowing that her grandmother would rather die than accept such a position.

"There's nothing left for me in my old age but

the workhouse," said Mrs. Boxall, exhausted by one of her outbursts of fierce vindictive passion against the author of her misfortunes, which, as usual, ended in the few bitter tears that are left to the aged to shed.

"Grannie, grannie," said Lucy, "don't talk like that. You have been a mother to me. See if I cannot be a daughter to you. I am quite able to keep you and myself too as comfortable as ever. See if I can't."

"Nonsense, child. It will be all that you can do to keep yourself; and I'm not a-going to sit on the neck of a young thing like you, just like a nightmare, and have you wishing me gone from morning to night."

"I don't deserve that you should say that of me, grannie. But I'm sure you don't think as you say. And as to being able, with Mrs. Morgenstern's recommendation I can get as much teaching as I can undertake. I am pretty sure of that; and you know it will only be paying you back a very little of your own, grannie."

Before Mrs. Boxall could reply, for she felt

reproached for having spoken so to her granddaughter, there was a tap at the door, and Mr. Kitley entered.

“Begging your pardon, ladies, and taking the liberty of a neighbour, I made bold not to trouble you by ringing the bell. I’ve got something to speak about in the way of business.”

So saying, the worthy bookseller, who had no way of doing anything but going at it like a bull, drew a chair near the fire.

“With your leave, ma’am, it’s as easy to speak sitting as standing. So, if you don’t object, I’ll sit down.”

“Do sit down, Mr. Kitley,” said Lucy. “We’re glad to see you—though you know we’re in a little trouble just at present.”

“I know all about that; and I don’t believe there’s a creature in the court, down to Mrs. Cook’s cat, that isn’t ready to fly at that devil’s limb of a lawyer. But you see, ma’am, if we was to murder him it wouldn’t be no better for you. And what I come to say to you is this: I’ve got a deal more room on my premises than I

want, and it would be a wonderful accommodation to me, not to speak of the honour of it, if you would take charge of my little woman for me. I can't interfere with her, you know, so as to say that she's not to take care of me, you know, for that would go nigh to break her little heart; but if you would come and live there as long as convenient to you, you could get things for yourselves all the same as you does here, only you wouldn't have nothing to be out of pocket for house-room, you know. It would be the making of my poor motherless Mattie."

"Oh! we're not going to be so very poor as grannie thinks, Mr. Kitely," said Lucy, trying to laugh, while the old lady sat rocking herself to and fro and wiping her eyes. "But I should like to move into your house, for there's nowhere I should be so much at home."

"Lucy!" said her grandmother warningly.

"Stop a bit, grannie. Mr. Kitely's a real friend in need; and if I had not such a regard for him as I have, I would take it as it's meant. I'll tell you what, Mr. Kitely; it only comes to

this, that I have got to work a little harder, and not lead such an idle life with my grannie here."

"You idle, miss!" interrupted the bookseller. "I never see any one more like the busy bee than yourself, only that you was always a-wastin' of your honey on other people; and that they say aint the way of the bees."

"But you wont hear me out, Mr. Kitley. It would be a shame of me to go and live in anybody's house for nothing, seeing I am quite able to pay for it. Now, if you have room in your house——"

"Miles of it," cried the bookseller.

"I don't know where it can be, then; for it's as full of books from the ground to the garret as—as—as my darling old grannie here is of independence."

"Don't you purtend to know more about my house, miss, than I do myself. Just you say the word, and before quarter day you'll find two rooms fit for your use, and at your service. What I owe to you, miss, in regard to my little one, nothing I can do can ever repay. They're

a bad lot, them Worboises—son *and* father! and that I saw—leastways in the young one.”

This went with a sting to poor Lucy's heart. She kept hoping and hoping, and praying to God; but her little patch of blue sky was so easily overclouded! But she kept to the matter before her.

“Very well, Mr. Kitley; you ought to know best. Now for my side of the bargain. I told you already I would rather be in your house than anywhere else, if I must leave this dear old place. And if you will let me pay a reasonable sum, as lodgings go in this court, we'll regard the matter as settled. And then I can teach Mattie a little, you know.”

Mrs. Boxall did not put in a word. The poor old lady was at length beginning to weary of everything, and for the first time in her life began to allow her affairs to be meddled with—as she would no doubt even now consider it. And the sound of paying was very satisfactory. I suspect part of Lucy's desire to move no further than the entrance of the court, came

from the hope that Thomas would some day or other turn up in that neighbourhood, and perhaps this emboldened her to make the experiment of taking the matter so much into her own hands. Mr. Kitely scratched his head, and looked a little annoyed.

"Well, miss," he said, pausing between every few words, a most unusual thing with him, "that's not a bit of what I meant when I came up the court here. But that's better than nothing—for Mattie and me, I mean. So if you'll be reasonable about the rent, we'll easily manage all the rest. Mind you, miss, it'll be all clear profit to me."

"It'll cost you a good deal to get the rooms put in order as you say, you know, Mr. Kitely."

"Not much, miss. I know how to set about things better than most people. Bless you, I can buy wall-papers for half what you'd pay for them now. I know the trade. I've been a'most everything in my day. Why, miss, I lived at one time such a close shave with dying of hunger, that after I was married, I used to

make picture-frames, and then pawn my tools to get glass to put into them, and then carry them about to sell, and when I had sold 'em I bought more gold-beading and redeemed my tools, and did it all over again. Bless you! I know what it is to be hard up, if anybody ever did. I once walked from Bristol to Newcastle upon fourpence. It wont cost me much to make them rooms decent. And then there's the back parlour at your service. I shan't plague you much, only to take a look at my princess now and then."

After another interview or two between Lucy and Mr. Kitely, the matter was arranged, and the bookseller proceeded to get his rooms ready, which involved chiefly a little closer packing, and the getting rid of a good deal of almost unsaleable rubbish, which had accumulated from the purchase of lots.

Meantime another trial was gathering for poor Lucy. Mr. Sargent had met Mr. Wither, and had learned from him all he knew about Thomas. Mr. Wither was certain that everything was broken off between Lucy and him. It was not

only known to all at the office that Thomas had disappeared, but it was perfectly known as well that for some time he had been getting into bad ways, and his disappearance was necessarily connected with this fact, though no one but Mr. Stopper knew the precise occasion of his evanishment, and this he was, if possible, more careful than ever to conceal. Not even to the lad's father did he communicate what he knew : he kept this as a power over his new principal. From what he heard, Mr. Sargent resolved to see if he could get anything out of Molken, and called upon him for that purpose. But the German soon convinced him that, although he had been intimate with Thomas, he knew nothing about him now. The last information he could give him was that he had staked and lost his watch and a lady's ring that he wore ; that he had gone away and returned with money ; and having gained considerably, had disappeared and never been heard of again. It was easy for Mr. Sargent to persuade himself that a noble-minded creature like Lucy, having come to know the

worthlessness of her lover, had dismissed him for ever; and to believe that she would very soon become indifferent to a person so altogether unworthy of her affection. Probably he was urged yet the more to a fresh essay from the desire of convincing her that his motives in the first place had not been so selfish as accident had made them appear; for that his feelings towards her remained unaltered notwithstanding the change in her prospects. He therefore kept up his visits, and paid them even more frequently now that there was no possible excuse on the score of business. For some time, however, so absorbed were Lucy's thoughts that his attentions gave her no uneasiness. She considered the matter so entirely settled, that no suspicion of the revival of any further hope in the mind of Mr. Sargent arose to add a fresh trouble to the distress which she was doing all she could to bear patiently. But one day she was suddenly undeceived. Mrs. Boxall had just left the room.

"Miss Burton," said Mr. Sargent, "I venture to think circumstances may be sufficiently altered

to justify me in once more expressing a hope that I may be permitted to regard a nearer friendship as possible between us."

Lucy started as if she had been hurt. The occurrence was so strange and foreign to all that was in her thoughts, that she had to look all around her, as it were, like a person suddenly awaking in a strange place. Before she could speak her grandmother re-entered. Mr. Sargent went away without any conviction that Lucy's behaviour indicated repugnance to his proposal.

Often it happens that things work together without any concerted scheme. Mrs. Morgestern had easily divined Mr. Sargent's feelings, and the very next day began to talk about him to Lucy. But she listened without interest, until Mrs. Morgestern touched a chord which awoke a very painful one. For at last his friend had got rather piqued at Lucy's coldness and indifference.

"I think at least, Lucy, you might show a little kindness to the poor fellow, if only from gratitude. A girl may acknowledge that feeling

without compromising herself. There has Mr. Sargent been wearing himself out for you, lying awake at night, and running about all day, without hope of reward, and you are so taken up with your own troubles that you haven't a thought for the man who has done all that lay in human being's power to turn them aside."

Could Lucy help comparing this conduct with that of Thomas? And while she compared it, she could as little help the sudden inroad of the suspicion that Thomas had forsaken her that he might keep well with his father—the man who was driving them, as far as lay in his power, into the abyss of poverty—and that this disappearance was the only plan he dared to adopt for freeing himself—for doubtless his cowardice would be at least as great in doing her wrong as it had been in refusing to do her right. And she did feel that there was some justice in Mrs. Morgenstern's reproach. For if poor Mr. Sargent was really in love with her, she ought to pity him and feel for him some peculiar tenderness, for the very reason that she could not grant him what

he desired. Her strength having been much undermined of late, she could not hear Mrs. Morgenstern's reproaches without bursting into tears. And then her friend began to comfort her, but all the time supposing that her troubles were only those connected with her reverse of fortune. As Lucy went home, however, a very different and terrible thought darted into her mind: "What if it was her duty to listen to Mr. Sargent!" There seemed no hope for her any more. Thomas had forsaken her utterly. If she could never be happy, ought she not to be the more anxious to make another happy? Was there any limit to the sacrifice that ought to be made for another—that is of one's self? for, alas! it would be to sacrifice no one besides. The thought was indeed a terrible one. All the rest of that day her soul was like a drowning creature—now getting one breath of hope, now with all the billows and waves of despair going over it. The evening passed in constant terror lest Mr. Sargent should appear, and a poor paltry little hope grew as the hands of the clock went

round, and every moment rendered it less likely that he would come. At length she might go to bed without annoying her grandmother, who, by various little hints she dropped, gave her clearly to understand that she expected her to make a good match before long, and so relieve her mind about her.

She went to bed, and fell asleep from very weariness of emotion. But presently she started awake again; and, strange to say, it seemed to be a resolution she had formed in her sleep that brought her awake. It was that she would go to Mr. Fuller, and consult him on the subject that distressed her. After that she slept till the morning.

She had no lesson to give that day, so as soon as Mr. Fuller's church-bell began to ring, she put on her bonnet. Her grandmother asked where she was going. She told her she was going to church.

"I don't like this papist way of going to church of a week-day—at least in the middle of the day, when people ought to be at their work."

Lucy made no reply ; for, without being one of those half of whose religion consists in abusing the papists, Mrs. Boxall was one of those who would turn from any good thing of which she heard first as done by those whose opinions differed from her own. Nor would it have mitigated her dislike to know that Lucy was going for the purpose of asking advice from Mr. Fuller. She would have denounced that as *confession*, and asked whether it was not more becoming in a young girl to consult her grandmother than go to a priest. Therefore, I say, Lucy kept her own counsel.

There were twenty or thirty people present when she entered St. Amos's : a grand assembly, if we consider how time and place were haunted—swarming with the dirty little demons of money-making and all its attendant beggarly cares and chicaneries—one o'clock in the city of London ! It was a curious psalm they were singing, so quaint and old-fashioned, and so altogether unlike London and the nineteenth century !—the last in the common version of

Tate and Brady. They were beginning the fifth verse when she entered :—

“ Let them who joyful hymns compose
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.”

Lucy did not feel at all in sympathy with cymbals. But she knew that Mr. Fuller did, else he could not have chosen that song to sing. And an unconscious operation of divine logic took place in her heart, with a result such as might be represented in the following process : “ Mr. Fuller is glad in God—not because he thinks himself a favourite with God, but because God is what he is, a faithful God. He is not one thing to Mr. Fuller and another to me. He is the same, though I am sorrowful. I will praise him too. He will help me to be and to do right, and that can never be anything unworthy of me.” So, with a trembling voice, Lucy joined in the end of the song of praise. And when Mr. Fuller’s voice arose in the prayer—“ O God, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy and

to forgive, receive our humble petitions ; and though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of thy great mercy loose us : for the honour of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Advocate. Amen"—she joined in it with all her heart, both for herself and Thomas. Then, without the formality of a text, Mr. Fuller addressed his little congregation something as follows :—

“ My friends, is it not strange that with all the old churchyards lying about in London, unbusiness-like spots in the midst of shops and warehouses, ‘ and all the numberless goings on of life,’ we should yet feel so constantly as if the business of the City were an end in itself ? How seldom we see that it is only a means to an end ! I will tell you in a few words one cause of this feeling as if it were an end ; and then to what end it really is a means. With all the reminders of death that we have about us, not one of us feels as if he were going to die. We think of other people—even those much younger than ourselves—dying, and it always seems as if we were going

to be alive when they die: and why? Just because we are not going to die. This thinking part in us feels no symptom of ceasing to be. We think on and on, and death seems far from us, for it belongs only to our bodies—not to us. So the soul forgets it. It is no part of religion to think about death. It is the part of religion, when the fact and thought of death come in, to remind us that we live for ever, and that God, who sent his Son to die, will help us safe through that somewhat fearful strait that lies before us, and which often grows so terrible to those who fix their gaze upon it that they see nothing beyond it, and talk with poor Byron of the day of death as ‘the first dark day of nothingness.’ But this fact that *we* do not die, that only our bodies die, adds immeasurably to the folly of making what is commonly called the business of life an end instead of a means. It is not the business of life. The business of life is that which has to do with the life—with the living *us*, not with the dying part of us. How can the business of life have to do with the part that is always dying? Yet, certainly, as

you will say, it must be done—only, mark this, not as an end, but as a means. As an end it has to do only with the perishing body : as a means it has infinite relations with the never-ceasing life. Then comes the question, To what end is it a means? It is a means, a great, I might say the great, means to the end for which God sends us individually into a world of sin ; for that he does so, whatever the perplexities the admission may involve, who can deny, without denying that God makes us ? If we were sent without any sinful tendencies into a sinless world, we should be good, I dare say ; but with a very poor kind of goodness, knowing nothing of evil, consequently never choosing good, but being good in a stupid way because we could not help it. But how is it with us ? We live in a world of constant strife—a strife, as the old writers call it, following St. Paul, between the flesh and the spirit ; the things belonging to the outer life, the life of the senses, the things which our Saviour sums up in the words, ‘ what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed,’

forcing themselves constantly on our attention, and crowding away the thought and the care that belong to the real life—the life that consists in purity of heart, in love, in goodness of all kinds—that embraces all life, using our own life only as the stand-point from which to stretch out arms of embracing towards God and towards all men. For the feeding and growth of this life, London City affords endless opportunity. Business is too often regarded as the hindrance to the spiritual life. I regard it as amongst the finest means the world affords for strengthening and causing to grow this inner real life. For every deed may be done according to the fashion of the outward perishing life, as an end; or it may be done after the fashion of the inward endless life—done righteously, done nobly, done, upon occasion, magnificently—ever regarded as a something to be put under the feet of the spiritual man to lift him to the height of his high calling. If we would make business a mean to such end, let us remember that this world and the fashion of it passeth away, but that every deed done as Jesus

would have done it if he had been born to begin his life as a merchant instead of a carpenter, lifts the man who so does it up towards the bosom of Him who created business and all its complications, as well as our brains and hands that have to deal with them. If you were to come and ask me, 'How shall I do in this or that particular case?' very possibly I might be unable to answer you. Very often no man can decide but the man himself. And it is part of every man's training that he should thus decide. Even if he should go wrong, by going wrong he may be taught the higher principle that would have kept him right, and which he has not yet learned. One thing is certain, that the man who wants to go right will be guided right; that not only in regard to the mission of the Saviour, but in regard to everything, he that is willing to do the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine.—Now to God the Father," &c.

The worship over, and the congregation having retired, Lucy bent her trembling steps towards the vestry, and there being none of those generally

repellent ministers, pew-openers, about, she knocked at the door.—By the way, I wish clergymen were more acquainted with the nature and habits of those who in this *lowly*—alas, how far from humble!—office represent the gospel of welcome. They ought to have at least one sermon a year preached to them upon their duties before the whole congregation. The reception the servants of any house afford has no little share in the odour of hospitality which that house enjoys, and hospitality is no small Christian virtue.—Lucy's troubled heart beat very fast as she opened the door in answer to Mr. Fuller's cheerful "Come in." But the moment she saw Mr. Fuller she felt as if she had been guilty of an act of impropriety, and ought to have waited in the church till he came out. She drew back with a murmured "I beg your pardon," but Mr. Fuller at once reassured her. He came forward, holding out his hand.

"How do you do, Miss Burton? I am delighted to see you. By your coming to the vestry like a brave woman, I suppose there is something I

can do for you. Let me hear all about it. Sit down."

So saying, he gave her a chair, and seated himself on the only remaining one. And as soon as she saw that Mr. Fuller was not shocked at her forwardness, such was Lucy's faith in him, that her courage returned, and with due regard to his time and her own dignity, she proceeded at once to explain to him the difficulty in which she found herself. It was a lovely boldness in the maiden, springing from faith and earnestness and need, that enabled her to set forth in a few plain words the main points of her case—that she had been engaged for many months to a youth who seemed to have forsaken her, but whom she did not know to have done so, though his conduct had been worse than doubtful, seeing he had fallen into bad company. She would never have troubled Mr. Fuller about it for that, for it was not sympathy she wanted; but there was a gentleman—and here she faltered more—to whom she was under very great obligation, and who said he loved her; and she wanted much

to know whether it was her duty to yield to his entreaties.

My reader must remember that Lucy was not one of those clear-brained as well as large-hearted women who see the *rights* of a thing at once. Many of the best women may be terribly puzzled, especially when an opportunity of self-sacrifice occurs. They are always ready to think that the most painful way is the right one. This indicates a noble disposition. And the most painful way *may* be the right one ; but it is not the right one *because* it is the most painful. It is the right way because it is the right way, whether it be painful or delightful ; and the notion of self-sacrifice *may* be rooted in spiritual pride. Whether it be so or not, the fact that the wrong way may be the least self-indulgent, the most painful, will not prevent it from bringing with it all the consequences that belong to it : wrong doing cannot set things right, however noble the motive may be. Of course the personal condemnation and the individual degradation are infinitely less than if even the right

way is chosen only because it is the easiest and pleasantest. But God will not make of law a child's toy, to indulge the vagaries of his best children.

When Lucy had finished setting forth her case, which the trembling of her voice, and the swelling of her tears, hardly interrupted, Mr. Fuller said—

“Now you must allow me, Miss Burton, to ask you one or two plain questions.”

“Certainly, sir. Ask me whatever you please. I will answer honestly.”

“That I have no doubt about.—Do you love this man to whom you say you are obliged.”

“Indeed I do not. I hope I am grateful to him, and I would do anything in return, except—”

“I understand you. It seems to me, though this kind of thing involves many questions too delicate to be easily talked about, that, whatever he may desire at the time, it is doing any man a grievous wrong to marry him without loving him. Blinded by his love, he may desire it none the

less even if you tell him that you do not love him ; but the kindest thing, even to him, is to refuse. This is what seems to me the truth."

While Mr. Fuller spoke, Lucy heaved such a deep sigh of relief, that if any corroboration of what she represented as the state of her feelings had been necessary, Mr. Fuller had it. After a little pause, he went on—

"Now, one question more : Do you love the other still ?"

"I do," said Lucy, bursting at last into a passion of tears. "But, perhaps," she sobbed, "I ought to give him up altogether. I am afraid he has not behaved well at all."

"To you ?"

"I didn't mean that. I wasn't thinking about myself just then."

"Has he let you understand that he has forsaken you ?"

"No, no. He hasn't said a word. Only I haven't seen him for so long."

"There is, then, some room for hope. If you were to resolve upon anything now, you would

be doing so without knowing what you were doing, because you do not know what he is doing. It is just possible it may be a healthy shame that is keeping him away from you. It may become your duty to give him up, but I think when it is so, it will be clearly so. God gives us all time : we should give each other time too. I wish I could see him."

"I wish, indeed, you could, sir. It seems to me that he has not been well brought up. His father is a dreadfully hard and worldly man, as my poor grandmother knows too well ; and his mother is very religious, but her religion seems to me to have done my poor Thomas more harm than his father's worldliness."

"That is quite possible. When you do see him again, try to get him to come and see me. Or I will go and see him. I shall not overwhelm him with a torrent of religion which he cannot understand, and which would only harden him."

"There is nothing I should wish more. But tell me one thing, Mr. Fuller : would it be right to marry him ? I want to understand. Nothing

looks farther off ; but I want to know what is right."

" I think," returned Mr. Fuller, " that every willing heart will be taught what is right by the time that action is necessary. One thing seems clear, that while you love him——"

" I shall always love him," interrupted Lucy.

" I must speak generally," said Mr. Fuller ; " and there have been a few instances," he added, with the glimmer of a smile through the seriousness of his countenance, " of young maidens, and young men no less, changing their minds about such matters. I do not say you will. But while you love him, it is clear to me, that you must not accept the attentions of any one else. I could put a very hard and dreadful name upon that.—There is another thing equally clear to me—that while he is unrepentant, that is, as long as he does not change his ways—turn from evil towards good—think better of it, that is—you would be doing very wrong to marry him. I do not say when, or that ever you are bound to stop loving him ; but that is a very different thing to con-

senting to marry him. Any influence for good that a woman has over such a man, she may exercise as much before marriage as after it. Indeed, if the man is of a poor and selfish nature, she is almost certain, as far as my observation goes, to lose her influence after marrying him. Many a woman, I fear, has married a man with the hope of reforming him, and has found that she only afforded him opportunity for growth in wickedness. I do not say that no good at all comes of it, so long as she is good, but it is the wrong way, and evil comes of it."

"I am sure you are right, Mr. Fuller. It would be dreadful to marry a bad man, or a man who had not strength, even for love of a wife, to turn from bad ways. But you wont think the hardest of my poor Thomas yet? He has been led astray, and has too much good in him to be easily made all bad."

"I, too, will hope so, for your sake as well as his own."

Lucy rose.

"Good morning, Mr. Fuller. I do not know

how to thank you. I only wanted leave to go on loving him. Thank you a thousand times."

"Do not thank me, as if I could give you leave to do this or that. I only tell you what seems to me the truth of the matter."

"But is not that the best thing to give or to receive?"

"Yes, it is," answered Mr. Fuller, as Lucy left the vestry.

It was with a heart wonderfully lightened that she went home to her grandmother. This new cloud of terror had almost passed away; it only lightened a little on the horizon when she thought of having again to hear what Mr. Sargent wanted to say.

That same evening he came. Lucy never lifted her eyes to his face, even when she held out her hand to him. He misinterpreted her embarrassment; and he found argument to strengthen his first impression; for a moment after, summoning all her courage, and remembering very conveniently a message she had had for her, Lucy said to her grandmother—

"Mr. Kately said he would like to see you, grannie, about the papers for our rooms. He has got some patterns."

"I have done with this world, child, and all its vanities," said Mrs. Boxall, with a touch of asperity.

"It would only be polite, though, grannie, as he is taking so much trouble about it, to go and see them. He is so kind!"

"We're going to pay him for his kindness," said the old dame, soured out of her better judgment, and jealous of Mr. Sargent supposing that they were accepting charity.

"No, grannie. That nobody ever could do. Kindness is just what can't be paid for, do what you will."

"I see you want to get rid of me," she said, rising, "so I suppose I had better go. Things are changed. Old people must learn to do as they're bid. You'll be teaching me my catechism next, I suppose."

Mrs. Boxall walked out of the room with as stiff a back as she had ever assumed in the days of her prosperity. The moment the door closed,

Mr. Sargent approached Lucy, who had remained standing, and would have taken her hand, but she drew it away and took the lead.

"I am very sorry if I have led you into any mistake, Mr. Sargent. I was so distressed at what you said the other evening, that I made this opportunity for the sake of removing at once any misapprehension. I wish to remind you that I considered the subject you resumed then as quite settled."

"But excuse me, Miss Burton. I, too, considered it settled; but circumstances having altered so entirely——"

"Could you suppose for a moment that because I had lost the phantom of a fortune which I never possessed, I would accept the man—whose kindness I was always grateful for, but whose love I had refused before, because I could not give him any in return?"

"No. I did not suppose so. You gave me a reason for refusing my attentions then, which I have the best ground for believing no longer exists."

•

"What was the reason I gave you then?"

"That you loved another."

"And what ground have I given you for supposing that such has ceased to be the case?"

"You have not given me any. He has."

Lucy started. The blood rushed to her forehead, and then back to her heart.

"Where is he?" she cried, clasping her hands.

"For God's sake, tell me!"

"That, at least, is answer enough to my presumptuous hope," returned Mr. Sargent, with some bitterness.

"Mr. Sargent," said Lucy, who, though trembling greatly, had now recovered her self-command, "I beg your pardon for any pain I may have occasioned you. But, by surprising the truth, you have saved me the repetition of what I told you before. Tell me what you know about Mr. Worboise."

But Mr. Sargent's feelings—those especially occupied with himself—got the better of him now, bitterly as he regretted it afterwards. He felt it a wrong that such a woman should pass

him by for the sake of such a man ; and he answered in the heat of injury,

“All I care to know about him is, that for the sake of his game amongst a low set of gamblers, he staked and lost a diamond ring—a rose-diamond, which one of his companions seemed to know as the gift of a lady. That is the man for whom Lucy Burton is proud to express her devotion !”

Lucy had grown very pale ; but she would hold out till Mr. Sargent was gone. She had an answer on her lips ; but if she spoke he would stay. Still she *would* say one word for Thomas.

“Your evidence is hardly of the most trustworthy kind, Mr. Sargent. Good morning.”

“It is of *his* kind, anyhow, whatever that may be,” he retorted, and left the room. Before he reached the bottom of the stairs, he despised himself most heartily, and rushed up again to attempt an apology. Opening the room door, he saw Lucy lying on the floor. He thought she had

fainted. But the same moment, Mrs. Boxall, who had only gone upstairs, came down behind him, and he thought it best to leave, and write a letter. But Lucy had not fainted. She had only thrown herself on the floor in that agony which would gladly creep into the grave to forget itself. In all grief unmingled with anger there is the impulse to lie down. Lucy had not heard Mr. Sargent return or her grandmother come down, for she had been pressing her ears with her hands, as if the last sounds that had entered had wounded them grievously.

“ Well, I’m sure ! what next ? ” remarked Mrs. Boxall. “ I daresay fashions *have* come to that at last ! ”

What she meant was not very clear ; but the moment she spoke, Lucy started from the floor and left the room. She had not been long in her own chamber, however, before, with the ingenuity of a lover, she contrived to draw a little weak comfort even out of what Mr. Sargent had told her. She believed that he had done worse than part with her ring ; but when the thought

struck her that it must have been for the sake of redeeming that ring that he had robbed his employer, which was indeed the case, somehow or other, strange as it may seem, the offences appeared mutually to mitigate each other. And when she thought the whole matter over in the relief of knowing that she was free of Mr. Sargent, she quite believed that she had discovered fresh ground for taking courage.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Boxall finds a Companion in Misfortune.

AT last the day arrived that Lucy and her grandmother had fixed for removing into the bookseller's house. The furniture was all Mrs. Boxall's own, though, if Mr. Worboise had thought proper to dispute the fact, there was nobody left who could have borne witness to it. Mr. Kitley shut shop a little earlier; Mr. Spelt descended from his perch; and Mr. Dolman crept out of his hole—all to bear a hand in the moving of it. It was dusk when they began, but the darkness did not hinder their diligence, and in the course of a couple of hours, all the heavier articles were in their new places. When everything was got into something like order, it did not appear that, save for the diminution of space, they had had

such a terrible downcome. Lucy was heartily satisfied with their quarters, and the feeling that she had now to protect and work for her grandmother gave a little cheerfulness to her behaviour, notwithstanding the weight on her heart. Mattie was important, with an importance which not even the delight of having Miss Burton to live with them could assuage; for she had to preside at a little supper which Mr. Kitely had procured, in honour of the occasion, from the same cookshop which supplied the feasts of Spelt and Poppie. But when things were partially arranged for the night, Mrs. Boxall, who was in a very despondent condition, declared her intention of going to bed. Lucy would gladly have done the same, but she could not think of doing dishonour to the hospitality of their kind friend.

“Well, I am sorry the old lady can’t be prevailed upon,” said Mr. Kitely. “Them sassages I know to be genuine—none of your cats or cats’ meat either. I know the very tree they grew upon—eh, princess? And now we shan’t be able to eat ’em up.”

“ Why don’t you ask Mr. Spelt to come in and help us ?” said Mattie.

“ Bless you ! he’s gone to fetch his kid ; and before they come home they’ll have bought their supper. They always do. I know their ways. But I do believe that’s them gone up the court this minute. I’ll run and see.”

Mr. Kitely hurried out, and returned with Mr. Spelt, Poppie, and the steam-engine, which was set down in the middle of the room.

“ Ain’t I been fort’nate,” said the bookseller. “ Poppie ain’t sold all her potatoes. They was a going to eat ’em up by way of savin’. So we’ve agreed to club, and go share and share. Ain’t that it, Poppie ?”

Poppie grinned, and gave no other answer. But her father took up the word.

“ It’s very kind of you to put it so, Mr. Kitely. But it seems to me we’re hardly fit company for a lady like Miss Burton.”

“ Surely, Mr. Spelt, we haven’t been neighbours so long without being fit to have our supper together ?” said Lucy.

"That's very neighbourly of you, miss. Let me assist you to a potato," said Spelt, going towards the steamer. "It's my belief there ain't no better taters in London, though I says it as buys 'em," he added, throwing back the lid.

"But we ain't going to begin on the taters, Spelt. You come and sit down here, and we'll have the taters put on a plate. That's the right way, ain't it, princess?"

"Well, I should say so, Mr. Kitely," answered Mattie, who had hitherto been too full of her own importance even to talk. But Mr. Spelt interfered.

"Them taters," said he, with decision, "ought to be eaten fresh out of the steamer. If you turn 'em out on to a plate, I don't answer for the consequences. We'll pull 'em nearer to the table, and I'll sit by them, with your leave, Miss Burton, and help everybody as wants one."

It was remarkable with how much more decision than had belonged to him formerly, Mr. Spelt now spoke. Mr. Kitely, after a half-hour's meditation next day, as to whether the

cause of it was Poppie or the potatoes, came to the wise conclusion that between them they had made a man of Spelt.

By this time they were all seated round the table.

"Mr. Spelt, you be parson, and say grace," said Kitely, in his usual peremptory tone.

"Why should you ask me, Mr. Kitely?" said the tailor, humbly.

"Because you know more about that sort o' thing than I do—and you know it."

Mr. Spelt said grace so devoutly that nobody could hear him.

"Why do you say grace as if you was ashamed of it, Spelt? If I was to say grace now, I would let you hear me."

"I didn't know you cared about such things," returned Spelt, evasively.

"Well," said Mr. Kitely, "no more I do—or did, rather; for I'm afraid that Mr. Fuller will get me into bad habits before he has done with me. He's a good man, Mr. Fuller, and that's more than I'd say for every one of the cloth."

They're nothing but cloth—meaning no offence, Mr. Spelt, to a honest trade.”

“Perhaps there are more good ones amongst them than you think, Mr. Kitley,” said Lucy.

“There ud need to be, miss. But I declare that man has almost made me hold my tongue against the whole sect of them. It seems a shame, with him in St. Amos's, to say a word against Mr. Potter in St. Jacob's. I never thought I should take to the church in my old age.”

“Old age, Mr. Kitley!” Mattie broke in. “If you talk in that way, think what you make of me.”

A general laugh greeted this remark. But Mattie was serious, and did not even smile.

Poppie never opened her lips, except to smile. But she behaved with perfect propriety. Mr. Spelt had civilized her so far, and that without much trouble. He never told any one, however, that it was with anxiety that he set out every night at half-past nine to bring her home; for more than once, he had found her potato steamer standing alone on the pavement, while

she was off somewhere, looking at something, or following a crowd. Upon one of these occasions he had stood nearly half an hour before she came back. All she said when she returned was, "I thought I should find you here, daddy."

But I must not linger with the company assembled in the bookseller's back parlour; for their conversation will not help my readers on with my story.

A very little man, with very short, bandy legs, was trudging along a wide and rather crowded thoroughfare, with a pair of workman's boots in his hand. It was Mr. Spelt's *sub*, Mr. Dolman the cobbler.

"Well, Dolly, how do?" said a man in a long velveteen coat, with a short pipe in his mouth and a greasy cloth cap on his head. "You're late to-night, ain't you, Dolly?"

"Them lawyers; them lawyers, Jim!" returned Dolman, enigmatically.

"What the blazes have you got to do with lawyers?" exclaimed Jim Salter, staring at the cobbler, who, for the sake of balance, had now

got one boot in each hand, and stood weighing the one against the other.

“Not much for my own part,” returned Dolman, who was feeling very important from having assisted at his neighbours’ *flitting*. “But there’s good people in our court could tell you another story.”

I have said that Mrs. Boxall did anything but hold her tongue about her affairs, and Dolman had heard Mr. Worboise’s behaviour so thoroughly canvassed between Mr. Kitely and Mr. Spelt, that he was familiar with the main points of the case.

“Come and have a drop of beer,” said Jim, “and tell us all about it.”

No greater temptation could have been held out to Dolman. But he had a certain sense of duty that must first be satisfied.

“No, Jim. I never touch a drop till I’ve taken my work home.”

“Where’s that?” asked Jim.

“Down by the Minories,” answered the cobbler.

“Come along then. I’ll help you to carry it.”

“’Taint heavy. I’ll carry it myself,” answered Dolman, who having once been robbed on a similar occasion, seemed, in regard to boots, to have lost his faith in humanity.

“I can’t think, Dolly, why you roost so far from your work. Now, it’s different with me. My work’s here and there and everywhere; but yours is allus in the same place.”

“It gives me a walk, Jim. Besides it’s respectable. It’s having two places of one’s own. My landlady, Mrs. Dobbs, knows that my shop’s in a fashionable part, and she’s rather proud of me for a lodger in consequence. And my landlord, that’s Mr. Spelt, a tailor, and well-to-do—how’s he to know that I ’ain’t got a house in the suburbs?” answered Dolman, laughing.

The moment he had got his money, and delivered the boots—for that was the order of business between Dolman and his customers—they betook themselves to a public-house in the neighbourhood, where Dolman conveyed to Jim,

with very tolerable correctness, the whole story of Mrs. Boxall's misfortunes. Before he reached the end of it, however, Jim, who had already "put a name upon something" with two of his acquaintances that night, got rather misty, and took his leave of Dolman with the idea that Lucy and her grandmother had been turned out, furniture and all, into the street, without a place to go to, and had been taken up by the police.

Much as she had dreaded leaving her own house, as she had always considered it, Mrs. Boxall had a better night in her new abode than she had had for months, and rose in the morning with a surprising sense of freshness. Wonderful things come to us in sleep—none perhaps more wonderful than this reviving of the colours of the faded soul from being laid for a few hours in the dark—in *God's ebony box*, as George Herbert calls the night. It is as if the wakeful angels had been busy all the night preening the draggled and ruffled wings of their sleeping brothers and sisters. Finding that Lucy was not yet dressed, she went down alone to the back

parlour, and, having nothing else to do, began to look at the birds, of which, I have already informed my reader, Mr. Kitely kept a great many, feeding and cleaning them himself, and teaching the more gifted, starlings and parrots, and such like birds of genius, to speak. If he did anything in the way of selling as well as buying them, it was quite in a private way—as a gentleman may do with horses.

“Good morning, sir,” screamed a huge gray parrot the moment she entered, regardless of the sex of his visitor. It was one the bookseller had bought of a sailor somewhere about the docks a day or two before, and its fame had not yet spread through the neighbourhood; consequently, Mrs. Boxall was considerably startled by the salutation. “Have you spliced the main brace this morning, sir?” continued the parrot, and, without waiting for a reply, like the great ladies who inquire after an inferior’s family, and then look out of the window, burst into the song, “There’s a sweet little cherub,” and, stopping as suddenly at the word,

followed it with the inquiry, "How's your mother?" upon which point Mrs. Boxall may, without any irreverence, be presumed to have been a little in the dark. The next moment the unprincipled animal poured forth its innocent soul in a torrent of imprecations, which, growing as furious as fast, reached the ears of Mr. Kitley. He entered in a moment and silenced the animal with prompt rebuke, and the descent of an artificial night in the shape of a green cloth over his cage—the vengeance of the lower Jove. The creature exploded worse than ever for a while, and then subsided. Meantime the bookseller turned to Mrs. Boxall to apologize.

"I haven't had him long, ma'am—only a day or two. He's been ill brought up, as you see, poor bird! I shall have a world of trouble to cure him of his bad language. If I can't cure him I'll wring his neck."

"The poor creature doesn't know better," said Mrs. Boxall. "Wouldn't it be rather hard to kill him for it?"

"Well, but what am I to do? I can't have

such words running out and in of my princess's ears all day."

"But you could sell him, or give him away, you know, Mr. Kitely."

"A pretty present he would be, the rascal! And for selling him, it would be wickedness to put the money in my pocket. There was a time, ma'am, when I would have taught him such words myself, and thought no harm of it; but now, if I was to sell that bird, ma'am—how should I look Mr. Fuller in the face next Sunday? No; if I can't cure him, I must twist his neck. We'll eat him, ma'am. I daresay he's nice."

He added in a whisper—"I wanted him to hear me. There's no telling how much them creatures understand."

But before Mr. Kitely had done talking, Mrs. Boxall's attention was entirely taken up with another bird, of the perroquet species. It was the most awfully grotesque, the most pitiably comic animal in creation. It had a green head, with a collar of red round the back of it; while

white feathers came down on each side of its huge beak, like the grey whiskers of a retired military man. This head looked enormous for the rest of the body, for from the nape of the neck to the tail, except a few long feathers on the shoulders of its wings, blue like those of a jay, there was not another feather on its body: it was as bare as if it had been plucked for roasting. A more desolate, poverty-stricken, wretched object, can hardly be conceived. The immense importance of his head and beak and grey whiskers, with the abject nakedness—more than nakedness—*pluckedness* of his body was quite beyond laughing at. It was far fitter to make one cry. But the creature was so absolutely, perfectly self-satisfied, without a notion of shame or even discomfort, that it appeared impossible he could ever have seen himself behind. He must surely have fancied himself as glorious as in his palmiest days. And his body was so thin, and his skin so old and wrinkled—I wish I could set him in the margin for my younger readers to see him. He hopped from

place to place, and turned himself round before the spectators with such an absence of discomposure, that one could not help admiring his utter *sang froid*, almost envying his perfect self-possession. Observing that his guest was absorbed in the contemplation of the phenomenon, Mr. Kitely said—

“ You’re a wondering at poor Widdles. Widdles was an old friend of mine I named the bird after, before he lost his great-coat—all but the collar. Widdles! Widdles!”

The bird came close up to the end of his perch, and setting his head on one side, looked at his master with one round, yellow eye.

“ He’s the strangest bird I ever saw,” said Mrs. Boxall. “ If you talked of wringing *his* neck, now, I shouldn’t wonder, knowing you for a kind-hearted man, Mr. Kitely.

“ Wring Widdles’s neck!” exclaimed the bookseller. “ His is the very last neck I should ever think of wringing. See how bravely he bears misfortune. Nobody could well lose more than Widdles, and nobody could well take it lighter.

He's a sermon, is that bird. His whole worldly wealth consists in his wig. They was a fine pair once, only he was always henpecked. His mate used to peck him because he wasn't able to peck her, for he was the smaller of the two. They always reminded me of Spelt and his wife. But when they were took ill, both of them, she gave in, and he wouldn't. Death took his feathers, and left him jolly without them. Bless him, old Widdles !"

"Well, it's a curious taste of yours, I must say, Mr. Kitely. But some people, no more than some birds, ain't to be accounted for."

Mr. Kitely chose to consider this a good sally of wit, and laughed loud and long. Mrs. Boxall laughed a little, too, and was pleased with herself. And from that moment she began to take to the bird.

"Try him with a bit of sugar," said Mr. Kitely, going to the carved cabinet to get a piece, which he then handed to Mrs. Boxall.

The bird was friendly and accepted it, taking it in one curious foot, and nibbling it with his more

curious mouth. Mrs. Boxall was pleased with him now as well as with herself, and before long a firm friendship was established between the two, which went so far that Widdles would, when she put her hand into his cage, perch upon her bony old finger, and allow himself to be lifted out. There was no fear of his even attempting to fly away, for he was perfectly aware of his utter incapacity in that direction of birdlike use and custom. Before many days had passed she had become so much attached to the bird that his company did not a little to shield her from the inroads of recurrent regret, mortification, and resentment.

One evening, when she came home from her now rather numerous engagements, Lucy found her grandmother seated at the table, with the bird in her hand, rubbing him all over very gently, careful of hurting him, with something she took with her finger from a little pot on the table.

“What *are* you doing with Widdles, grannie?” she asked.

“Trying a little bear’s-grease, child.—Why

shouldn't I?" she added, angrily, when Lucy laughed.

"No reason in the world why you shouldn't, grannie. You mustn't mind my laughing."

"I don't see why anybody should laugh at misfortune," returned Mrs. Boxall, severely. "How would you like to be in the condition of this bird yourself?"—"without a feather," she was going to say, but just pulled up in time. She could not help laughing herself now, but she went on, nevertheless, with her work of charity. "Who knows," she said, "but they may grow again?"

"Grow again!" shrieked the gray parrot, in the tone of a violin in unskilful hands.

"Yes, grow again, you witch!" returned Mrs. Boxall. "I don't see why the devil shouldn't be in you as well as in your betters. Why shouldn't it grow again?"

"Grow again!" reiterated the gray parrot. "Grow again! Widdles! Widdles! Widdles! Ha! ha! ha!"

"It shall grow again," retorted the old lady.

“If bear’s-grease wont do, I’ll spend my last penny on a bottle of Macassar; and if it doesn’t grow then, I’ll pluck your back and stick them into his.”

Mrs. Boxall had got into a habit of talking thus with the bird, which the bookseller had already nearly cured of his wicked words by instant punishment following each offence.

“Stick them into his!” cried the bird like an echo, and refused to speak again.

Sometimes, however, he would say a naughty word evidently for the sake of testing his master, or as if he wondered what punishment he would have this time—for the punishments were various. On such occasions he would shriek out the word, duck his head, and dart to the opposite side of the cage, keeping one eye full on his master, with such an expression that his profile looked like a whole face with a Cyclopean one eye in it.

Whether Mrs. Boxall was at last successful in her benevolent exertions I am unable to say, for her experiments were still going on when the period arrived with which my story must close.

She often asserted that she saw them beginning to sprout ; and to see her, with spectacles on nose, examining the poor withered bluish back of Widdles, was ludicrous or touching, according to the humour of the beholder. Widdles seemed to like the pains she took with him, however ; and there is no doubt of one thing, that she was rewarded for her trouble tenfold in being thus withdrawn from the contemplation of her own wrongs and misfortunes. Widdles thus gave her many a peaceful hour she would not, in all probability, have otherwise enjoyed. Nor were her attentions confined to him ; through him, she was introduced to the whole regiment of birds, which she soon began assisting Mr. Kitley to wait upon. Mattie had never taken to them. While grannie, as she, too, called her, was busy with them, Mattie would sit beside at her needlework, scarcely looking up even when she addressed an occasional remark to her. It was a curious household, and fell into many singular groups.

But here I must leave Mrs. Boxall with her bird-companions, which, save for the comfort they

afforded her in taking her mind off herself, have no active part in the story. Through Mrs. Morgenstern's influence and exertions, Lucy soon had as much to do in the way of teaching as she could compass, and her grandmother knew no difference in her way of living from what she had been accustomed to.

CHAPTER V.

What Thomas was about.

WHEN Thomas left Rotherhithe with Jim Salter, he had no idea in his head but to get away somewhere. Like the ostrich, he wanted some sand to stick his head into. But wherever he went there were people, even policemen, about, and not one of the places they went through looked more likely to afford him shelter than another. Had he given Jim any clearer information concerning the necessity he was in of *keeping dark*, perhaps he would have done differently with him. As it was, Jim contented himself with piloting him about the lower docks and all that maritime part of London. They walked about the whole day till Thomas was very tired. Nor did refuge seem nearer than before. All this time the police might be on his track, coming

nearer and nearer like the bloodhounds that they were. They had some dinner at an eating-house, where Thomas's fastidiousness made yet a further acquaintance with dirt and disorder, and he felt that he had fallen from his own sphere into a lower order of things, and could never more climb into the heaven whence he had fallen. But the fear of a yet lower fall into a prison and the criminal's dock kept him from dwelling yet upon what he had lost. At night Jim led him into Ratcliffe Highway, the paradise of sailors at sea—the hell of sailors on shore. Thomas shrunk from the light that filled the street from end to end, blazing from innumerable public-houses, through the open doors of which he looked across into back parlours, where sailors and women sat drinking and gambling, or down long passages to great rooms with curtained doorways, whence came the sounds of music and dancing, and through which passed and repassed seafaring figures and gaily bedizened vulgar girls, many of whom, had the weather been warmer, would have been hanging about the street-doors, laughing and

chaffing the passers-by, or getting up a dance on the pavement to the sound of the music within. It was a whole streetful of low revelry. Poor Jack! Such is his coveted reward on shore for braving Death, and defying him on the ocean. He escapes from the embrace of the bony phantom to hasten to the arms of his far more fearful companion—the nightmare Life-in-Death—“who thickens man’s blood with cold.” Well may that pair casting their dice on the skeleton ship symbolize the fate of the sailor, for to the one or the other he falls a victim.

Opposite an open door Jim stopped to speak to an acquaintance. The door opened directly upon a room ascending a few steps from the street. Round a table sat several men, sailors of course, apparently masters of coasting vessels. A lithe lascar was standing with one hand on the table, leaning over it, and talking swiftly, with snaky gestures of the other hand. He was in a rage. The others burst out laughing. Thomas saw something glitter in the hand of the Hindoo. One of the sailors gave a cry, and started up, but staggered and fell. Before he fell the lascar

was at the door, down the steps with a bound, and out in the street. Two men were after him at full speed, but they had no chance with the light-built Indian.

"The villain has murdered a man, Jim," said Thomas—"in there—look!"

"Oh, I daresay he ain't much the worse," returned Jim. "They're always a outing with their knives here."

For all his indifference, however, Jim started after the Hindoo, but he was out of sight in another moment.

Jim returned.

"He's crowding all sail for Tiger-bay," said he. "I shouldn't care to follow him there. Here's a Peeler."

"Come along, Jim," said Thomas. "Don't stand here all the night."

"Why, *you* ain't afraid o' the pleace, are you, gov'nor?"

Thomas tried to laugh, but he did not enjoy the allusion—in the presence of a third person especially.

“ Well, good night,” said Jim to his acquaintance. “ By the way,” he resumed, “ do you know the figure of Potts’s ken ?”

“ What Potts ? I don’t know any Potts.”

“ Yes you do. Down somewhere about Lime’us, you know. We saw him that night—”

Here Jim whispered his companion, who answered aloud :

“ Oh, yes, I know. Let me see. It’s the Marmaid, I think. You ain’t a going there, are you ?”

“ Don’t know. Mayhap. I’m only taking this gen’leman a sight-seeing. He’s from the country.”

“ Good night, then.” And so they parted.

It was a sudden idea of Jim’s to turn in the direction of the man whose child Thomas had saved. * But Thomas did not know where he was taking him.

“ Where will you sleep to-night, gov’nor ?” asked Jim, as they walked along.

“ I don’t know,” answered Thomas. “ I must leave you to find me a place. But I say,

Jim, can you think of anything I could turn to? for my money wont last me long."

"Turn to!" echoed Jim. "Why a man had need be able to turn to everything by turns to make a livin' now-a-days. You 'ain't been used to hard work, by your hands. Do you know your bible well?"

"Pretty well," answered Thomas; "but I don't know what that can have to do with making a living."

"Oh, don't you, gov'nor? Perhaps you don't know what yer bible means. It means pips and pictures."

"You mean the cards. No, no. I've had enough of that. I don't mean ever to touch them again."

"Hum! Bitten," said Jim to himself, but so that Thomas heard him.

"Not very badly, Jim. In the pocket-book I told you I lost, I had a hundred pounds, won at cards the night before last."

"My eye!" exclaimed Jim. "What a devil of a pity! But why don't you try your luck

again?" he asked, after a few moments of melancholy devoted to the memory of the money.

"Look here, Jim. I don't know where to go to sleep. I have a comfortable room that I dare not go near; a father, a rich man, I believe, who would turn me out; and, in short, I've ruined myself for ever with card-playing. The sight of a pack would turn me sick, I do believe."

"Sorry for you, gov'nor. I know a fellow, though, that makes a good thing of the thimble."

"I've no turn for tailoring, I'm afraid."

"Beggin' your pardon, gov'nor, but you *are* a muff! You never thought I meant a gentleman like you to take to a beastly trade like that? I meant the thimble and peas, you know, at fairs, and such like. It's all fair, you know. You tell 'em they don't know where the pea is, and they don't. I know a friend o' mine 'll put you up to it for five or six bob. Bless you! there's room for free trade and money made."

Thomas could hardly be indignant with Jim for speaking according to his kind. But when he looked into it, it stung him to the heart to think

that every magistrate would regard him as quite capable of taking to the profession of thimble-rigging after what he had been already guilty of. Yet in all his dealings with cards, Thomas had been scrupulously honourable. He said no more to Jim about finding him something to do.

They had gone a good way, and Thomas's strength was beginning to fail him quite. Several times, Jim had inquired after the *Marmaid*, always in public-houses, where he paid for the information or none, as the case might be, by putting a name upon something at Thomas's expense ; so that he began to be rather uplifted. At length he called out joyfully—

“ Here's the fishy one, gov'nor, *at last* ! Come along.”

So saying, he pushed the swing door, to which was attached a leather strap to keep it from swinging outwards, and entered. It admitted them to a bar served by a big, fat man, with an apron whose substratum was white at the depth of several strata of dirt, and a nose much more remarkable for colour than drawing, being in

both more like a half-ripe mulberry than anything else in nature. He had little round watery eyes, and a face indicative of nothing in particular, for it had left its original conformation years behind. As soon as they entered, Jim went straight up to the landlord, and stared at him for a few moments across the counter.

"You don't appear to know me, gov'nor?" he said, for the many things he had drunk to find the way had made him *larky*. His vocabulary of address, it will be remarked, was decidedly defective.

"Well, I can't take upon me to say as I do," answered the man, putting his thumbs in the string of his apron, and looking at Jim with a mixture of effort and suspicion on his puffy face.

"And I'll be bound to say," remarked Jim, turning towards Thomas, "that you don't remember this gen'leman neither. Do 'ee now, gov'nor? On yer honour, right as a trivet? No ye don't."

"Can't say I do."

"Look at him, then. Ain't he fit to remember? Don't he look respectable?"

"Come, none o' your chaff! Say what you've got to say. What do you want?"

"Cut it short, Jim," said Thomas.

"How's your young marmaid, as took to the water so nat'ral at the Horsleydown t'other day, Mr. Potts?" asked Jim, leaning on his elbows on the counter.

"Jolly," answered the landlord. "Was you by?"

"Wasn't I, then! And there's a gov'nor was nearer than I was. Mr. Potts, that's the very gen'leman as went a header into the water and saved her, Mr. Potts. Hold up yer head, gov'nor."

"You're a chaffin' of me, I know," said Potts.

"Come, come, Jim, don't make a fool of me," said Thomas. "I wish I had known you were bringing me here. Come along. I wont stand it."

But Jim was leaning over the counter, speaking in a whisper to the down-bent landlord.

"You don't mean it?" said the latter.

"Ask the mis'ess, then," said Jim.

“ You don’t mean it ! ” repeated the landlord, in a husky voice, and with increase of energy. Then looking towards Thomas, “ What will he take ? ” he said, and, with the words, turned his back upon Jim and his face towards a shelf on which stood his choicest bottles, between two cask-like protuberances. He got down one of brandy, but Thomas, who was vexed at being brought there as if he wanted some acknowledgment of the good deed he had been fortunate enough to perform, refused to take anything.

“ What *will* you take, then ? ” said the man, whose whole stock of ideas seemed to turn upon *taking*.

But at the moment, a woman entered from behind the shop.

“ There, mis’ess,” said her husband, “ can *you* tell who that gentleman is ? ”

She looked at him for a moment, and exclaimed—

“ Bless my soul ! it’s the gentleman that took our Bessie out of the water. How do you do, sir ? ” she continued, with mingled pleasure and

respect, as she advanced from behind the counter, and courtesied to Thomas.

"None the worse for my ducking, thank you," said Thomas, holding out his hand in the delight a word of real friendship always gives.

She shook it warmly, and would hardly let it go.

"Oh! isn't he, then?" muttered Jim, mysteriously, but loud enough for Potts to hear.

"Wont you come in, sir?" said the woman, turning to lead the way.

"Thank you," answered Thomas. "I have been walking about all day, and am very tired. If you would let me sit down awhile—and—perhaps it wouldn't be giving you too much trouble to ask for a cup of tea, for my head aches rather."

"Come in, sir," she said, in a tone of the truest hospitality. "That I will with pleasure, I'm sure."

Thomas followed her into a dingy back room, where she made him lie down on a sofa from which he would have recoiled three days ago,

but for which he was very grateful now. She then bustled about to get some tea, and various little delicacies besides, in the shape of ham and shrimps, &c. &c. It was pretty clear from her look and the way she pressed her offering of gratitude, that she had a true regard for inward comforts, if not for those outward luxuries of neatness and cleanliness.

The moment Thomas was out of the shop, Jim Salter began to be more communicative with Mr. Potts.

"None the worse! said he?" demanded he, reflectively. "Oh, no. That's the way your true blue takes the loss of a few bank-notes. Nothing but a hundred pounds the worse. Oh! no."

"You don't mean it?" said Mr. Potts, making his eyes as round as two sixpences.

"Well, to be sure," said Salter, "I can't take my davy on it, 'cause as how I've only his word for it. But he don't look like a cony-catcher, do he? He's a deal too green for that, I can tell you. Well, he *is* green!" repeated Jim, bursting into a quiet chuckle. "I don't mean

he's a fool neither. There's a vasty heap o' difference between a leek in yer eye, and a turnip in yer brain-box. Ain't there now, gov'nor?"

"You don't mean it?" said Mr. Potts, staring more than ever.

"What don't I mean, Mr. Potts?"

"You don't mean that that 'ere chap——? What *do* you mean about them hundred pounds?"

"Now, I'll tell 'ee, gov'nor. It's a great pleasure to me to find I can tell a story so well."

"There you are—off again, no mortal man can tell to where. You 'ain't told me no story yet."

"'Ain't I? How come it then, gov'nor, that I ha' made you forget your usual 'ospitable manners? If I hadn't ha' been telling you a story, you'd have—I know you'd ha' asked me to put a name upon something long ago."

Mr. Potts laughed, and saying, "I beg yer pardon, Mr. Salter, though I'm sure I don't remember ever meetin' of you afore, only that's

no consequence : the best o' friends must meet sometime for the first time," turned his face to the shelf as he had done before, and after a little hesitation, seemed to conclude that it would be politic to take down the same bottle. Jim tossed off the half of his glassful, and setting the rest on the counter, began his story. Whether he wished to represent himself as Thomas's confidant, or, having come to his conclusions to the best of his ability, believed himself justified in representing them as the facts of the case, it is not necessary to inquire : the account he gave of Thomas's position was this : That when Thomas went overboard after little Bessie, he had in the breast of his coat a pocket-book, with a hundred pounds of his master's in it; that he dared not go home without it; that the police were after him; and, in short, that he was in a terrible fix. Mr. Potts listened with a general stare, and made no reply.

" You'll give him a bed to-night, wont you, gov'nor? I'll come back in the morning and see what can be done for him."

Jim finished his glass of brandy as if it had

been only the last drops, and set it on the counter with a world of suggestion in the motion, to which Mr. Potts mechanically replied by filling it again, saying as he did so, in a voice a little huskier than usual, "All right." Jim tossed off the brandy, smacked his lips, said "Thank you, and good night," and went out of the beershop. Mr. Potts stood for five minutes motionless, then went slowly to the door of the back-parlour, and called his wife. Leaving Thomas to finish his meal by himself, Mrs. Potts joined her husband, and they had a talk together. He told her what Jim had just communicated to him, and they held a consultation, the first result of which was that Mrs. Potts proceeded to get a room, the best she could offer, ready for Thomas. He accepted her hospitality with gratitude, and was glad to go to bed.

Meantime, leaving his wife to attend to the thirst of the public, Mr. Potts set out to find his brother-in-law, the captain of a collier trading between Newcastle and London, who was at the moment in the neighbourhood, but whose vessel was taking in ballast somewhere down the river.

He came upon him where he had expected to find him, and told him the whole story.

The next morning, when Thomas, more miserable than ever, after rather a sleepless night, came down stairs early, he found his breakfast waiting for him, but not his breakfast only : a huge seafaring man, with short neck and square shoulders, dressed in a blue pilot-coat, was seated in the room. He rose when Thomas entered, and greeted him with a bow made up of kindness and patronage. Mrs. Potts came in the same moment.

“ This is my brother, Captain Smith, of the *Raven*,” she said, “ come to thank you, sir, for what you did for his little pet, Bessie.”

“ Well, I donnow,” said the captain, with a gruff breeziness of manner. “ I came to ask the gentleman if, bein’ on the loose, he wouldn’t like a trip to Newcastle, and share my little cabin with me.”

It was the first glimmer of gladness that had lightened Thomas’s horizon for what seemed to him an age.

“ Thank you, thank you !” he said ; “ it is the very thing for me.”

And as he spoke, the awful London wilderness vanished, and open sea and sky filled the world of his imaginings.

“ When do you sail ?” he asked.

“ To-night, I hope, with the ebb,” said the captain ; “ but you’d better come with me as soon as you’ve had your breakfast, and we’ll go on board at once. You needn’t mind about your chest. You can rough it a little, I dare say. I can lend you a jersey that’ll do better than your ‘ long-shore togs.’ ”

Thomas applied himself to his breakfast with vigour. Hope even made him hungry. How true it is that we live by hope ! Before he had swallowed his last mouthful, he started from his seat.

“ You needn’t be in such a hurry,” said the captain. “ There’s plenty of time. Stow your prog.”

“ I have quite done. But I must see Mr. Potts for a minute.”

He went to the bar, and finding that Jim had not yet made his appearance, asked the landlord to change him a sovereign, and give half to Jim.

“It’s too much,” said Mr. Potts.

“I promised him a day’s wages.”

“Five shillings is over enough, besides the brandy I give him last night. He don’t make five shillings every day.”

Thomas, however, to the list of whose faults stinginess could not be added, insisted on Jim’s having the half sovereign, for he felt that he owed him far more than that.

In pulling out the small remains of his money, wondering if he could manage to buy a jersey for himself before starting, he brought out with it two bits of pasteboard, the sight of which shot a pang to his heart : they were the pawn-tickets for his watch and Lucy’s ring, which he had bought back from the holder on that same terrible night on which he had lost almost everything worth having. It was well he had only thrust them into the pocket of his trowsers, instead of putting them into his pocket-book. They had stuck to the

pocket and been dried with it, had got loose during the next day, and now came to light, reminding him of his utter meanness, not to say dishonesty, in parting with the girl's ring that he might follow his cursed play. The gleam of gladness which the hope of escaping from London gave him had awaked his conscience more fully, and he felt the despicableness of his conduct as he had never felt it before. How could he have done it? The ring to wear which he had been proud because it was not his own, but Lucy's, he had actually exposed to the contamination of vile hands—had actually sent from her pure lovely person into the pocket of a foul-talker, and thence to a pawnbroker's shop. He could have torn himself to pieces at the thought. And now that she was lost to him for ever, was he to rob her of her mother's jewel as well? He *must* get it again. But if he went after it now, even if he had the money to redeem it, he might run into the arms of the searching Law, and he and it too would be gone. But he had not the money. The cold dew broke out on his face as he stood beside

the pump-handles of the beer-shop. But Mr. Potts had been watching him for some time. He knew the look of those tickets, and dull as his brain was, with a dullness that was cousin to his red nose, he divined at once that Thomas's painful contemplation had to do with some effects of which those tickets were the representatives. He laid his hand on Thomas's shoulder from behind. Thomas gave a great start.

"I beg your pardon for frightening of you, sir," said Mr. Potts; "but I believe a long experience in them things makes me able to give you good advice."

"What things?" asked Thomas.

"Them things," repeated Potts, putting a fat forefinger first on the one and then on the other pawn-ticket. "'Twasn't me, nor yet Bessie. It's long since I was at my uncle's. All I had to do there was a gettin' of 'em down the spout. I never sent much up it: my first wife, Joan—not Bessie, bless her! Now I ain't no witch, but I can see with 'alf a heye that you've got summat at your uncle's you don't like to leave

there, when you're a goin' a voyagin' to the ends o' the earth. Have you got the money as well as the tickets?"

"Oh dear no!" answered Thomas, almost crying.

"Come now," said Potts, kindly, "sweep out the chimley. It's no use missing the crooks and corners, and having to send a boy up after all. Sweep it out. Tell me all about it, and I'll see what I can do—or can't do, it may be."

Thomas told him that the tickets were for a watch—a gold watch, with compensation balance—and a diamond ring. He didn't care about the watch; but he would give his life to get the ring again.

"Let me look at the tickets. How much did you get on 'em, separate?"

Thomas said he did not know, but gave him the tickets to examine.

Potts looked at them. "You don't care so much for the watch?" he said.

"No, I don't," answered Thomas; "though my mother did give it me," he added, ruefully.

“ Why don’t you offer ’em both of the tickets for the ring, then ?” said Potts.

“ What ?” said Thomas. “ I don’t see——”

“ You give ’em to me,” returned Potts. “ Here, Bessie !—You go in and have a chat with the captain.—I’m going out, Bessie, for an hour. Tell the captain not to go till I come back.”

So saying Potts removed his white apron, put on a black frock coat and hat, and went out, taking the tickets with him.

Mrs. Potts brought a tumbler of grog for her brother, and he sat sipping it. Thomas refused to join him ; for he reaped this good from his sensitive organization, that since the night on which it had helped to ruin him, he could scarcely endure even the smell of strong drink. It was rather more than an hour before Mr. Potts returned, during which time Thomas had been very restless and anxious. But at last his host walked into the back room, laid a small screw of paper before him, and said—

“ There’s your ring, sir. You wont want your watch this voyage. I’ve got it, though ;

•

but I'm forced to keep it, in case I should be behind with my rent. Any time you look in, I shall have it, or know where it is."

Thomas did what he could to express his gratitude, and took the ring with a wonderful feeling of relief. It seemed like a pledge of further deliverance. He begged Mr. Potts to do what he pleased with the watch; he didn't care if he never saw it again; and hoped it would be worth more to him than what it had cost him to redeem them both. Then, after many kind farewells, he took his leave with the captain of the *Raven*. As they walked along, he could not help looking round every few yards; but after his new friend had taken him to a shop, where he bought a blue jersey and a glazed hat, and tied his coat up in a handkerchief, his sole bundle of luggage, he felt more comfortable. In a couple of hours he was on board the *Raven*, a collier brig of between two and three hundred tons. They set sail the same evening; but not till they reached the Nore did Thomas begin to feel safe from pursuit.

The captain seemed a good deal occupied with

his own thoughts, and there were few things they understood in common, so that Thomas was left mostly to his own company ; which, though far from agreeable, was no doubt the very best for him under the circumstances. For it was his real self that he looked in the face—the self that told him what he was, showed him whence he had fallen, what he had lost, how he had hitherto been wasting his life, and how his carelessness had at length thrown him over a precipice upon which he could not climb—there was no foothold upon it. But this was not all : he began to see not only his faults, but the weakness of his character, the refusal to combat which had brought him to this pass. His behaviour to Lucy was the bitterest thought of all. She looked ten times more lovely to him now that he had lost her. That she should despise him was terrible—even more terrible the likelihood that she would turn the rich love of her strong heart upon some one else. How she had entreated him to do her justice ! And he saw now that she had done so even more for his sake than for her

own. He had not yet any true idea of what Lucy was worth. He did not know how she had grown since the time when, with all a girl's inexperience, she had first listened to his protestations. While he had been going down the hill, she had been going up. Long before they had been thus parted, he would not have had a chance of winning her affections had he had then to make the attempt. But he did see that she was infinitely beyond him, infinitely better than—to use a common phrase—he could have deserved if he had been as worthy as he fancied himself. I say *a common phrase*, because no man can ever *deserve* a woman. Gradually—by what gradations he could not have told—the truth, working along with his self-despising, showed him something of all this ; and it was the first necessity of a nature like his to be taught to look down on himself. As long as he thought himself more than somebody, no good was to be expected of him. Therefore, it was well for him that the worthlessness of his character should break out and show itself in some plainly worthless deed,

that he might no longer be able to hide himself from the conviction and condemnation of his own conscience. Hell had come at last; and he burned in its fire.

He was very weary and went to bed in a berth in the cabin. But he was awaked while it was yet quite dark by the violent rolling and pitching of the vessel, and the running to and fro overhead. He got up at once, dressed in haste, and clambered up the companion-ladder. It was a wild scene. It had come on to blow hard. The brig was under reefed topsails and jib; but Thomas knew nothing of sea affairs. She was a good boat, and rode the seas well. There was just light enough for him to see the water by the white rents in its darkness. Fortunately, he was one of those few favoured individuals in whose nerves the motions of a vessel find no response—I mean he did not know what seasickness was. And that storm came to him a wonderful gift from the Father who had not forgotten his erring child—so strangely did it harmonise with his troubled mind. New strength,

even hope invaded his weary heart from the hiss of the wind through the cordage as it bellied out from the masts ; his soul rejoiced in the heave of the wave under the bows and its swift rush astern ; and though he had to hold hard by the weather shrouds, not a shadow of fear crossed his mind. This may have partly come from life being to him now a worthless thing, save as he had some chance of—he did not know what ; for although he saw no way of recovering his lost honour, and therefore considered that eternal disgrace was his, even if God and man forgave him, there was yet a genuine ray of an unknown hope borne into him, as I say, from the crests of those broken waves. But I think it was natural to Thomas to fear nothing that merely involved danger to himself. In this respect he possessed a fine physical courage. It was in moral courage—the power of looking human anger and contempt in the face, and holding on his own way—that he was deficient. I believe that this came in a great measure from his delicate, sensitive organization. He could

look a storm in the face ; but a storm in a face he could not endure ; he quailed before it. He would sail ever a smooth human sea if he might : when a wind rose there, he would be under bare poles in a moment. Of course this sensitiveness was not in itself an evil, being closely associated with his poetic tendencies, which ought to have been the centre from which all the manlier qualities were influenced for culture and development ; but he had been spoiled in every way, not least by the utterly conflicting discords of nature, objects, and character in his father and mother. But although a man may be physically brave and morally a coward—a fact too well known to be insisted upon—a facing of physical danger will help the better courage in the man whose will is at all awake to cherish it ; for the highest moral courage is born of the will, and not of the organization. The storm wrought thus along with all that was best in him. In the fiercest of it that night, he often found himself kissing Lucy's ring, which, as soon as he began to know that they were in some

danger, and not till then, he had, though with a strong feeling of the sacrilege of the act, ventured to draw once more upon his unworthy hand.

The wind increased as the sun rose. If he could only have helped the men staggering to and fro, as they did on the great sea in the days of old ! But he did not know one rope from another. Two men were at the wheel. One was called away on some emergency aloft. Thomas sprang to his place.

“I will do whatever you tell me,” he said to the steersman ; “only let me set a man free.”

Then he saw it was the captain himself. He gave a nod, and a squirt of tobacco-juice, as cool as if he had been steering with a light gale over a rippling sea. Thomas did his best, and in five minutes had learned to obey the word the captain gave him as he watched the binnacle. About an hour after the sun rose, the wind began to moderate ; and before long the captain gave up the helm to the mate, saying to Thomas :

“ We’ll go and have some breakfast. You’ve

earned your rations anyhow. Your father ought to have sent you to sea. It would have made a man of you."

This was not very complimentary. But Thomas had only a suppressed sigh to return for answer. He did not feel himself worth defending any more.

CHAPTER VI.

Thomas returns to London.

AFTER this Thomas made rapid progress in the favour of Captain Smith. He had looked upon him as a land-lubber before, with the contempt of his profession ; but when he saw that, clerk as he was, he was yet capable at sea, he began to respect him. And as Thomas wakened up more and more to an interest in what was going on around him, he did not indulge in giving him fool's answers to the questions he asked, as so many seafarers would have been ready to do ; and he soon found that Thomas's education, though it was by no means a first-rate one, enabled him to ask more questions with regard to the laws of wind and water and the combination of forces than he was quite

able to solve. Before they reached the end of the voyage, Thomas knew the rigging pretty well, and could make himself useful on board. Anxious to ingratiate himself with the captain—longing almost unconsciously for the support of some human approbation, the more that he had none to give himself—he laid himself out to please him. Having a very good head, he soon found himself able to bear a hand in taking in a reef in the fore-topsail; and before long he could steer by the course with tolerable steadiness. The sailors were a not unsociable set of men, and as he presumed upon nothing, they too gave him what help they could, not without letting off a few jokes at his expense, in the laughter following on which he did his best to join. The captain soon began to order him about like the rest, which was the best kindness he could have shown him; and Thomas's obedience was more than prompt—it was as pleasant as possible. He had on his part some information to give the captain; and their meals in the cabin together were often merry enough.

“Do you think you could ever make a sailor of me?” asked Tom one day.

“Not a doubt of it, my boy,” the captain answered. “A few voyages more, and you’ll go aloft like a monkey.”

“Where do you think of making your next voyage, sir?” asked Tom.

“Well, I’m part owner of the brig, and can do pretty much as I like. I did think of Dundee.”

“I should have thought they had coal enough of their own thereabouts.”

“A cargo of English coal never comes amiss. It’s better than theirs by a long way.”

“Would you take me with you?”

“To be sure, if you can’t do better.”

“I can’t. I don’t want anything but my rations, you know.”

“You’ll soon be worth your wages. I can’t say you are yet, you know.”

“Of course not. You must have your full crew besides.”

“We’re one hand short this voyage; and you’ve done something to fill the gap.”

“ I’m very glad, I’m sure. But what would you advise me to do when we reach Newcastle? It will be some time before you get off again.”

“ Not long. If you like to take your share in getting the cargo on board, you can make wages by that.”

“ With all my heart,” said Thomas, whom this announcement greatly relieved.

“ It’s dirty work,” said the captain.

“ There’s plenty of water about,” answered Thomas.

When they came to Newcastle, Thomas worked as hard as any of them, getting the ballast out and the new cargo in. He had never known what it was to work before; and though it tired him dreadfully at first, it did him good.

Amongst the men was one whom he liked more than the rest. He had been in the merchant service, and had sailed to India and other places. He knew more than his shipmates, and had only taken to the coasting for a time for family reasons. With him Thomas chiefly con-sorted when their day’s work was over. With

a growing hope that by some means he might rise at last into another kind of company, he made the best he could of what he had, knowing well that it was far better than he deserved, and far better than what of late he had been voluntarily choosing. His hope, however, alternated with such fits of misery and despair, that if it had not been for the bodily work he had to do, he thought he would have lost his reason. I believe not a few keep hold of their senses in virtue of doing hard work. I knew an earl's son and heir who did so. And I think that not a few, especially women, lose their senses just from having nothing to do. Many more, who are not in danger of this, lose their health, and more still lose their purity and rectitude. In other words, health—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual—requires for its existence and continuance, work, often hard and bodily labour.

This man lived in Newcastle, and got Thomas a decent room near his own dwelling, where he slept. One evening they had been walking together about the place till they were

tired. It was growing late, and as they were some distance from home, they went into a little public-house which Robins knew to get a bit of bread and cheese and some ale. Robins was a very sober man, and Thomas felt no scruple in accompanying him thus, although one of the best things to be said for Thomas was, that ever since he went on board the *Raven* he had steadily refused to touch spirits. Perhaps, as I have hinted before, there was less merit in this than may appear, for the very smell was associated with such painful memories of misery that it made him shudder. Sometimes a man's physical nature comes in to help him to be good. For such a dislike may grow into a principle which will last after the dislike has vanished.

They sat down in a little room with coloured prints of ships in full sail upon the walls, a sanded floor, in the once new fashion which superseded rushes, and an ostrich egg hanging from the ceiling. The landlady was a friend of Robins, and showed them this attention. On the other side of a thin partition was the

ordinary room, where the ordinary run of customers sat and drank their grog. There were only two or three in there when our party entered. Presently, while Thomas and Robins were sitting at their supper, they heard two or three more come in. A hearty recognition took place, and fresh orders were given. Thomas started and listened. He thought he heard the name *Ningpo*.

Now, from Thomas's having so suddenly broken off all connexion with his friends, he knew nothing of what had been going on with regard to the property Mr. Boxall had left behind him. He thought, of course, that Mrs. Boxall would inherit it. It would not be fair to suppose, however, that this added to his regret at having lost Lucy, for he was humbled enough to be past that. The man who is turned out of Paradise does not grieve over the loss of its tulips, or if he does, how came he ever to be within its gates? But the very fact that the name of Boxall was painful to him, made the name of that vessel attract and startle him at once.

“What’s the matter?” said Robins.

“Didn’t you hear some one in the next room mention the *Ningpo*?” returned Thomas.

“Yes. She was a barque in the China trade.”

“Lost last summer on the Cape Verdes. I knew the captain—at least, I didn’t know him, but I knew his brother and his family. They were all on board, and all lost.”

“Ah!” said Robins, “that’s the way of it, you see. People oughtn’t to go to sea but them as has business there. Did you say the crew was lost as well?”

“So the papers said.”

Robins rose, and went into the next room. He had a suspicion that he knew the voice. Almost the same moment a rough burst of greeting came to Thomas’s ear; and a few minutes after, Robins entered, bringing with him a sailor so rough, so hairy, so brown, that he looked as if he must be proof against any attack of the elements — case-hardened against wind and water.

“Here’s the gentleman,” said Robins, “as knew your captain, Jack.”

“Do, sir?” said Jack, touching an imaginary sou’wester.

“What’ll you have?” asked Tom.

This important point settled, they had a talk together, in which Jack opened up more freely in the presence of Robins than he would have felt interest enough to do with a stranger alone who was only a would-be sailor at best—a fact which could not be kept a secret from an eye used to read all sorts of signals. I will not attempt to give the story in Jack’s lingo. But the certainty was that he had been on board the *Ningpo* when she went to pieces—that he had got ashore on a spar, after sitting through the night on the stern, and seeing every soul lost, as far as he believed, but himself. He had no great power of description, and did not volunteer much; but he returned very direct answers to all the questions Thomas put to him. Had Thomas only read some of the proceedings in the Court of Probate during the last few months, he would

have known better what sort of questions to put to him. Almost the only remark Jack volunteered was,—

“Poor little July! how she did stick to me, to be sure! But she was as dead as a marlin-spike long afore the starn broke up.”

“Were you long on the island?” asked Tom.

“No, not long,” answered the sailor. “I always was one of the lucky ones. I was picked up the same day by a brigantine bound from Portingale to the Sambusy.”

Little did Tom think how much might be involved in what Jack said. They parted, and the friends went home together. They made a good voyage, notwithstanding some rough weather, to Dundee, failed in getting a return cargo, and went back to Newcastle in ballast. From Newcastle, their next voyage was to London again.

“If you would rather not go to London,” said the master to Tom, “there’s a friend of mine here who is just ready to start for Aberdeen. I

daresay if I were to speak to him he would take you on board."

But Tom's heart was burning to see Lucy once more—if only to see her and restore her ring. If, he thought, he might but once humble himself to the dust before her—if he might but let her see that, worthless as he was, he worshipped her, his heart would be easier. He thought likewise, that what with razoring and tanning, and the change of his clothes, he was not likely to be recognised. And besides, by this time the power must be out of Mr. Stopper's hands; at least Lucy must have come to exert her influence over the affairs of the business, and she would not allow them to drive things to extremity with him, worthless as he was. He would venture, come of it what might. So he told the captain that he would much prefer to work his passage to London again. It was a long passage this time, and very rough weather.

It was with strange feelings that Thomas saw once more the turrets of the Tower of London. Danger—exposure, it might be—lay before him,

but he thought only of Lucy, not of the shame now. It was yet early morning when Captain Smith and he went on shore at Shadwell. The captain was going to see an old friend in the neighbourhood, and after that to Limehouse, to The Mermaid, to see his sister. Thomas wanted to be alone, for he had not yet succeeded in making up his mind what he was going to do. So he sent a grateful message by the captain, with the addition that he would look in upon them in the evening.

Left alone, without immediate end or aim, he wandered on, not caring whither he went, but, notwithstanding his heavy thoughts, with something of the enjoyment the sailor feels in getting on shore even after only a fortnight at sea. It was a bright, cold, frosty morning, in the month of March. Without knowing his course, Thomas was wandering northwards; and after he had gone into a coffee-shop and had some breakfast, he carelessly resumed his course in the same direction. He found that he was in the Cambridge-road, but whither that led he had no idea.

Nor did he know, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts, even after he came into a region he knew, till, lifting up his head, he saw the gray time-worn tower, that looks so strong and is so shaky, of the old church of Hackney, now solitary, its ancient nave and chancel and all having vanished, leaving it to follow at its leisure, wearied out with disgust at the church which has taken its place, and is probably the ugliest building in Christendom, except the parish-church of a certain little town in the north of Aberdeenshire. This sent a strange pang to his heart, for close by, that family used to live whose bones were now whitening amongst those rocky islands of the Atlantic. He went into the churchyard, sat down on a gravestone, and thought. Now that the fiction of his own worth had vanished like an image in the clouds of yesterday, he was able to see clearly into his past life and conduct ; and he could not conceal from himself that his behaviour to Mary Boxall might have had something to do with the loss of the whole family. He saw more and more the mischief that had come of his

own weakness, and lack of courage and principle. If he could but have defended his own conduct where it was blameless, or at least allowed it to be open to the daylight and the anger of those whom it might not please, he would thus have furnished his own steps with a strong barrier against sliding down that slope down which he had first slidden before falling headlong from the precipice at its foot. In self-abasement he rose from the gravestone, and walked slowly past the house. Merry faces of children looked from upper windows, who knew nothing of those who had been there before them. Then he went away westward towards Highbury. He would just pass his father's door. There was no fear of his father seeing him at this time of the day, for he would be at his office, and his mother could not leave her room. Ah, his mother! How had he behaved to her? A new torrent of self-reproach rushed over his soul as he walked along the downs towards Islington. Some day, if he could only do something first to distinguish himself in any way, he would go and beg her forgiveness. But what chance

was there of his ever doing anything now? He had cut all the ground of action from under his own feet. Not yet did Thomas see that his duty was to confess his sin, waiting for no means of covering its enormity. He walked on. He passed the door, casting but a cursory glance across the windows. There was no one to be seen. He went down the long walk with the lime trees on one side, which he knew so well, and just as he reached the gates there were his sister Amy and Mr. Simon coming from the other side. They were talking and laughing merrily, and looking in each other's face. He had never seen Mr. Simon look so pleasant before. He almost felt as if he could speak to him. But no sooner did Mr. Simon see that this sailor-looking fellow was regarding them, than the clerical mask was on his face, and Thomas turned away with involuntary dislike. "It is clear," he said to himself, "that they don't care much what has become of me." He turned then westward again, towards Highgate, and then went over to Hampstead, paused at the pines, and looked along the

valley beneath, then descended into it, and went across the heath till he came out on the road by Wildwood. This was nearly the way he had wandered on that stormy Christmas-day with Mary Boxall. He had this day, almost without conscious choice, traversed the scenes of his former folly. Had he not been brooding repentantly over his faults, I doubt if he could have done so, even unconsciously. He turned into the Bull and Bush, and had some dinner; then, as night was falling, started for London, having made up his mind at last what he would do. At the Bull and Bush he had written a note to Lucy, to the following effect. He did not dare to call her by her name, still less to use any term of endearment :—

“ I am not worthy to speak or to write your name,” he said ; “ but my heart is dying to see you once more. I have likewise to return you your mother’s ring ; which, though it has comforted me often in my despair, I have no longer any right to retain. But I should just like to tell you that I am working honestly for my

bread. I am a sailor now. I am quite clear of all my bad companions, and hope to remain so. Dare I ask you to meet me once—to-morrow night, say, or any night soon, for I am not safe in London? I will tell you all when I see you. Send me one line by the bearer of this to say where you will meet me. Do not, for the sake of your love to me once, refuse me this. I want to beg your forgiveness, that I may go away less miserable than I am. Then I will go to Australia, or somewhere out of the country, and you will never hear of me more. God bless you."

He cried a good deal over this note. Then came the question how he was to send it. He could, no doubt, find a messenger at The Mermaid, but he was very unwilling to make any line of communication between that part of London and Guild Court—or, more properly, to connect himself, whose story was there known, with Lucy's name. He would go to the neighbourhood of Guild Court and there look out for a messenger, whom he could then watch.

CHAPTER VII.

Thomas is Captured.

AS soon as he had resolved upon this he set out. There was plenty of time. He would walk. Tired as he was beginning to be, motion was his only solace. He walked through Hampstead, and by Haverstock-hill, Tottenham-court-road, and Holborn to the City. By this time the moon was up. Going by Ludgate-hill, he saw her shining over St. Paul's right through the spire of St. Martin's, where the little circle of pillars lays it open to the sky and the wind: she seemed to have melted the spire in two. Then he turned off to the left, now looking out for a messenger. In his mind he chose and rejected several, dallying with his own eagerness, and yielding to one doubt after another about each in succession. At last he reached the fur-

ther end of Bagot-street. There stood Poppie with her "murphy-buster." Had it been daylight, when her dress and growth would have had due effect upon her appearance, probably Thomas would not have known her; but seeing her face only by the street-lamp, he just recollected that he had seen the girl about Guild Court. He had no suspicion that she would know him. But Poppie was as sharp as a needle: she did know him.

"Do you know Guild Court, my girl?" he asked.

"I believe you," answered Poppie.

"Would you take this letter for me, and give it to Miss Burton, who lives there, and wait for an answer? If she's not at home bring it back to me. I will take care of your potatoes, and give you a shilling when you come back."

Whether Poppie would have accepted the office if she had not recognised Thomas, I do not know. She might, for she had so often forsaken her machine and found it all right when she returned, that I think the promise of the shilling

would have enabled her to run the risk. As it was, she scudded. While she was gone he sold three or four of her potatoes. He knew how to deliver them ; but he didn't know the price, and just took what they gave him. He stood trembling with hope.

Suddenly he was seized by the arm from behind, and a gruff voice he thought he knew, said—

“Here he is! Come along, Mr. Worboise. You're wanted.”

Thomas had turned in great alarm. There were four men, he saw, but they were not policemen. That was a comfort. Two of them were little men. None of them spoke but the one who seized him. He twisted his arm from the man's grasp, and was just throwing his fist at his head, when he was pinioned by two arms cast round him from behind.

“Don't strike,” said the first man, “or it'll be the worse for you. I'll call the police. Come along, and I swear nothing but good will come of it—to you as well as to other people. I'm not the man to get you into trouble, I can tell

you. Don't you know me?—Kitely, the book-seller. Come along. I've been in a fix myself before now."

Thomas yielded, and they led him away.

"But there's that child's potatoes!" he said. "The whole affair will be stolen. Just wait till she comes back."

"Oh! she's all right," said Kitely. "There she is, buttering a ha'p'orth. Come along."

They led him through streets and lanes, every one of which Thomas knew better than his catechism a good deal. All at once they hustled him in at a church door. In the vestibule Thomas saw that there were but two with him—Mr. Kitely, whom he now recognised, and a little man with his hair standing erect over his pale face, like corn on the top of a chalk-cliff. Him, too, he recognised, for Mr. Spelt had done many repairs for him. The other two had disappeared. Neither Mr. Salter nor Mr. Dolman cared to tempt Providence by coming further. It was Jim who had secured his arms, and saved Kitely's head. Mr. Kitely made way for Thomas

to enter first. Fearful of any commotion, he yielded still, and went into a pew near the door. The two men followed him. It is time I should account for the whole of this strange proceeding,

Jim Salter did not fail to revisit The Mermaid on the day of Tom's departure, but he was rather late, and Tom was gone. As to what had become of him, Mr. Potts thought it more prudent to profess ignorance. He likewise took another procedure upon him, which, although well-meant, was not honest. Regardless of Thomas's desire that Jim should have a half-sovereign for the trouble of the preceding day, Mr. Potts, weighing the value of Jim's time, and the obligation he was himself under to Tom, resolved to take Tom's interests in his own hands, and therefore very solemnly handed a half-crown and a florin, as what Thomas had left for him, across the counter to Jim. Jim took the amount in severe dudgeon. The odd sixpence was especially obnoxious. It was grievous to his soul.

“ Four and sixpence ! Four bob and one

tanner,” said Jim, in a tone of injury, in which there certainly was no pretence—“after a-riskin’ of my life, not to mention a-wastin’ of my precious time for the ungrateful young snob. Four *and* sixpence !”

Mr. Potts told him with equal solemnity, a righteous indignation looking over the top of his red nose, to hold his jaw, or go out of his tavern. Whereupon Jim gave a final sniff, and was silent, for where there was so much liquor on the premises it was prudent not to anger The Mermaid’s master. Thereupon the said master, probably to ease his own conscience Jim-wards, handed him a glass of old Tom, which Jim, not without suspicion of false play, emptied and deposited. From that day, although he continued to call occasionally at The Mermaid, he lost all interest in his late client, never referred to him, and always talked of Bessy Potts as if he himself had taken her out of the water.

The acquaintance between Dolman and him began about this time to grow a little more intimate, and after the meeting which I have de-

scribed above, they met pretty frequently, when Mr. Dolman communicated to him such little facts as transpired about "them lawyers," namely Mr. Worboise's proceedings. Amongst the rest was the suspicious disappearance of the son, whom Mr. Dolman knew, not to speak to, but by sight, as well as his own lapstone. Mr. Salter, already suspicious of his man, requested a description of the missing youth, and concluded that it was the same in whom he had been so grievously disappointed, for the odd sixpence represented any conceivable amount of meanness, not to say wickedness. This increased intimacy with Jim did Dolman no good, and although he would not yet forsake his work during work-hours, he would occasionally permit Jim to fetch a jug of beer from a neighbouring tavern, and consume it with him in his shop. On these occasions they had to use great circumspection with regard to Dolly's landlord, who sat over his head. But in the winter nights, Mr. Spelt would put up the outside shutter over his window to keep the cold out, only occasionally opening

his door to let a little air in. This made it possible to get the beer introduced below without discovery, when Dolman snail-like closed the mouth of his shell also, in which there was barely room for two, and stitched away while Jim did the chief part of the drinking and talking—in an undertone—for him—not so low, however, but that Spelt could hear not a little, that set him thinking. It was pretty clear that young Worboise was afraid to show himself, and this and other points he communicated to his friend Kitely. This same evening they were together thus when they heard a hurried step come up and stop before the window, and the voice of Mr. Kitely, well known to Dolman, call to the tailor overhead.

“Spelt, I say. Spelt!”

Mr. Spelt looked out at his door.

“Yes, Mr. Kitely. What’s the matter?”

“Here’s that young devil’s limb, Worboise, been and sent a letter to Miss Burton by your Poppie, and he’s a-waitin’ an answer. Come along, and we’ll take him alive.”

“But what do you want to do with him?” asked Spelt.

“Take him to Mr. Fuller.”

“But what if he wont come?”

“We can threaten him with the police, as if we knew all about it. Come along. There’s no time to be lost.”

“But what would you take him to Mr. Fuller for?”

My reader may well be inclined to ask the same question. I will explain. Mr. Kitley was an original man in thinking, and a rarely practical man in following it up, for he had confidence in his own conclusions. Ever since he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Fuller through Mattie’s illness, he had been feeling his influence more and more, and was gradually reforming his ways in many little things that no one knew of but himself. No one in London knew him as anything but an honest man, but I presume there are few men so honest that if they were to set about it seriously, they could not be honest still. I suspect that the most honest man of

my acquaintance will be the readiest to acknowledge this ; for honesty has wonderful offshoots from its great tap-root. Having this experience in himself, he had faith in the moral power of Mr. Fuller. Again, since Lucy had come to live in the house, he had grown to admire her yet more, and the attention and kindness she continued to show to his princess, caused an equal growth in his gratitude. Hence it became more and more monstrous in his eyes that she should be deprived of her rights in such a villainous manner by the wickedness of "them Worboises." For the elder he was afraid that he was beyond redemption ; but if he could get a hold of the younger, and put him under Mr. Fuller's pump, for that was how he represented the possible process of cleansing to himself, something might come of it. He did not know that Thomas was entirely ignorant of his father's relation to the property of the late Richard Boxall, and that no man in London would have less influence with Worboise, senior, than Worboise, junior. He had had several communica-

tions with Mr. Fuller on the subject, and had told him all he knew. Mr. Fuller likewise had made out that this must be the same young man of whom Lucy had spoken in such trouble. But as he had disappeared, nothing could be done—even if he had had the same hope of good results from the interview as Mr. Kitely, whose simplicity and eagerness amused as well as pleased him. When Mr. Kitely, therefore, received from Poppie Thomas's letter to give to Lucy, who happened to be out, he sped at once, with his natural promptitude, to secure Mr. Spelt's assistance in carrying out his conspiracy against Thomas.

As soon as the two below heard Mr. Spelt scramble down and depart with Mr. Kitely, they issued from their station; Mr. Dolman anxious to assist in the capture, Mr. Salter wishing to enjoy his disgrace, for the odd sixpence rankled. As soon as they saw him within the inner door of the church they turned and departed. They knew nothing about churches, and were unwilling to enter. They did not know what they might

be in for, if they went in. Neither had they any idea for what object Thomas was taken there. Dolman went away with some vague notion about the Ecclesiastical Court ; for he tried to read the papers sometimes. This notion he imparted with equal vagueness to the brain of Jim Salter, already muddled with the beer he had drunk. Dolman went back to his work, hoping to hear about it when Spelt came home. Jim wandered eastward, to convey a somewhat incorrect idea of what had happened to the inhabitants of The Mermaid. Having his usual design on The Mermaid's resources, his story lost nothing in the telling, and, in great perplexity and greater uneasiness, Captain Smith and Mr. Potts started to find out the truth of the matter. Jim conducted them to the church-door, which was still open, and retired round the corner.

Meantime the captors and the culprit waited till the service was over. As soon as Mr. Fuller had retired to the vestry and the congregation had dispersed, Mr. Kitley intimated to Thomas that he must follow him, and led the way up the

church. With the fear of the police still before his eyes, Thomas did follow, and the little tailor brought up the rear. Hardly waiting, in his impatience, to knock at the door, Mr. Kately popped his head in as Mr. Fuller was standing in his shirt-sleeves, and said with ill-suppressed triumph—

“Here he is, sir! I’ve got him!”

“Whom do you mean?” said Mr. Fuller, arrested by surprise with one arm in his coat and the other hand searching for the other sleeve.

“Young Worboise. The lawyer-chap, you know, sir,” he added, seeing that the name conveyed no idea.

“Oh!” said Mr. Fuller, prolongedly. “Show him in, then.” And on went his coat.

Thomas entered, staring in bewilderment. Nor was Mr. Fuller quite at his ease at first, when the handsome brown sailor-lad stepped into the vestry. But he shook hands with him, and asked him to take a chair. Thomas obeyed. Seeing his conductors lingered, Mr. Fuller then said—

“ You must leave us alone now, Mr. Kitley.
How do you do, Mr. Spelt ?”

They retired, and after a short consultation together in the church, agreed that they had done their part and could do no more, and went home.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Confession.

S soon as the door closed behind them, Mr. Fuller turned to Tom, saying, as he took a chair near him, "I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Worboise. I have long wanted to have a little talk with you."

"Will you tell me," said Tom, with considerable uneasiness, notwithstanding the pacific appearance of everything about him, "why those people have made me come to you? I was afraid of making a row in the street, and so I thought it better to give in. But I have not an idea why I am here."

Mr. Fuller thought there must be some further reason, else a young man of Thomas's appearance would not have so quietly yielded to the will of

two men like Kitley and Spelt. But he kept this conclusion to himself.

“It certainly was a most unwarrantable proceeding if they used any compulsion. But I have no intention of using any—nor should I have much chance,” he added, laughing, “if it came to a tussle with a young fellow like you, Mr. Worboise.”

This answer restored Tom to his equanimity a little.

“Perhaps you know my father,” he said, finding that Mr. Fuller was silent. In fact, Mr. Fuller was quite puzzled how to proceed. He cared little for the business part, and for the other, he must not compromise Lucy. Clearly the lawyer-business was the only beginning. And this question of Tom’s helped him to it.

“I have not the pleasure of knowing your father. I wish I had. But after all, it is better I should have a chat with you first.”

“Most willingly,” said Tom, with courtesy.

“It is a very unconventional thing I am about to do. But very likely you will give me such

information as may enable me to set the minds of some of my friends at rest. I am perfectly aware what a lame introduction this is, and I must make a foolish figure indeed, except you will kindly understand that sometimes a clergyman is compelled to meddle with matters which he would gladly leave alone."

"I have too much need of forbearance myself not to grant it, sir—although I do not believe any will be necessary in your case. Pray make me understand you."

Mr. Fuller was greatly pleased with this answer, and proceeded to business at once.

"I am told by a man who is greatly interested in one of the parties concerned, that a certain near relative of yours is in possession of a large property which ought by right, if not by law, to belong to an old lady who is otherwise destitute. I wish to employ your mediation to procure a settlement upon her of such small portion of the property at least as will make her independent. I am certainly explicit enough now," concluded Mr. Fuller, with a considerable feeling

of relief in having discharged himself, if not of his duty, yet of so creditable a beginning of it.

"I am as much in the dark as ever, sir," returned Thomas. "I know nothing of what you refer to. If you mean my father, I am the last one to know anything of his affairs. I have not seen him or heard from him for months."

"But you cannot surely be ignorant of the case. It has been reported in the public prints from time to time. It seems that your father has come in for the contingent reversion—I think that is the phrase, I'm not sure—of all the property of the late Richard Boxall,——"

"By Jove!" cried Thomas, starting to his feet in a rage, then sinking back on his chair in conscious helplessness. "He did make his will," he muttered.

"Leaving," Mr. Fuller went on, "the testator's mother and niece utterly unprovided for."

"But grannie had money of her own in the business. I have heard her say so a thousand times."

"She has nothing now."

“ My father is a villain !” exclaimed Thomas, starting once more to his feet, and pacing up and down the little vestry like a wild beast in a cage. “ And what am I ?” he added, after a pause. “ I have brought all this upon her.” He could say no more. He sat down, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed.

Thomas was so far mistaken in this, that his father, after things had gone so far as they had gone, would have done as he had done, whatever had been Thomas’s relation to the lady. But certainly, if Thomas had behaved as he ought, things could not have gone thus far. He was a cause of all the trouble.

Nothing could have been more to Mr. Fuller’s mind.

“ As to Miss Burton,” he said, “ I happen to know that she has another grief, much too great to allow her to think about money. A clergyman, you know, comes to hear of many things. She never told me who he was,” said Mr. Fuller, with hesitation ; “ but she confessed to me that she was in great trouble.”

“ Oh, sir, what *shall* I do ?” cried Thomas. “ I love her with all my heart, but I can never, never dare to think of her more. I came up to London at the risk of—of—— I came up to London only to see her and give her back this ring, and beg her to forgive me, and go away for ever. And now I have not only given her pain——”

“ Pain !” echoed Mr. Fuller. “ If she weren’t so good, her heart would have broken before now.”

Thomas burst out sobbing again. He turned his face away from Mr. Fuller, and stood by the wall, shaken with misery. Mr. Fuller left him alone for a minute or two. Then going up to him, he put his hand on his shoulder kindly, and said—

“ My dear boy, I suspect you have got into some terrible scrape, or you would not have disappeared as they tell me. And your behaviour seems to confirm the suspicion. Tell me all about it, and I have very little doubt that I can help you out of it. But you must tell me *everything*.”

"I will, sir; I will," Tom sobbed.

"Mind, no half-confessions. I have no right to ask you to confess but on the ground of helping you. But if I am to help you, I must know all. Can I trust you that you will be quite straightforward and make a clean breast of it?"

Tom turned round, and looked Mr. Fuller calmly in the face. The light of hope shone in his eyes: the very offer of hearing all his sin and misery gave him hope. To tell it would be to get rid of some of the wretchedness.

"I hate myself so, sir," he said, "that I do not feel it worth while to hide anything. I will speak the truth. When you wish to know more than I tell, ask me any questions you please, and I will answer them."

At this moment a tap was heard at the vestry door, and it opened, revealing two strange figures with scared interrogating faces on the top—the burly form of Captain Smith, and the almost as bulky, though differently arranged, form of Mr. Potts.

“Don’t ’e be too hard on the young gentleman, sir,” said Mr. Potts, in the soothing tone of one who would patch up a family quarrel. “He wont do it again, I’ll go bail. You don’t know, sir, what a good sort he is. Don’t ’e get him into no trouble. He lost his life—all but—a reskewing of my Bessie. He did now. True as the Bible, sir,” added Mr. Potts, with conciliatory flattery to the clergyman’s profession, whom they took for the father or uncle of Thomas.

“You just let me take him off again, sir,” put in Captain Smith, while the face of Mr. Potts, having recovered its usual complexion, looked on approvingly, like a comic but benevolent moon.

Mr. Fuller had a wise way of never interrupting till he saw in what direction the sense lay. So he let them talk, and the seaman went on.

“Everybody knows the sea’s the place for curing the likes o’ them fine fellows as carries too much sail ashore. They soon learns their reef-points there. Why, parson, sir, he’s been

but three or four voyages, and I'll take him for an able-bodied seaman to-morrow. He's a right good sort, though he may ha' been a little frolicsome on shore. We was all young once, sir."

"Are these men friends of yours, Mr. Worboise?" asked Mr. Fuller.

"Indeed they are," answered Thomas. "I think I must have killed myself before now, if it hadn't been for those two."

So saying he shook hands with Mr. Potts, and, turning to the captain, said—

"Thank you, thank you, Captain, but I am quite safe with this gentleman. I will come and see you to-morrow."

"He shall sleep at my house to-night," said Mr. Fuller; "and no harm shall happen to him, I promise you."

"Thank you, sir;" and "Good night, gentlemen," said both, and went through the silent wide church with a kind of awe that rarely visited either of them.

Without further preface than just the words,

"Now, I will tell you all about it, sir," Thomas began his story. When he had finished it, having answered the few questions he put to him in its course, Mr. Fuller was satisfied that he did know all about it, and that if ever there was a case in which he ought to give all the help he could, here was one. He did not utter a word of reproof. Thomas's condition of mind was such that it was not only unnecessary, but might have done harm. He had now only to be met with the same simplicity which he had himself shown. The help must match the confession.

"Well, we must get you out of this scrape, somehow," he said, heartily.

"I don't see how you can, sir."

"It rests with yourself chiefly. Another can only help. The feet that walked into the mire must turn and walk out of it again. I don't mean to reproach you—only to encourage you to effort."

"What effort?" said Tom. "I have scarcely heart for anything. I have disgraced myself for ever. Suppose all the consequences of my—

doing as I did"—he could not yet call the deed by its name—"were to disappear, I have a blot upon me to all eternity, that nothing can wash out. For there is the fact. I almost think it is not worth while to do anything."

"You are altogether wrong about that," returned Mr. Fuller. "It is true that the deed is done, and that that cannot be obliterated. But a living soul may outgrow all stain and all reproach—I do not mean in the judgment of men merely, but in the judgment of God, which is always founded on the actual fact, and always calls things by their right names, and covers no man's sin, although he forgives it and takes it away. A man may abjure his sin so, cast it away from him so utterly, with pure heart and full intent, that, although he did it, it is his no longer. But, Thomas Worboise, if the stain of it were to cleave to you to all eternity, that would be infinitely better than that you should have continued capable of doing the thing. You are more honourable now than you were before. Then you were capable of the crime; now, I

trust, you are not. It was far better that, seeing your character was such that you could do it, you should thus be humbled by disgracing yourself, than that you should have gone on holding up a proud head in the world, with such a deceitful hollow of weakness in your heart. It is the kindest thing God can do for his children, sometimes, to let them fall in the mire. You would not hold by your Father's hand ; you struggled to pull it away ; he let it go, and there you lay. Now that you stretch forth the hand to him again, he will take you, and clean, not your garments only, but your heart, and soul, and consciousness. Pray to your Father, my boy. He will change your humiliation into humility, your shame into purity."

" Oh, if he were called anything else than *Father* ! I am afraid I hate my father."

" I don't wonder. But that is your own fault, too."

" How is that, sir ? Surely you are making even me out worse than I am."

" No. You are afraid of him. As soon as

you have ceased to be afraid of him, you will no longer be in danger of hating him."

"I can't help being afraid of him."

"You must break the bonds of that slavery. No slave can be God's servant. His servants are all free men. But we will come to that presently. You must not try to call God your Father, till *father* means something very different to you from what it seems to mean now. Think of the grandest human being you can imagine—the tenderest, the most gracious, whose severity is boundless, but hurts himself most—all against evil, all for the evil-doer. God is all that, and infinitely more. You need not call him by any name till the name bursts from your heart. God our Saviour means all the names in the world, and infinitely more! One thing I can assure you of, that even I, if you will but do your duty in regard to this thing, will not only love—yes, I will say that word—will not only love, but honour you far more than if I had known you only as a respectable youth. It is harder to turn back than to keep at home. I doubt if there could be

such joy in heaven over the repenting sinner if he was never to be free of his disgrace. But I like you the better for having the feeling of eternal disgrace now."

"I will think God is like you, sir. Tell me what I am to do."

"I am going to set you the hardest of tasks, one after the other. They will be like the pinch of death. But they *must* be done. And after that—peace. Who is at the head of the late Mr. Boxall's business now?"

"I suppose Mr. Stopper. He was head-clerk."

"You must go to him and take him the money you stole."

Thomas turned ashy pale.

"I haven't got it, sir."

"How much was it, did you say?"

"Eleven pounds—nearly twelve."

"I will find you the money. I will lend it to you."

"Thank you, thank you, sir. I will not spend a penny I can help till I repay you. But——"

“Yes, now come the *buts*,” said Mr. Fuller, with a smile of kindness. “What is the first *but*?”

“Stopper is a hard man, and never liked me. He will give me up to the law.”

“I can’t help it. It must be done. But I do not believe he will do that. I will help you so far as to promise you to do all that lies in my power in every way to prevent it. And there is your father: his word will be law with him now.”

“So much the worse, sir. He is ten times as hard as Stopper.”

“He will not be willing to disgrace his own family, though.”

“I know what he will do. He will make it a condition that I shall give up Lucy. But I will go to prison before I will do that. Not that it will make any difference in the end, for Lucy won’t have a word to say to me now. She bore all that woman could bear. But she shall give me up—she has given me up, of course; but I will never give her up that way.”

“That’s right, my boy.—Well, what do you say to it?”

Tom was struggling with himself. With a sudden resolve, the source of which he could not tell, he said, “I will, sir.” With a new light in his face he added, “What next?”

“Then you must go to your father.”

“That is far worse. I am afraid I can’t.”

“You must—if you should not find a word to say when you go—if you should fall in a faint on the floor when you try.”

“I will, sir. Am I to tell him everything?”

“I am not prepared to say that. If he had been a true father to you, I should have said ‘Of course.’ But there is no denying the fact that such he has not been—or rather, that such he *is* not. The point lies there. I think that alters the affair. It is one thing to confess to God and another to the devil. Excuse me, I only put the extremes.”

“What ought I to tell him, then?”

“I think you will know that best when you see him. We cannot tell how much he knows.”

"Yes," said Thomas, thoughtfully; "I will tell him that I am sorry I went away as I did, and ask him to forgive me. Will that do?"

"I must leave all that to your own conscience, heart, and honesty. Of course, if he receives you at all, you must try what you can do for Mrs. Boxall."

"Alas! I know too well how useless that will be. It will only enrage him the more at them. He may offer to put it all right, though, if I promise to give Lucy up. *Must* I do that, sir?"

Knowing more about Lucy's feelings than Thomas, Mr. Fuller answered at once—though if he had hesitated, he might have discovered ground for hesitating—

"On no account whatever."

"And what must I do next?" he asked, more cheerfully.

"There's your mother."

"Ah! you needn't remind me of her."

"Then you must not forget Miss Burton. You have some apology to make to her too, I suppose."

“ I had just sent her a note, asking her to meet me once more, and was waiting for her answer, when the bookseller laid hold of me. I was so afraid of making a row, lest the police should come, that I gave in to him. I owe him more than ever I can repay.”

“ You will when you have done all you have undertaken.”

“ But how am I to see Lucy now? She will not know where I am. But perhaps she will not want to see me.”

Here Tom looked very miserable again. Anxious to give him courage, Mr. Fuller said—

“ Come home with me now. In the morning, after you have seen Mr. Stopper, and your father and mother, come back to my house. I am sure she will see you.”

With more thanks in his heart than on his tongue, Tom followed Mr. Fuller from the church. When they stepped into the street, they found the bookseller, the seaman, and the publican, talking together on the pavement.

“ It’s all right,” said Mr. Fuller, as he passed

them. "Good night." Then, turning again to Mr. Kitley, he added in a low voice, "He knows nothing of his father's behaviour, Kitley. You'll be glad to hear that."

"I ought to be glad to hear it for his own sake, I suppose," returned the bookseller. "But I don't know as I am for all that."

"Have patience; have patience," said the parson, and walked on, taking Thomas by the arm.

For the rest of the evening Mr. Fuller avoided much talk with the penitent, and he sent him to bed early.

CHAPTER IX.

Thomas and Mr. Stopper.

HOMAS did not sleep much that night, and was up betimes in the morning. Mr. Fuller had risen before him, however, and when Thomas went down stairs, after an invigorating cold bath, which his host had taken special care should be provided for him, along with clean linen, he found him in his study reading. He received him very heartily, looking him, with some anxiety, in the face, as if to see whether he could read action there. Apparently he was encouraged, for his own face brightened up, and they were soon talking together earnestly. But knowing Mr. Stopper's habit of being first at the counting-house, Thomas was anxious about the time and Mr. Fuller hastened breakfast. That and prayers over, he put twelve pounds into

Thomas's hand, which he had been out that morning already to borrow from a friend. Then, with a quaking heart, but determined will, Thomas set out and walked straight to Bagot Street. Finding no one there but the man sweeping out the place, he went a little farther, and there was the bookseller arranging his stall outside the window. Mr. Kitely regarded him with doubtful eyes, vouchsafing him a "good morning" of the gruffest.

"Mr. Kitely," said Thomas, "I am more obliged to you than I can tell, for what you did last night."

"Perhaps you ought to be ; but it wasn't for your sake, Mr. Worboise, that I did it."

"I am quite aware of that. Still, if you will allow me to say so, I am as much obliged to you as if it had been."

Mr. Kitely grumbled something, for he was not prepared to be friendly.

"Will you let me wait in your shop till Mr. Stopper comes?"

"There he is."

Thomas's heart beat fast ; but he delayed only to give Mr. Stopper time to enter the more retired part of the counting-house. Then he hurried to the door and went in.

Mr. Stopper was standing with his back to the glass partition, and took the entrance for that of one of his clerks. Thomas tapped at the glass door, but not till he had opened it and said " Mr. Stopper " did he take any notice. He started then, and turned ; but, having regarded him for a moment, gave a rather constrained smile, and, to his surprise, held out his hand.

" It is very good of you to speak to me at all, Mr. Stopper," said Thomas, touched with gratitude already. " I don't deserve it."

" Well, I must say you have behaved rather strangely, to say the least of it. It might have been a serious thing for you, Mr. Thomas, if I hadn't been more friendly than you would have given me credit for. Look here."

And he showed him the sum of eleven pounds thirteen shillings and eightpence halfpenny put down to Mr. Stopper's debit in the petty cash book,

“ You understand that, I presume, Mr. Thomas? You ran the risk of transportation there.”

“ I know I did, Mr. Stopper. But just listen to me for a moment, and you will be able to forgive me, I think. I had been drinking, and gambling, and losing all night ; and I believe I was really drunk when I did that. Nor that I didn't know I was doing wrong. I can't say that. And I know it doesn't clear me at all ; but I want to tell you the truth of it. I've been wretched ever since, and daren't show myself. I have been bitterly punished. I haven't touched cards or dice since. Here's the money,” he concluded, offering the notes and gold.

Mr. Stopper did not heed the action at first. He was regarding Thomas rather curiously. Thomas perceived it.

“ Yes,” Thomas said, “ I am a sailor. It's an honest way of living, and I like it.”

“ But you'll come back now, wont you ?”

“ That depends,” answered Thomas. “ Would you take me now, Mr. Stopper ?” he added, with

a feeble experimental smile. "But there's the money. Do take it out of my hands."

"It lies with your father now, Mr. Thomas. Have you been to Highbury? Of course, I took care not to let him know."

"Thank you heartily. I'm just going there. Do take the horrid money, and let me feel as if I weren't a thief after all."

"As for the money, eleven pound, odd," said Mr. Stopper, without looking at it, "that's neither here nor there. It was a burglary, there can be no doubt, under the circumstances. But I owe you a quarter's salary, though I should not be bound to pay it, seeing you left as you did. Still, I want to be friendly, and you worked very fairly for it. I will hand you over the difference."

"No, never mind that. I don't care about the money. It was all that damned play," said Thomas.

"Don't swear, Mr. Thomas," returned Stopper, taking out the cheque-book, and proceeding to write a cheque for thirteen pounds six shillings and threepence halfpenny.

"If you had suffered as much from it as I have, Mr. Stopper, you would see no harm in damning it."

Mr. Stopper made no reply, but handed him the cheque, with the words—

"Now we're clear, Mr. Thomas. But don't do it again. It won't pass twice. I've saved you this time."

"Do it again!" cried Thomas, seizing Mr. Stopper's hand; "I would sooner cut my own throat. Thank you, thank you a thousand times, Mr. Stopper," he added, his heart brimful at this beginning of his day of horror.

Mr. Stopper very quietly withdrew his hand, turned round on his stool, replaced his cheque-book in the drawer, and proceeded to arrange his writing materials, as if nobody were there but himself. He knew well enough that it was not for Thomas's sake that he had done it; but he had no particular objection to take that credit for it. There was therefore something rudely imposing in the way in which he behaved to Thomas, and Thomas felt it, and did not resent it; for he had

no right to be indignant : he was glad of any terms he could make. Let us hope that Mr. Stopper had a glimmering of how it might feel to have been kind, and that he was a little more ready in consequence to do a friendly deed in time to come, even when he could reap no benefit from it. Though Mr. Stopper's assumption of faithful friendship could only do him harm, yet perhaps Thomas's ready acknowledgment of it might do him good ; for not unfrequently to behave to a man as good rouses his conscience and makes him wish that he were as good as he is taken for. It gives him almost a taste of what goodness is like—certainly a very faint and far-off reflex—yet a something.

Thomas left the counting-house a free man. He bounded back to Mr. Fuller, returned the money, showed him the cheque, and told him all.

“ There's a beginning for you, my boy !” said Mr. Fuller, almost as delighted as Thomas himself. “ Now for the next.”

There came the rub. Thomas's countenance fell. He was afraid, and Mr. Fuller saw it.

“You daren’t go near Lucy till you have been to your father. It would be to insult her, Thomas.”

Tom caught up his cap from the table and left the house, once more resolved. It would be useless to go to Highbury at this hour; he would find his father at his office in the city. And he had not far to go to find him—unfortunately, thought Tom.

CHAPTER X.

Thomas and his Father.

HEN he was shown into his father's room he was writing a letter. Looking up and seeing Tom, he gave a grin—that is, a laugh without the smile in it—handed him a few of his fingers, pointed to a chair, and went on with his letter. This reception irritated Tom, and perhaps so far did him good that it took off the edge of his sheepishness—or rather, I should have said, put an edge upon it. Before his father he did not feel that he appeared exactly as a culprit. He had told him either to give up Lucy, or not to show his face at home again. He had lost Lucy, it might be—though hope had revived greatly since his interview with Mr. Stopper ; but, in any case, even if she refused to see him, he would not give her up. So he sat, more

composed than he had expected to be, waiting for what should follow. In a few minutes his father looked up again, as he methodically folded his letter, and, casting a sneering glance at his son's garb, said—

“What's the meaning of this masquerading, Tom?”

“It means that I'm dressed like my work,” answered Tom, surprised at his own coolness, now that the ice was broken.

“What's your work then, pray?”

“I'm a sailor.”

“You a sailor! A horse-marine, I suppose! Ha, ha!”

“I've made five coasting voyages since you turned me out,” said Tom.

“I turned you out! You turned yourself out. Why the devil did you come back, then? Why don't you stick to your new trade?”

“You told me either to give up Lucy Burton, or to take lodgings in Wapping. I won't give up Lucy Burton.”

“Take her to hell, if you like. What do you

come back here for, with your cursed impudence? There's nobody I want less."

This was far from true. He had been very uneasy about his son. Yet now that he saw him—a prey to the vile demon that ever stirred up his avarice, till the disease, which was as the rust spoken of by the prophet St. James, was eating his flesh as it were fire—his tyrannical disposition, maddened by Thomas's resistance, and the consequent frustration of his money-making plans, broke out against him in this fierce, cold, blasting wrath.

"I come here," said Thomas—and he said it merely to discharge himself of a duty, for he had not the thinnest shadow of a hope that it would be of service—"I come here to protest against the extreme to which you are driving your legal *rights*—which I have only just learned—against Mrs. Boxall."

"And her daughter. But I am not aware that I am driving my *rights*, as you emphasize the word," said Mr. Worboise, relapsing into his former manner, so cold that it stung; "for

I believe I *have* driven them already almost as far as my knowledge of affairs allows me to consider prudent. I have turned those people out of the house."

"You have!" cried Thomas, starting to his feet. "Father! father! you are worse than even I thought you. It is cruel. It is wicked."

"Don't discompose yourself about it. It is all your own fault, my son."

"I am no son of yours. From this moment I renounce you, and call you *father* no more," cried Thomas, in mingled wrath and horror and consternation at the atrocity of his father's conduct.

"By what name, then, will you be pleased to be known in future, that I may say when I hear it that you are none of mine?"

"Oh, the devil!" burst out Tom, beside himself with his father's behaviour and treatment.

"Very well. Then I beg again to inform you, Mr. Devil, that it is your own fault. Give up that girl, and I will provide for the lovely syren and her harridan of a grandam for life; and take

you home to wealth and a career which you shall choose for yourself."

"No, father. I will not."

"Then take yourself off, and be——" It is needless to print the close of the sentence.

Thomas rose and left the room. As he went down the stairs, his father shouted after him, in a tone of fury—

"You're not to go near your mother, mind."

"I'm going straight to her," answered Tom, as quietly as he could.

"If you do, I'll murder her."

Tom came up the stair again to the door next his father's, where the clerks sat. He opened this, and said aloud—

"Gentlemen, you hear what my father has just said. There may be occasion to refer to it again." Then returning to his father's door, he said in a low tone which only he could hear, "My mother may die any moment, as you very well know, sir. It may be awkward after what has just passed."

Having said this, he left his father a little

abashed. As his wrath ebbed, he began to admire his son's presence of mind, and even to take some credit for it: "A chip of the old block!" he muttered to himself. "Who would have thought there was so much in the rascal? Sea-faring must agree with the young beggar!"

Thomas hailed the first hansom, jumped in, and drove straight to Highbury. Was it strange that notwithstanding the dreadful interview he had just had—notwithstanding, too, that he feared he had not behaved properly to his father, for his conscience had already begun to speak about comparatively little things, having been at last hearkened to in regard to great things—that notwithstanding this, he should feel such a gladness in his being as he had never known before? The second and more awful load of duty was now lifted from his mind. True, if he had loved his father much, as it was simply impossible that he should, that load would have been replaced by another—misery about his father's wretched condition and the loss of his love. But although something of this would come later, the thought

of it did not intrude now to destroy any of the enjoyment of the glad reaction from months—he would have said years—yea, a whole past life of misery—for the whole of his past life had been such a poor thing, that it seemed now as if the misery of the last few months had been only the misery of all his life coming to a head. And this indeed was truer than his judgment would yet have allowed : it was absolute fact, although he attributed it to an overwrought fancy.

CHAPTER XI.

Thomas and his Mother.

HEN the maid opened the door to him she stared like an idiot ; yet she was in truth a woman of sense ; for before Thomas had reached the foot of the stairs she ran after him, saying,—

“ Mr. Thomas ! Mr. Thomas ! you mustn’t go up to mis’ess all of a sudden. You’ll kill her if you do.”

Thomas paused at once.

“ Run up and tell her then. Make haste.”

She sped up the stairs. Thomas followed, and remained outside his mother’s door. He had to wait a little while, for the maid was imparting the news with circumspection. He heard the low tone of his mother’s voice, but could not hear what she said. At last came a little cry,

and then he could hear a sob. A minute or two more passed, which seemed endless to Thomas, and then the maid came to the door, and asked him to go in. He obeyed.

His mother lay in bed, propped up as she used to be on the sofa. She looked much worse than before. She stretched out her arms to him, kissed him, and held his head to her bosom. He had never before had such an embrace from her.

"My boy! my boy!" she cried, weeping. "Thank God, I have you again. You'll tell me all about it, wont you?"

She went on weeping and murmuring words of endearment and gratitude for some time. Then she released him, holding one of his hands only.

"There's a chair there. Sit down and tell me about it. I am afraid your poor father has been hard upon you."

"We wont talk about my father," said Thomas. "I have faults enough of my own to confess, mother. But I wont tell you all about

them now. I have been very wicked—gambling and worse ; but I will never do so any more. I am ashamed and sorry ; and I think God will forgive me. Will you forgive me, mother ?”

“With all my heart, my boy. And you know that God forgives every one that believes in Jesus. I hope you have given your heart to him, at last. Then I shall die happy.”

“I don’t know, mother, whether I have or not, but I want to do what’s right.”

“That wont save you, my poor child. You’ll have a talk with Mr. Simon about it, wont you ? I’m not able to argue anything now.”

It would have been easiest for Thomas to say nothing, and leave his mother to hope, at least ; but he had begun to be honest, therefore he would not deceive her. But in his new anxiety to be honest, he was in great danger of speaking roughly, if not rudely. Those who find it difficult to oppose are in more danger than others of falling into that error when they make opposition a point of conscience. The unpleasantness of the duty irritates them.

“ Mother, I will listen to anything you choose to say ; but I wont see that—” *fool* he was going to add, but he avoided the epithet—“ I wont talk about such things to a man for whom I have no respect.”

Mrs. Worboise gave a sigh ; but, perhaps partly because her own respect for Mr. Simon had been a little shaken of late, she said nothing. Thomas resumed.

“ If I hadn’t been taken by the hand by a very different man from him, mother, I shouldn’t have been here to-day. Thank God ! Mr. Fuller is something like a clergyman !”

“ Who is he, Thomas ? I think I have heard the name.”

“ He is the clergyman of St. Amos’s in the City.”

“ Ah ! I thought so. A ritualist, I’m afraid, Thomas. They lay their snares for young people.”

“ Nonsense, mother !” said Thomas irreverently. “ I don’t know what you mean. Mr. Fuller, I think, would not feel flattered to be

told that he belonged to any party whatever but that of Jesus Christ himself. But I should say, if he belonged to any, it would be the Broad Church."

"I don't know which is worst. The one believes all the lying idolatry of the Papists; the other believes nothing at all. I'm sadly afraid, Thomas, you've been reading Bishop Colenso."

Mrs. Worboise believed, of course, in no distinctions but those she saw; and if she had heard the best men of the Broad Church party repudiate Bishop Colenso, she would only have set it down to Jesuitism.

"A sailor hasn't much time for reading, mother."

"A sailor, Thomas! What do you mean? Where have you been all this time?" she asked, examining his appearance anxiously.

"At sea, mother."

"My boy! my boy! that is a godless calling. How ever——?"

Thomas interrupted her.

"They that go down to the sea in ships were

supposed once to see the wonders of the Lord, mother."

"Yes. But when will you be reasonable? That was in David's time?"

"The sea is much the same, and man's heart is much the same. Anyhow, I'm a sailor, and a sailor I must be. I have nothing else to do."

"Mr. Boxall's business is all your father's now, I hear, though I am sure I cannot understand it. Whatever you've done, you can go back to the counting-house, you know."

"I can't mother. My father and I have parted for ever."

"Tom!"

"It is true, mother."

"Why is that? What have you been doing?"

"Refusing to give up Lucy Burton."

"Oh, Tom, Tom! Why do you set yourself against your father?"

"Well, mother, I don't want to be impertinent; but it seems to me it's no more than you have been doing all your life."

“For conscience-sake, Tom. But in matters indifferent we ought to yield, you know.”

“Is it an indifferent matter to keep one’s engagements, mother? To be true to one’s word?”

“But you had no right to make them.”

“They are made, anyhow, and I must bear the consequences of keeping them.”

Mrs. Worboise was nearly worn out. Tom saw it, and rose to go.

“Am I never to see you again, Tom?” she asked, despairingly.

“Every time I come to London—so long as my father doesn’t make you shut the door against me, mother.”

“That shall never be, my boy. And you really are going on that sea again?”

“Yes, mother. It’s an honest calling. And believe me, mother, it’s often easier to pray to God on shipboard than it is sitting at a desk.”

“Well, well, my boy!” said his mother, with a great sigh of weariness. “If I only knew that you were possessed of saving faith, I could bear

even to hear that you had been drowned. It may happen any day, you know, Thomas."

"Not till God pleases. I shan't be drowned before that."

"God has given no pledge to protect any but those that put faith in the merits of his Son."

"Mother, mother, I can't tell a bit what you mean."

"The way of salvation is so plain that he that runneth may read."

"So you say, mother; but I don't see it so. Now I'll tell you what: I want to be good."

"My dear boy!"

"And I pray, and will pray to God to teach me whatever he wants me to learn. So if your way is the right one, God will teach me that. Will that satisfy you, mother?"

"My dear, it is of no use mincing matters. God has told us plainly in his holy word that he that puts his trust in the merits of Christ shall be saved; and he that does not shall be sent to the place of misery for ever and ever."

The good woman believed that she was giving

a true representation of the words of Scripture when she said so, and they were an end of all controversy.

“ But, mother, what if a man can’t believe ?”

“ Then he must take the consequences. There’s no provision made for that in the word.”

“ But if he wants to believe, mother ?” said Tom, in a small agony at his mother’s hardness.

“ There’s no man that can’t believe, if he’s only willing. I used to think otherwise. But Mr. Simon thinks so, and he has brought me to see that he is right.”

“ Well, mother, I’m glad Mr. Simon is not at the head of the universe, for then it would be a paltry affair. But it ill becomes me to make remarks upon anybody. Mr. Simon hasn’t disgraced himself like me, after all, though I’m pretty sure if I had had such teaching as Mr. Fuller’s instead of his, I should never have fallen as I have done.”

Thomas said this with some bitterness as he rose to take his leave. He had no right to say so. Men as good as he, with teaching as good

as Mr. Fuller's, have yet fallen. He forgot that he had had the schooling of sin and misery to prepare the soil of his heart before Mr. Fuller's words were sown in it. Even Mr. Simon could have done a little for him in that condition, if he had only been capable of showing him a little pure human sympathy.

His mother gave him another tearful embrace. Thomas's heart was miserable at leaving her thus fearful, almost hopeless about him. How terrible it would be for her in the windy nights, when she could not sleep, to think that if he went to the bottom, it must be to go deeper still! He searched his mind eagerly for something that might comfort her. It flashed upon him at last.

"Mother dear," he said, "Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' I will go to him. I will promise you that, if you like. That is all I can say, and I think that ought to be enough. If he gives me rest, shall I not be safe? And whoever says that he will not if I go to him——"

“ In the appointed way, my dear.”

“ He says nothing more than *go to him*. I say I will go to him, the only way that a man can, when he is in heaven and I am on the earth. And if Mr. Simon or anybody says that he will not give me rest, he is a liar. If that doesn’t satisfy you, mother, I don’t believe you have any faith in him yourself.”

With this outburst, Thomas again kissed his mother, and then left the room. Nor did his last words displease her. I do not by any means set him up as a pattern of filial respect even towards his mother ; nor can I approve altogether of the form his confession of faith took, for there was in it a mixture of that graceless material—the wrath of man ; but it was good notwithstanding ; and such a blunt utterance was far more calculated to carry some hope into his mother’s mind than any amount of arguing upon the points of difference between them.

As he reached the landing his sister Amy came rushing up the stair from the dining-room, with her hair in disorder, and a blushing face.

“ Why, Tom !” she said, starting back.

Tom took her in his arms.

“ How handsome you have grown, Tom !” said Amy ; and breaking from him ran up to her mother’s room.

Passing the dining-room door, Tom saw Mr. Simon looking into the fire. The fact was he had just made Amy an offer of marriage. Tom let him stand and hurried back on foot to his friend, his heart full, and his thoughts in confusion.

He found him in his study, where he had made a point of staying all day that Tom might find him at any moment when he might want him. He rose eagerly to meet him.

“ ‘ Now see I by thine eyes that this is done,’ ” he said, quoting King Arthur.

They sat down, and Tom told him all.

“ I wish you had managed a little better with your father,” he said.

“ I wish I had, sir. But it is done, and there is no help for it now.”

“ No ; I suppose not—at present, at least.”

“ As far as Lucy is concerned, it would have

made no difference, if you had been in my place—I am confident of that.”

“I daresay you are right. But you have earned your dinner anyhow; and here comes Mrs. Jones to say it is ready. Come along.”

Thomas’s face fell.

“I thought I should have gone to see Lucy now, sir.”

“I believe she will not be at home.”

“She was always home from Mrs. Morgenstern’s before now.”

“Yes. But she has to work much harder now. You see her grandmother is dependent on her now.”

“And where are they? My father told me himself he had turned them out of the house in Guild Court.”

“Yes. But they are no further off for that: they have lodgings at Mr. Kitley’s. I think you had better go and see your friends the sailor and publican after dinner, and by the time you come back, I shall have arranged for your seeing her. You would hardly like to take your chance, and find her with her grandmother and Mattie.”

“Who is Mattie? Oh, I know—that dreadful little imp of Kitley’s.”

“I daresay she can make herself unpleasant enough,” said Mr. Fuller, laughing; “but she is a most remarkable and very interesting child. I could hardly have believed in such a child if I had not known her. She was in great danger, I allow, of turning out a little prig, if that word can be used of the feminine gender, but your friend Lucy has saved her from that.”

“God bless her,” said Thomas fervently. “She has saved me too, even if she refuses to have anything more to do with me. How *shall* I tell her everything! Since I have had it over with my father and Stopper, I feel as if I were white-washed, and to have to tell her what a sepulchre I am is dreadful—and she so white outside and in!”

“Yes, it’s hard to do, my boy, but it must be done.”

“I would do it—I would insist upon it, even if she begged me not, Mr. Fuller. If she were to say that she would love me all the same, and

I needn't say a word about the past, for it was all over now, I would yet beg her to endure the ugly story for my sake, that I might hear my final absolution from her lips."

"That's right," said Mr. Fuller.

They were now seated at dinner, and nothing more of importance to our history was said until that was over. Then they returned to the study, and, as soon as he had closed the door, Mr. Fuller said—

"But now, Worboise, it is time that I should talk to you a little more about yourself. There is only one that can absolve you in the grand sense of the word. If God himself were to say to you, 'Let bygones be bygones, nothing more shall be said about them'—if he only said that, it would be a poor thing to meet our human need. But he is infinitely kinder than that. He says, 'I, even I am he that taketh away thine iniquities.' He alone can make us clean—put our hearts so right that nothing of the kind will happen again—make us simple God-loving, man-loving creatures, as much afraid of

harbouring an unjust thought of our neighbour as of stealing that which is his ; as much afraid of pride and self-confidence as of saying with the fool, ‘There is no God ;’ as far from distrusting God for the morrow, as from committing suicide. We cannot serve God and Mammon. Hence the constant struggle and discomfort in the minds of even good men. They would, without knowing what they are doing, combine a little Mammon-worship with the service of the God they love. But that cannot be. The Spirit of God will ever and always be at strife with Mammon, and in proportion as that Spirit is victorious, is peace growing in the man. You must give yourself up to the obedience of his Son entirely and utterly, leaving your salvation to him, troubling yourself nothing about that, but ever seeking to see things as he sees them, and to do things as he would have them done. And for this purpose you must study your New Testament in particular, that you may see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ ; that receiving him as your master, your teacher, your Saviour, you may

open your heart to the entrance of his Spirit, the mind that was in him, that so he may save you. Every word of his, if you will but try to obey it, you will find precious beyond what words can say. And he has promised without reserve the Holy Spirit of God to them that ask it. The only salvation is in being filled with the Spirit of God, the mind of Christ."

"I believe you, sir, though I cannot quite see into all you say. All I can say is, that I want to be good henceforth. Pray for me, sir, if you think there is any good in one man's praying for another."

"I do, indeed—just in proportion to the love that is in it. I cannot exactly tell how this should be; but if we believe that the figure St. Paul uses about our all being members of one body has any true, deep meaning in it, we shall have just a glimmering of how it can be so. Come, then, we will kneel together, and I will pray with you."

Thomas felt more solemn by far than he had ever felt in his life when he rose from that prayer.

“Now,” said Mr. Fuller, “go and see your friends. When you think of it, my boy,” he added, after a pause, during which he held Thomas’s hand in a warm grasp, “you will see how God has been looking after you, giving you friend after friend of such different sorts to make up for the want of a father, and so driving you home at last, home to himself. He had to drive you; but he will lead you now.—You will be home by half-past six or seven?”

Thomas assented. He could not speak. He could only return the grasp of Mr. Fuller’s hand. Then he took his cap and went.

It is needless to give any detailed account of Thomas’s meeting with the Pottses. He did not see the captain, who had gone down to his brig. Mrs. Potts (and Bessie too, after a fashion) welcomed him heartily; but Mr. Potts was a little aggrieved that he would drink nothing but a glass of bitter ale. He had the watch safe, and brought it out gladly when Thomas produced his cheque.

Jim Salter dropped in at the last moment.

He had heard the night before that Thomas was restored to society, and was expected to call at "The Mermaid" some time that day. So he had been in or looking in a dozen times since the morning. When he saw Tom, who was just taking his leave, he came up to him, holding out his hand, but speaking as with a sense of wrong.

"How de do, gov'nor? Who'd ha' thought to see you here! 'Aint you got ne'er another sixpence to put a name upon it? You're fond o' sixpences, *you* are, gov'nor."

"What do you mean, Jim?" asked Thomas in much bewilderment.

"To think o' treatin' a man and a brother as you've treated me, after I'd been and dewoted my life, leastways a good part of it, to save you from the pellice! Four *and* sixpence!"

Still bewildered, Thomas appealed to Mr. Potts, whose face looked as like a caricature of the moon as ever, although he had just worked out a very neat little problem in diplomacy.

"It's my fault, Mr. Worboise," he responded

in his usual voice, which seemed to come from a throat lined with the insides of dates. "I forgot to tell you, sir, that, that—— Don't you see, Jim, you fool?" he said, changing the object of his address abruptly—"You wouldn't have liked to rob a gentleman like that by takin' of half a suvering for loafin' about for a day with him when he was hard up. But as he's come by his own again, why there's no use in keeping it from you any longer. So there's your five and sixpence. But it's a devil of a shame. Go out of my house."

"Whew!" whistled Jim Salter. "Two words to that, gov'nor o' the Marmaid. You've been and kep' me all this many a day out of my inheritance, as they say at the Britanuary. What do you say to that, sir? What do you think of yerself, sir? I wait a reply, as the butcher said to the pig."

While he spoke, Jim pocketed the money. Receiving no reply except a sniff of Mr. Potts's red nose, he broke out again more briefly—

"I tell 'e what, gov'nor *of* the Marmaid, I

don't go out o' your house till I've put a name upon it."

Quite defeated and rather dejected, Mr. Potts took down his best brandy, and poured out a bumper.

Jim tossed it off, and set down the glass. Then, and not till then, he turned to Thomas, who had been looking on, half vexed with Mr. Potts, and half amused with Jim.

"Well, I *am* glad, Mr. Wurbus, as you've turned out a honest man arter all. I assure you, sir, at one time, and that not much farther off than that 'ere glass o' rum——"

"Brandy, you loafing rascal! the more's the pity," said Mr. Potts.

"Than that 'ere glass o' rum," repeated Jim, —"I had my doubts. I wasn't so sure of it, as the fox was o' the goose, when he had his neck atwixt his teeth."

So saying, and without another word, Jim Salter turned and left The Mermaid. Jim was one of those who seem to have an especial organ for the sense of wrong, from which organ no

amount or kind of explanation can ever remove an impression. They prefer to cherish it. Their very acknowledgments of error are uttered in a tone that proves they consider the necessity of making them only in the light of accumulated injury.

CHAPTER XII.

Thomas and Lucy.

HEN Lucy came home the night before, she found her grandmother sitting by the fire, gazing reproachfully at the coals. The poor woman had not yet reconciled herself to her altered position. Widdles was in vain attempting to attract her attention; but, not being gifted with speech like his gray brother in the cage next to his—whose morals, by the way, were considerably reformed, thanks to his master's judicious treatment of him—he had but few modes of bringing his wishes to bear at a distance. He could only rattle his beak on the bars of his cage, and give a rending shriek.

The immediate occasion of her present mood was Thomas's note, which was over her head on the mantelpiece. Notes had occasionally passed

between him and Lucy, and she knew the handwriting. She regarded him with the same feelings with which she regarded his father, but she knew that Lucy did not share in these feelings. And forgetting that she was now under Lucy's protection, she was actually vowing with herself at the moment Lucy entered that if she had one word of other than repudiation to say to Thomas, she would turn her out of the house. *She* was not going to encourage such lack of principle. She gave her no greeting, therefore, when she entered; but Lucy, whose quick eye caught sight of the note at once, did not miss it. She took the note with a trembling hand, and hurried from the room. Then Mrs. Boxall burst into a blaze.

"Where are you off to now, you minx?" she said.

"I am going to put my bonnet off, grannie," answered Lucy, understanding well enough, and waiting no further parley.

She could hardly open the note, which was fastened with a wafer, her hands trembled so

much. Before she had read it through she fell on her knees, and thus, like Hezekiah, "spread it before the Lord," and finished it so.

And now, indeed, was her captivity turned. She had nothing to say but "Thank God!"—she had nothing to do but weep. True, she was a little troubled that she could not reply; but when she made inquiry about the messenger, to see if she could learn anything of where Tom was to be found, Mr. Kitely, who, I have said, returned home immediately after Mr. Fuller dismissed him (though in his anxiety he went back and loitered about the church door), told her that young Worboise was at that moment with Mr. Fuller in his vestry. He did not tell her how he came to be there. Nothing, therefore, remained for her but to be patient, and wait for what would come next. And the next thing was a note from Mr. Fuller, telling her that Thomas was at his house, bidding her be of good cheer, and saying that she should hear from him again to-morrow. She did not sleep much that night.

But she had a good deal to bear from her grandmother before she reached the haven of bed. First of all, she insisted on knowing what the young villain had written to *her* about. How *dared* he?—and so on. Lucy tried to pacify her, and said she would tell her about it afterwards. Then she broke out upon herself, saying she knew it was nothing to Lucy what became of her. No doubt she would be glad enough to make her own terms, marry her grandmother's money, and turn her out of doors. But if she dared to say one word to the rascal after the way he had behaved to her, one house should not hold them both, and that she told her. But it is ungracious work recording the spiteful utterances of an ill-used woman. They did not go very deep into Lucy, for she knew her grandmother by this time. Also her hope for herself was large enough to include her grandmother.

As soon as Thomas left him in the morning, Mr. Fuller wrote again—only to say that he would call upon her in the evening. He did not think it necessary to ask her to be at home ;

nor did he tell her anything of Tom's story. He thought it best to leave that to himself. Lucy was strongly tempted to send excuses to her pupils that morning and remain at home, in case Thomas might come. But she concluded that she ought to do her work, and leave possibilities where alone they were determined. So she went and gave her lessons with as much care as usual, and more energy.

When she got home she found that Mr. Fuller had been there, but had left a message that he would call again. He was so delighted with the result of his efforts with Tom, that he could not wait till the evening. Still, he had no intention of taking the office of a mediator between them. That, he felt, would be to intrude for the sake of making himself of importance; and he had learned that one of the virtues of holy and true service, is to get out of the way as soon as possible.

About six o'clock he went again, and was shown into the bookseller's back parlour, where he found both Lucy and her grandmother.

“ Will you come out with me, Miss Burton, for an hour or so ?” he said.

“ I wonder at you, Mr. Fuller,” interposed Mrs. Boxall—“ a clergyman, too !”

It is a great pity that people should so little restrain themselves when they are most capable of doing so, that when they are old, excitement should make them act like the fools that they are not.

Mr. Fuller was considerably astonished, but did not lose his self-possession.

“ Surely you are not afraid to trust her with me, Mrs. Boxall ?” he said, half merrily.

“ I don’t know that, sir. I hear of very strange goings-on at your church. Service every day, the church always open, and all that ! As if folk had nothing to do but say their prayers.”

“ I don’t think you would talk like that, Mrs. Boxall,” said Mr. Fuller, with no less point that he said it pleasantly, “ if you had been saying your prayers lately.”

“ You have nothing to do with my prayers, sir.”

“Nor you with my church, Mrs. Boxall. But come—don’t let us quarrel. I don’t wonder at your being put out sometimes, I’m sure; you’ve had so much to vex you. But it hasn’t been Lucy’s fault; and I’m sure I would gladly give you your rights if I could.”

“I don’t doubt it, sir,” said the old lady, mollified. “Don’t be long, Lucy. And don’t let that young limb of Satan talk you over. Mind what I say to you.”

Not knowing how to answer, without offending her grandmother, Lucy only made haste to get her bonnet and cloak. Mr. Fuller took her straight to his own house. The grimy unlovely streets were, to Lucy’s enlightened eyes, full of a strange beautiful mystery, as she walked along leaning on her friend’s arm. She asked him no questions, content to be led towards what was awaiting her. It was a dark and cloudy night, but a cool west wind, that to her feeling was full of spring, came down Bagot Street, blowing away the winter and all its miseries. A new time of hope was at hand. Away with it went all

thought of Thomas's past behaviour. He was repentant. The prodigal had turned to go home, and she would walk with him and help his homeward steps. She loved him, and would love him more than ever. If there was more joy in heaven over one such than over ninety-and-nine who were not such, why not more joy in her soul? Her heart beat so violently as she crossed Mr. Fuller's threshold, that she could hardly breathe. He took her into the sitting-room, where a most friendly fire was blazing, and left her.

Still she had asked no questions. She knew that she was going to see Thomas. Whether he was in the house or not, she did not know. She hardly cared. She could sit there, she thought, for years waiting for him; but every ring of the door-bell made her start and tremble. There were so many rings that her heart had hardly time to quiet itself a little from one before another set it beating again worse than ever. At length there came a longer pause, and she fell into a dreamy study of the fire. The door

opened at length, and she thought it was Mr. Fuller, and, not wishing to show any disquietude, sat still. A moment more, and Thomas was kneeling at her feet. He had good cause to kneel. He did not offer to touch her. He only said, in a choked voice, "Lucy," and bowed his head before her. She put her hands on the bowed head, drew it softly on her knees, gave one long, gentle, but irrepressible wail like a child, and burst into a quiet passion of tears. Thomas drew his head from her hands, sank on the floor, and lay sobbing, and kissing her feet. She could not move to make him cease. But when she recovered herself a little, after a measureless time to both of them, she stooped, put her hands round upon his face, and drew him upwards. He rose, but only to his knees.

"Lucy, Lucy," he sobbed, "will you forgive me?"

He could not say more yet. She bent forward and kissed his forehead.

"I have been very wicked. I will tell you all about it—everything."

"No, no, Thomas. Only love me."

"I love you—oh! I love you with all my heart and soul. I don't deserve to be allowed to love one of your hands; but if you will only let me love you I will be your slave for ever. I don't even ask you to love me one little bit. If you will only let me love you!"

"Thomas," said Lucy, slowly, and struggling with her sobs, "my heart is so full of love and gladness that it is like to break. I can't speak."

By degrees they grew calmer, but Thomas could not rest till she knew all.

"Lucy," he said, "I can't be sure that all you give me is really mine till I've told you everything. Perhaps you won't love me—not so much—when you know all. So I must tell you."

"I don't care what it is, Thomas, for I am sure you won't again."

"*I will not*," said Thomas, solemnly. "But please, Lucy darling, listen to me—for my sake, not for your own, for it will hurt you so."

"If it will make you easier, Thomas, tell me everything."

"I will—I will. I will hide nothing."

And Thomas did tell her everything. But Lucy cried so much, that when he came to the part describing his adventures in London after he took the money, he felt greatly tempted, and yielded to the temptation to try to give her the comical side as well. And at the very first hint of fun in the description he gave of Jim Salter, Lucy burst into such a fit of laughter, that Thomas was quite frightened, for it seemed as if she would never stop. So that between the laughing and crying Thomas felt like Christian between the quagmire and the pitfalls, and was afraid to say anything. But at length the story was told; and how Lucy did, besides laughing and crying, at every new turn of the story—to show my reader my confidence in him I leave all that to his imagination, assuring him only that it was all right between them. My woman-readers will not require even this amount of information, for they have the gift of understanding without being told.

When he came to the point of his father offering to provide for them if he would give up Lucy, he hesitated, and said—

“Ought I to have done it, Lucy, for your sake?”

“For my sake, Tom! If you had said for granny’s—. But I know her well enough to be absolutely certain that she would starve rather than accept a penny from him, except as her right. Besides, I can make more money in a year than he would give her, I am pretty sure. So if you will keep me, Tom, I will keep her.”

Here Lucy discovered that she had said something very improper, and hid her face in her hands. But a knock came to the door, and then both felt so shy that neither dared to say, *Come in*. Therefore Mr. Fuller put his head in without being told, and said—

“Have you two young people made it up yet?”

“Have we, Tom?” said Lucy.

“I don’t know,” said Tom. “What was it, sir?”

Mr. Fuller laughed heartily, came near, put a hand on the head of each, and said—

“God bless you. I too am glad at my very heart. Now you must come to supper.”

But at supper, which the good man had actually cleared his table to have in the study that he might not disturb them so soon, Thomas had a good many questions to ask. And he kept on asking, for he wanted to understand the state of the case between Mrs. Boxall and his father. All at once, at one reply, he jumped from his seat, looking very strange.

“I must be off, Lucy. You wont hear from me for a day or two. Good bye, Mr. Fuller. I haven’t time for a word,” he said, pulling out his watch. “Something may be done yet. It may all come to nothing. Don’t ask me any questions. I may save months.”

He rushed from the room, and left Mr. Fuller and Lucy staring at each other. Mr. Fuller started up a moment after and ran to the door, but only to hear the outer door bang, and Thomas shout—“Cab ahoy!” in the street.

So there was nothing for it but to take Lucy home again. He left her at Mr. Kitely's door.

"Well, miss, what have you been about?" said her grandmother.

"Having a long talk with Thomas, grannie," answered Lucy.

"You have!" exclaimed Mrs. Boxall, who had expected nothing else, rising slowly from her seat with the air of one about to pronounce a solemn malediction.

"Yes, grannie; but he knew nothing till this very night about the way his father has behaved to us."

"He made you believe that, did he?"

"Yes, grannie."

"Then you're a fool. He didn't know, did he? Then you'll never see him again. He comes of a breed bad enough to believe anything of. You give him up, or I give you up."

"No, I wont, grannie," said Lucy, smiling in her face.

"You or I leave this house, then."

"I wont, grannie."

"Then *I will.*"

"Very well, grannie," answered Lucy, putting her arms round her, and kissing her. "Shall I fetch your bonnet?"

Grannie vouchsafed no reply, but took her candle and went—up to bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

Jack of the Ningpo.

MY reader will know better than Lucy or Mr. Fuller what Thomas was after. Having only a hope, he did not like to say much, and therefore, as well as that he might not lose the chance of a night train, he hurried away. The first thing he did was to drive to a certain watchmaker's, to raise money, if he could, once more on his watch and on Lucy's ring, which I need not say remained in his possession. But the shop was shut. Then he drove to the Mermaid, and came upon Captain Smith as he was emptying his tumbler of grog preparatory to going to bed.

“ I say, Captain, you must let Robins off this voyage. I want him to go to Newcastle with me.”

“What’s up now? Ain’t he going to Newcastle? And you can go with him if you like.”

“I want him at once. It’s of the greatest importance.”

“You wont find him to-night, I can tell you. You’d better sit down and have something, and tell us all about it.”

When Thomas thought, he saw that nothing could be done till next day. Without money, without Robins, without a train in all probability, he was helpless. Therefore he sat down and told the captain what he was after, namely, to find Robins’s friend Jack, whose surname he did not know, and see what evidence he could give upon the question of the order of decease in the family of Richard Boxall. He explained the point to the captain, who saw at once that Robins’s services must be dispensed with for this voyage—except indeed he returned before they weighed anchor again, which was possible enough. When Tom told him what he had heard Jack say about little Julia, the captain, pondering it over, gave it as his judgment that Jack, being

the only one saved, and the child being with him till she died, there was a probability almost of his being able to prove that she outlived the rest. At all events, he said, no time must be lost in finding this Jack.

Mr. Potts having joined them, they sat talking it over for a long time. At last Tom said—

“There’s one thing I shall be more easy when I’ve told you : that lawyer is my father.”

“God bless my soul !” said Mr. Potts, while Captain Smith said something decidedly different.

“So, you’ll oblige me,” Tom went on, “if you’ll say nothing very hard of him, for I hope he will live to be horribly ashamed of himself.”

“Here’s long life to him !” said Captain Smith.

“And no success this bout !” added Mr. Potts.

“Amen to both, and thank you,” said Tom.

Mrs. Potts would have got the same bed ready for him that he had had before, but as the captain was staying all night, Tom insisted on sleeping on the sofa. He wanted to be off to

find Robins the first thing in the morning. It was, however, agreed that the captain should go and send Robins, while Thomas went to get his money. In a few hours Robins and he were off for Newcastle.

CHAPTER XIV.

Lucy, and Mattie, and Poppie.

THE Saturday following Tom's departure Lucy had a whole holiday, and she resolved to enjoy it. Not much resolution was necessary for that; for everything now was beautiful, and not even her grannie's fits of ill-humour could destroy her serenity. The old woman had, however, her better moments, in which she would blame her other self for her unkindness to her darling; only that repentance was forgotten the moment the fit came again. The saddest thing in the whole affair was to see how the prospect of wealth, and the loss of that prospect, worked for the temperamental ruin of the otherwise worthy old woman. Her goodness had had little foundation in principle; therefore, when the floods came and the

winds blew, it could not stand against them. Of course prosperity must be better for some people, so far as we can see, for they have it; and adversity for others, for they have it; but I suspect that each must have a fitting share of both; and no disposition, however good, can be regarded as tempered, and tried, and weather-proof, till it has had a trial of some proportion of both. I am not sure that both are absolutely necessary to all; I only say that we cannot be certain of the character till we have seen it outstand both. The last thing Mrs. Boxall said to Lucy as she went out that morning, rousing herself from a dark-hued reverie over the fire, was—

“Lucy, if you marry that man I’ll go to the workhouse.”

“But they wont take you in, grannie, when you’ve got a granddaughter to work for you.”

“I wont take a farthing of my own property but as my own right.”

“Thomas wont have a farthing of it to offer you, grannie, I’m afraid. He quarrelled with

his father just about that, and he's turned him out."

"Then I *must* go to the workhouse."

"And I'll bring you packets of tea and snuff, as they do for the old goodies in the dusters, grannie," said Lucy, merrily.

"Go along with you. You never had any heart but for your beaux."

"There's a little left for you yet, dear grannie. And for beaux, you know as well as I do that I never had but one."

So saying, she ran away, and up the court to Mr. Spelt's shop.

"Where's Poppie, Mr. Spelt?" she asked.

"In the house, I believe, miss."

"Will you let her come with me to the Zoological Gardens to-day?"

"With all my heart, miss. Shall I get down, and run up and tell her?"

"No, thank you; on no account. I'll go up myself."

She found Poppie actually washing cups and saucers, with her sleeves tucked up, and looking

not merely a very lovely, but a very orderly maiden. No doubt she was very odd still, and would be to the end of her days. What she would do when she was too old (which would not be till she was too frail) to scud, was inconceivable. But with all such good influences around her—her father, Mattie, Mr. Fuller, Lucy Burton—it was no wonder that the real woman in her should have begun to grow, and, having begun, should promise well for what was yet to be. There is scarcely anything more marvellous in the appearance of simple womanliness under such circumstances in the child of the streets, than there is in its existence in the lady who has outgrown the ordinarily evil influences of the nursery, the school-room, and the boarding-school. Still, I must confess that anything like other people might well be a little startling to one who had known Poppie a year before and had not seen her since. Lucy had had a great deal to do with the change; for she had been giving her regular lessons with Mattie for the last few months. The difficulty was, to get

Poppie to open her mental eyes to any information that did not come by the sight of her bodily eyes. The conveyance of facts to her, not to say of thoughts or feelings, by words, except in regard to things she was quite used to, was almost an impossibility. For a long time she only stared and looked around her now and then, as if she would be so glad to scud if she dared. But she loved Lucy, who watched long and anxiously for some sign of dawning interest. It came at last. Nor let my reader suspect the smallest atom of satire in her most innocent remark: "Was Jesus a man? I sposed he wor a clergyman!" But having once got a glimpse of light, her eyes, if they opened slowly, strengthened rapidly. Her acquisition was not great, that is, but she learned to think with an amount of reality which showed that, while she retained many of the defects of childhood, she retained also some of its most valuable characteristics.

The contrast with Mattie was very remarkable. Poppie was older than Mattie, I have said; but while Mattie talked like an old woman, Poppie

talked like a baby. The remarks of each formed a strange opposition, both in matter and form, to her appearance, as far as bodily growth was concerned. But the faces were consistent with the words. There was, however, a very perceptible process of what may be called a double endosmose and exosmose going on between them. Poppie was getting wiser, and Mattie was getting merrier. Sometimes, to the delight of Mr. Kitely, they would be heard frolicking about his house like kittens. Such a burst, however, would seldom last long; for Mrs. Boxall resented it as unfeeling towards her misfortunes, and generally put a stop to it. This did not please Mr. Kitely at all. It was, in fact, the only thing that he found annoying in the presence of Mrs. Boxall in his house. But he felt such a kindly pity for the old woman that he took no notice of it, and intimated to Mattie that it was better to give up to her.

“The old lady is cranky to-day. She don’t feel comfortable in her inside,” he would say; and Mattie would repeat the remark to Poppie,

as if it were her own. There was one word in it, however, which, amongst others of her vocabulary, making the antique formality of her speech so much the more ludicrous, she could not pronounce.

“The old lady don’t feel over comfibittle in her inside to-day. We must drop it, or she’ll be worse,” Mattie would gravely remark to Poppie, and the tumult would be heard no more that day, or at least for an hour, when, if they were so long together, it might break out again.

Every now and then some strange explosion of Arab habits or ways of thinking would shock Mattie; but from seeing that it did not shock Miss Burton so much, she became, by degrees, considerably less of a little prig. Childhood revived in her more and more.

“Will you come with me to-day, Poppie, to see the wild beasts?” said Lucy.

“But they’ll eat us, wont they?”

“Oh no, child. What put that into your head?”

“I thought they always did.”

"They always would if they could. But they can't."

"Do they pull their teeth out, then?"

"You come and see. I'll take care of you."

"Is Mattie going?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll come."

She threw down the saucer she was washing, dried her hands in her apron, and stood ready to follow.

"No, no, Poppie; that wont do. You must finish washing up and drying your breakfast things. Then you must put on your cloak and hat, and make yourself look nice and tidy, before I can take you."

"If it's only the beasts, miss! They ain't very particler, I guess."

Was this the old word of Chaucer indigenous, or a slip from the American slip?

"It's not for the beasts, but because you ought always to be tidy. There will be people there, of course, and it's disrespectful to other people to be untidy."

“ I didn’t know, miss. Would they give I to the bears ?”

“ Poppie, you’re a goose. Come along. Make haste.”

The children had never seen any but domestic animals before, and their wonder and pleasure in these strange new forms of life were boundless. Mattie caught the explosive affection from Poppie, and Lucy had her reward in the outbursts of interest, as varied in kind as the animals themselves, that rose on each side of her. The differences, too, between the children were very notable. Poppie shrieked with laughter at the monkeys ; Mattie turned away, pale with dislike. Lucy overcame her own feelings in the matter for Poppie’s sake, but found that Mattie had disappeared. She was standing outside the door, waiting for them.

“ I can’t make it out,” she said, putting her hand into Lucy’s.

“ What can’t you make out, Mattie ?”

“ I can’t make out why God made monkeys.”

Now, this was a question that might well

puzzle Mattie. Indeed, Lucy had no answer to give her. I daresay Mr. Fuller might have had something to say on the subject, but Lucy could only reply, "I don't know, my dear;" for she did not fancy it part of a teacher's duty to tell lies, pretending acquaintance with what she did not know anything about. Poppie had no difficulty about the monkeys; but the lions and tigers, and all the tearing creatures were a horror to her; and if she did not put the same question as Poppie had put about the monkeys, it was only because she had not yet felt any need for understanding the creation of God in relation to him. In other words, she had not yet begun to construct her little individual scheme of the universe, which, sooner or later, must, I presume, be felt by every one as an indispensable necessity. Mr. Fuller would have acknowledged the monkeys as to him a far more important difficulty than the ferocious animals, and would probably have accepted the swine as a greater perplexity than either. Perhaps the readiest answer—I say *readiest* only, but I would not use the word

answer at all, except it involved the elements of solution—for Lucy to give would have been :

“ They disgust you, you say, Mattie? Then that is what God made them for.”

A most incomplete, but most true and important reply—and the *readiest*.

Poppie shouted with delight to see the seals tumble into the water, dive deep, then turn on their backs and look up at her. But their large, round, yet pathetic, dog-like eyes, fixed upon her, made the tears come in Mattie’s eyes, as they dreamed up and down and athwart the water-deeps with such a gentle power as destroyed all notion of force to be met or force to overcome.

Another instance or two, to show the difference between the children, and we shall return to the business of my story.—There are, or were then, two or three little animals in a cage—I forget the name of them : they believe in somersaults—that the main object of life is to run round and round, doing the same thing with decency and order—that is, turning heels

over head every time they arrive at a certain spot.

With these pretty enough, and more than comical enough creatures, Poppie was exquisitely delighted. She laughed and clapped her hands and shouted—

“Now, now! Do it again. There you are! Heels over head. All right, little one! Round you go. Now, now! There you are!” and so on.

Mattie turned away, saying only to Lucy—

“They don’t make anything of it. They’re no further on at night than they were in the morning. I hate roundabouts. Poor little things!”

They came to the camel’s house, and, with other children, they got upon his back. After a short and not over comfortable ride, they got down again. Poppie took hold of Lucy’s sleeve, and, with solemn face, asked,—

“Is it alive, miss?”

“How can you ask such a question, Poppie?”

“I only wanted to know if it was alive.”

She was not sure that he did not go by machinery. Mattie gazed at her with compassionate superiority, and said—

“Poppie, I should like to hear what you tell Mr. Spelt when you get home. You *are* ignorant.”

At this Poppie only grinned. She was not in the least offended. She even, I daresay, felt some of the same admiration for herself that one feels for an odd plaything.

Lucy's private share of the day's enjoyment lay outside the gardens. There the buds were bursting everywhere. Out of the black bark, all begrimed with London smoke and London dirt, flowed the purest green. Verily there is one that can bring a clean thing out of an unclean. Reviving nature was all in harmony with Lucy's feelings this day. It was the most simply happy day she had ever had. The gentle wind with its cold and its soft streaks fading and reviving, the blue sky with its few flying undefined masses of whiteness, the shadow of green all around—for when she looked through

the trees, it was like looking through a thin green cloud or shadow—the gay songs of the birds, each of which, unlike the mocking bird within, was content to sing his own song—a poor thing, it might be, but his own—his notion of the secret of things, of the well-being of the universe—all combined in one harmony with her own world inside, and made her more happy than she had ever been before, even in a dream.

She was walking southwards through the Park, for she wanted to take the two children to see Mrs. Morgenstern. They were frolicking about her, running hither and thither, returning at frequent intervals to claim each one of her hands, when she saw Mr. Sargent coming towards her. She would not have avoided him if she could, for her heart was so gay that it was strong as well. He lifted his hat. She offered her hand. He took it, saying—

“This is more than I deserve, Miss Burton, after the abominable way I behaved to you last time I saw you. I see you have forgiven me.

But I dare hardly accept your forgiveness ; it is so much more than I deserve."

"I know what it is to suffer, Mr. Sargent, and there is no excuse I could not make for you. Perhaps the best proof I can give that I wish to forget all that passed on that dreadful evening is to be quite open with you still. I have seen Mr. Worboise since then," she went on, regardless of her own blushes. "He had been led astray, but not so much as you thought. He brought me back the ring you mentioned."

If Mr. Sargent did not place much confidence in the reformation Lucy hinted at, it is not very surprising. No doubt the fact would destroy any possibly lingering hope he yet cherished, but this was not all ; he was quite justified in regarding with great distrust any such change as her words implied. He had known, even in his own comparatively limited experience, so many cases of a man's having, to all appearance, entirely abjured his wicked ways for the sake of a woman, only to return,

after marriage, like the sow that was washed to his wallowing in the mire, that his whole soul shrunk from the idea of such an innocent creature falling a prey to her confidence in such a man as Worboise most probably was. There was nothing to be said at present on the subject, however, and after a few more words they parted—Lucy, to pursue her dream of delight—Mr. Sargent, lawyer-like, to make further inquiry.

CHAPTER XV.

Molken on the Scent.

NOW it had so happened that Mr. Molken had caught sight of Tom as he returned from his visit to his mother, and had seen him go into Mr. Fuller's house. His sailor's dress piqued the curiosity which he naturally felt with regard to him; and as, besides, the rascal fed upon secrets, gave him hope of still making something out of him if he could but get him again in his power. Therefore he watched the house with much patience, saw Mr. Fuller go out and return again with Lucy, whom he knew by sight, and gave to the phenomenon what interpretation his vile nature was capable of, concluding that Tom was in want of money,—as he himself generally was,—and would get something out of Lucy before

they parted : he had stored the fact of the ring in his usual receptacle for such facts. Besides, he had been in communication with a lawyer, for he could see well enough that Mr. Sargent belonged to that profession, concerning this very Thomas Worboise : perhaps he *was wanted*, and if so, why should not he reap what benefit might be reaped from aiding in his capture? With all these grounds for hope, he was able to persevere in watching the house till Thomas came out alone, evidently in great haste and excitement. He accosted him then as he hurried past, but Tom, to whom the sight of him recalled no cherished memories, and who did not feel that he owed him any gratitude for favours received, felt that it would be the readiest and surest mode of procedure to cut him at once, and did so, although he could not prevent Molken from seeing that he knew him, and did not choose to know him. This added immeasurably to Molken's determination, for now his feelings as a *gentleman* were enlisted on the same side. He was too prudent, if not too

cowardly, to ask him what he meant; nor would that mode have served his turn; it fitted his nature and character better to lurk and watch. When Tom got into a cab, Molken therefore got into another, and gave the driver directions to keep Tom's in sight, but not to follow so closely as to occasion suspicion. He ran him to earth at the Mermaid. There he peeped in at the door, and finding that he must have gone into the house, became more and more satisfied that he was after something or other which he wanted to keep dark—something fitted, in fact, for Molken to do himself, or to turn to his advantage if done by another. He entered the bar, called for a glass of hot gin and water, and got into conversation with Mr. Potts. The landlord of the Mermaid, however, although a man of slow mental processes, had instinct enough, and experience more than enough, to dislike the look of Molken. He gave him, therefore, such short answers as especially suited his own style, refused to be drawn into conversation, and persisted

in regarding him merely as the purchaser of a glass of gin and water, hot with. On such an occasion Mr. Potts's surly grandeur could be surpassed by no bar-keeper in England. But this caution completed Molken's conviction that Thomas was about something dark, and that the landlord of the Mermaid was in it, too; the more conclusively when, having, by way of experiment, mentioned Thomas's name as known to Mr. Potts, the latter cunningly repudiated all knowledge of "the party." Molken therefore left the house, and after doubling a little, betook himself to a coffee-shop opposite, whence he could see the door of the Mermaid from the window, and by a proper use of shillings, obtained leave to pass as much of the night there as he pleased. He thought he saw Thomas, with a light in his hand, draw down the dingy blind of an upper window; and concluding that he had gone to bed, Molken threw himself on one of the seats, and slept till daylight, when he resumed his watch. At length he saw him come out with another man in the dress of a sailor like himself, but part with

him at the door, and walk off in the direction of the City. He then followed him, saw him go into the watchmaker's, and come out putting something in his trousers' pocket, followed him again, and observed that the ring, which he knew, and which he had seen on his hand as he came behind him from Limehouse, was gone, as well as his watch, which he had seen him use the night before, while now he looked up at every clock he passed. Nor did he leave his track till he saw him get into a train at King's Cross, accompanied by another sailor, not the one he had seen in the morning, whom he met evidently by appointment at the station. Here the condition of his own funds brought Molken to a pause, or he would very likely have followed his wild-goose chase to Newcastle at least. As it was, he could only find out where they were going, and remain behind with the hope of being one day called upon to give evidence that would help to hang him. Nor had he long to wait before something seemed likely to come of all his pains-taking. For after a few days he had a second visit from

Mr. Sargent, to whom, however, he was chary of his information till bribed by a couple of sovereigns. Then he told him all. The only point Mr. Sargent could at once lay hold of was the ring. He concluded that he had recovered the ring merely to show it to her, and again make away with it, which must even in her eyes look bad enough to justify any amount of jealousy as to the truth of his reformation. Acting on this fresh discovery, he went to the watchmaker's—a respectable man who did business in a quiet way, and had accommodated Tom only for old acquaintance-sake, not, however, knowing much about him. Mr. Sargent told him who he was, gave him his card, and easily prevailed on him to show the watch and the ring. The latter especially Mr. Sargent examined, and finding quite peculiarity enough about it to enable him to identify it by description, took his leave.

Now had it not been for Thomas's foolish half-romantic way of doing things, no evil could have come of this. If when he found that he had

still a little time, he had returned and fully explained to his friends what his object was when he left them so suddenly, all would have been accounted for. He liked importance, and surprises, and secrecy. But this was self-indulgence, when it involved the possibility of so much anxiety as a lengthened absence must occasion Lucy, and Mr. Fuller too. They had a right, besides, to know everything that he was about, after all that they had done for him, and still more from the fact that they were both so unselfishly devoted to his best good, and must keep thinking about him. Regarding his behaviour in its true light, however, and coming to the obvious conclusion between themselves that Tom had a clew to some evidence, they remained at ease on the matter—which ease was a little troubled when Lucy received the following note from Mr. Sargent. Without the least intention of being unjust, he gave, as people almost always do, that colouring to his representation which belonged only to the coloured medium of prejudication through which he viewed the object :—

“ Dear Madam,—Perfectly aware that I am building an insurmountable barrier between myself and my own peace, I am yet sufficiently disinterested to have some regard for yours. If you will only regard the fact as I have now stated it—that I have no hope for myself, that, on the contrary, I take the position, with all its obloquy, of the bringer of unwelcome tidings—you will, however you may regard me, be a little more ready to listen to what I have to communicate. From one of a certain gentleman’s companions, of such unquestionable character that he refused information until I bribed him with the paltry sum of two pounds—(I at least am open, you see)—I learned that he had again parted with the ring the possession of which he had apparently recovered only for the sake of producing it upon occasion of his late interview with you. You will say such testimony is no proof; but I will describe the ring which I found in the possession of the man to whom I was directed, leaving you to judge whether it is yours or not: A good-sized rose diamond, of a

pale straw colour, with the figures of two serpents carved on the ring, the head of each meeting the body of the other round opposite sides of the diamond. Do not take the trouble to answer this letter, except I can be of service to you. All that it remains possible for me to request of you now is, that you will believe it is for your sake, and not for my own, that I write this letter. In God's name I beg that you will not give yourself into the power of a man whose behaviour after marriage has not the benefit of even a doubt when regarded in the light of his behaviour before it. If you will not grant me the justice of believing in my true reasons for acting as I do, I yet prefer to bear the consequences of so doing to the worse suffering of knowing that there was one effort I might have made and did not make for your rescue from the worst fate that can befall the innocent.—Your obedient servant,

J. SARGENT."

Lucy gave a little laugh to herself when she read the letter. There was no doubt

about the ring being hers ; but if Thomas had set out on the supposed errand it was easy to see that the poor fellow having no money, must have parted with her ring for the sake of procuring the means of doing her justice. But if this was so plain, why was it that Lucy sat still and pale for an hour after, with the letter in her hand, and that when she rose it was to go to Mr. Fuller with it? It was the source alone of Mr. Sargent's information that occasioned her the anxiety. If he had been as explicit about that as he was about the ring, telling how Molken had watched and followed Thomas, she would not have been thus troubled. And had Mr. Sargent been as desirous of being just to Thomas as of protecting Lucy, perhaps he would have told her more. But there are a thousand ways in which a just man may do injustice.

My reader must not suppose, however, that Lucy really distrusted Thomas. The worst that she feared was that he had not quite broken with his bad companions ; and the very thought of

Molken, returning upon her as she had seen him that night in the thunderstorm, and coming along with the thought of Thomas, was a distress to her. To be made thus unhappy it is not in the least necessary that one should really doubt, but that forms, ideas of doubt, should present themselves to the mind. They cannot always be answered in a quite triumphant fashion, for women have been false and men have been hypocrites in all ages; and the mind keeps seeking the triumphant answer and cannot find it.

In something of this mood, and yet more vexed that such disquietude should have any place in her mind, regarding it as vile unfaithfulness on her part, she rose, and for the sake of hearing Mr. Fuller's answer justify her own confidence, took him the letter.

Having read it, the first words Mr. Fuller spoke, were :

"The writer of this is honest."

"Then you think it is all true!" said Lucy, in some dismay.

"What he tells as fact, no doubt is fact,"

answered Mr. Fuller. "It does not follow, however, that his conclusions are in the least correct. The most honest man is, if not as liable, yet as certainly liable to mistake as the most dishonest. It is indubitably out of regard for your welfare that he has written the letter; but you know all the other side of which he knows nothing. You don't believe it yourself, Lucy—the inference of Thomas's hypocrisy, I mean?"

"No, no," cried Lucy. "I do not."

"Facts are certainly stubborn things, as people say. But it is equally certain that they are the most slippery things to get a hold of. And even when you have got a hold of them, they can be used with such different designs—after such varying fashions, that no more unlike buildings can be constructed of the same bricks or hewn stones, than conclusions arrived at from precisely the same facts. And this because all the facts round about the known facts, and which keep those facts in their places, compelling them to combine after a certain fashion,

are not known, or perhaps are all unknown. For instance, your correspondent does not know—at least he does not give you to understand that he knows how his informant arrived at the knowledge of the facts upon which he lays such stress. When I recall Thomas's whole bearing and conduct I cannot for a moment accept the conclusions arrived at by him, whatever may be the present appearance of the facts he goes upon. Facts are like faces—capable of a thousand expressions and meanings. Were you satisfied entirely with Thomas's behaviour in the talk you had with him?"

"Entirely. It left nothing to wish more, or different."

"Then you have far deeper ground to build upon than any of those facts. They can no more overturn your foundation than the thickest fog can remove the sun from the heavens. You cannot *prove* that the sun is there. But neither can you have the smallest real doubt that he is there. You must wait with patience, believing all things, hoping all things."

“That is just what I have been saying to myself. Only I wanted to hear you say it too. I wanted it to come in at my ears as well as out of my heart.”

When a month had passed away, however, bringing no news of Thomas; when another month had passed, and still he neither came nor wrote, hope deferred began to work its own work and make Lucy's heart sick. But she kept up bravely, through the help of her daily labour. Those that think it hard to have to work hard as well as endure other sore trials, little know how much those other trials are rendered endurable by the work that accompanies them. They regard the work as an additional burden, instead of as the prop which keeps their burdens from crushing them to the earth. The same is true of pain—sometimes of grief, sometimes of fear. And all of these are of the supports that keep the weight of evil within us, of selfishness, and the worship of false gods, from sinking us into Tophet. They keep us in some measure from putting our trust in that which is weak and

bad, even when they do 'but little to make us trust in God.

Nor did this season of trial to Lucy pass by without bringing some little measure of good to the poor, disappointed, fretful soul of her grandmother. How much Widdles had to do with it—and my reader must not despise Widdles: many a poor captive has been comforted by a mouse, a spider, a rat even; and I know a lady who, leading a hard life while yet a child, but possessing one little garret-room as her own, with a window that opened on the leads, cultivated green things there enough to feed a few pet snails, to each of which she gave the name of one of her best friends, great names, too, and living names, so that I will not, as she most innocently and lovingly did, associate them with snails, though even thus they were comforters to her brave heart;—how much Widdles had to do with it, I say, and how much the divine help of time, and a sacred deprivation of that hope in chance which keeps man sometimes from hoping in God, I cannot tell: it was the work of the

all-working Spirit, operating in and on her mind, mediately or immediately. She grew calmer, and began to turn her thoughts a little away from what she fancied might have been if things had not gone wrong so perversely, and to reflect on the fact, which she had often expressed in words, but never really thought about before—that it would be all the same a hundred years after—a saying which, however far from true—although, in fact, taken logically as it stands, absolutely false—yet has, wrapt up in it, after a clumsy fashion, a very great and important truth. By slow degrees her former cheerfulness began to show a little light over her hitherto gloomy horizon; her eyes became less turbid; she would smile occasionally, and her communications with Widdles grew more airy. I do most potently believe that Widdles was, not only in the *similarity*, but in the *infinitesimality* (I am sorry to have to coin a word) of his influence, homœopathically operative in working a degree of cure in the troubled nature of the old woman.

“Ah, Widdles, Widdles!” she would say, as she rubbed the unavailing Balm of Columbia on his blue back, “you and I know what trouble is! Don’t we, old bird?”

She began to have a respect for her own misfortunes, which indicated that they had begun to recede a little from the point of her vision. To have had misfortunes is the only distinction some can claim. How much that can distinguish one man from another, judge, O Humanity. But the heart that knows its own bitterness too often forgets that there is more bitterness in the world than that.

Widdles would cock his magnificent head and whiskers on one side, and wink with one eye, as much as to say, “I believe you, old girl.” Then he would turn his denuded, featherless back upon her, as much as to add with more solemnity: “Contemplate my condition, madam. Behold me. Imagine what I once was, that you may understand the spite of fortune which has reduced me to my present bareness. Am

I not a spectacle to men and angels? And am I not therefore distinguished above my fellows?" Perhaps, however, I am all wrong in giving this interpretation to the actions of the bird. Perhaps the influence that flowed from him into the heart of Mrs. Boxall was really such as, put in words, would amount to this: "Here I am without a feather to hide my somewhat skinny proportions; but what the worse am I? Who cares? So long as you don't, I don't. Let's turn about once more. My dancing days are over; but life is life, even without feathers."

If Mrs. Boxall had had her way with Widdles, he would have turned out a resplendent bird in spite of fate. But if you had told her not to be distressed at his nakedness, for God cared for Widdles, not as much, but as well as for her, she would have judged you guilty of something like blasphemy. Was it because the bird was comical, as even she admitted, that you must not speak of God's care in relation to him? Certainly, however, he sowed not, neither did he reap; and as for a barn to store his winter-grain

in—poor Widdles ! Yet, was he forgotten ? Mrs. Boxall was the last person who could say so, with her sugar, her nuts, her unguents of price—though the latter, clearly a striving against Providence, were not of so much account in the eyes of the bird. I daresay he found them soothing, though.

However all these things may have been, one thing is certain, that Mrs. Boxall began to recover her equanimity, and at length even her benevolence towards men in general—with one class exception, that of lawyers, and two individual exceptions, those of old Worboise and young Worboise. I believe she had a vague conviction that it was one of the malignant class above mentioned that had plucked Widdles. “ Ah, my poor Widdles ! Them lawyers ! ” she would say. “ You would have been a very different person indeed, Widdles, if it hadn’t been for them. But it’ll be all the same in a hundred years, Widdles. Keep up heart, old bird. It’ll all be over soon. If you die before me, I’ll put you on a winding-sheet that’ll be a

deal more comfortable than dead feathers, and I'll bury you with my own hands. But what'll you do for me, if I die first, you little scarecrow? You'll look about for me, won't you? That's about all you can do. And you'll miss the bits of sugar.—Mattie, my dear, mind that Widdles has his sugar, and everything regular after I'm dead and gone."

She began to take to Mattie again, and even to make her read to her of a Sunday. But this, as of old, gave rise to much difference of opinion between them, which, however, resulted in the old woman's learning something from the child, if not in the immediate case, yet in the next similar case. For it often happens that a man who has opposed another's opinion bitterly in regard to the individual case that occasioned the difference, will act entirely according to that other's judgment in the next precisely similar case that occurs; although if you were to return to the former, he would take up his former position with an access of obstinacy in the reaction from having yielded to argument. Something like

this took place between Grannie and Mattie. It was amusing to hear how the former would attribute all the oddities of the latter to the fact that she belonged to the rising generation, never seeming to suspect that Mattie was an exception to children in general, as peculiar as Widdles in relation to birds.

CHAPTER XVI.

Grannie appeals to Widdles.

NE sultry evening in summer, Lucy was seated at her piano, which had its place in Mr. Kitely's back parlour, near the black oak cabinet, but she was not playing. She had just been singing a little song from some unknown pen, which she had found with music of her father's in the manuscripts he had left her. This was the song :

1.

Sunshine fair,
In the air,
On the earth !
Everywhere
Waking mirth !
Stay not there.
I sit apart
By the hearth
Of my heart

In the dark.
Dost thou mark
How I sit
In the dark,
With my grief,
Nursing it ?
Bring relief,
Sunny gold !
Look, I set
Open door
Thee before,
And the fold
Of my curtain draw aside.
Enter, enter, golden tide.

2.

Summer Wind,
Nature's laughter !
Of sweet smiling
Waker, wafter !
Care beguiling,
Toying, wiling,
Never glance
Throw behind.
In the dance
Still advance,
To the past
Deaf and blind.
Follow after,
Fleet and fast,
Newer gladness,
Careless wind !

See the sadness
Of my mind.
Over river,
Hill and hollow,
Resting never,
Thou dost follow
Other graces,
Lovelier places,
Newer flowers,
Leafier bowers :
I still sit
Nursing it—
My old sorrow—
Night and morrow.
All my mind
Looks behind,
And I fret.
Look, I set
A wide door
Thee before,
And my casement open lay :
Come, and blow my cares away.

3.

Sunshine fair !
Of the saint
Gild the hair ;
Wake the child,
With his mirth
Send him wild.
To the faint

Give new breath ;
From the earth
Take the death,
Take the dearth.
'Tis in vain
To complain,
And implore
Thee to glide,
Thee to glow,
In my mind ;
For my care
Will never more
Rise and go.
Open door,
Windows wide,
I do find
Yield no way
To the mind.
Glow and play,
Come and go,
Glance and glow,
To and fro,
Through the air!
Thou would'st say,
As ye use,
Thou and Wind,
Forget ;
But not yet
I would choose
That way :
Shine and glitter, come and go ;
Pass me by, and leave me so.

4.

And I whisper
To the wind,
Evening lisper
In the curl
Of the girl,
Who, all kind,
Waits her lover—
Waft and hover,
Linger over
Her bright colour,
Waft her dolour
O'er the ocean,
With a faint-
Reviving motion.
Blow her plaint
From the maiden
Sorrow-laden ;
Take all grief,
Which to lose
Were relief.
Leave me, leave me, for I choose
Still to clasp my grief.

5.

Sunshine fair !
Windy air !
Come and go,
Glance and glow,
Shine and show,

Waft and blow !
Neither choosing
Nor refusing,
Neither fretting
Nor forgetting,
I will set
Open yet
Door and pane.
You may come,
Or the rain :
I will set,
Indifferent,
Open yet
Door and pane.
Sun and wind,
Rain-cloud blind,
Parted, blent,
There is room,
Go and come.
Loving only
To be lonely,
To be sad,
I repent,
Sun and wind,
That I went
You to find :
I was rent
In my mind.
Sun and wind, do what ye will ;
I sit looking backward still.

Lucy, I say, had finished this song, and was

sitting silent before the instrument, with her hands laid on the keys, which had just ceased the long-drawn sound, and again sunk into stillness. Two arms came round her from behind. She did not start. She was taken by but not with surprise. She was always with him in mood, if not in thought, and his bodily presence therefore overcame her only as a summer cloud. She leaned back into his embrace, and burst into tears. Then she would rise to look at him, and he let her go. She saw him rather ragged, rather dirty, quite of a doubtful exterior to the eye of the man who lives to be respectable, but her eye saw deeper. She looked into his face—the window of his being, and was satisfied. Truth shone there from the true light and fire within. He did not fall at her feet as once before. The redeemed soul stood and looked her in the face. He put out his arms once more, and she did not draw back. She knew that he was a man, that he was true, and she was his. And he knew, in the testimony thus given him, that the last low-brooding rims of the cloud of

his shame had vanished from his heaven, and that a man may have sinned and yet be glad. He could give God thanks for the shame, whose oppression had led him to understand and hate the sin. For sin gives birth to shame, and in this child-bearing is cleansed. Verily there is One, I repeat, who bringeth light out of darkness, good out of evil. It comes not of the evil, but out of the evil, because He is stronger than the evil; and He, not evil, is at the heart of the universe. Often and often yet in the course of his life, would Thomas have to be humbled, and disappointed. But not the less true was the glow of strength that now pervaded his consciousness. It was that this strength, along with a thousand other virtues, might be perfected, that the further trials were to come. It was true, so true that it was worth making fact.

But my young reader, who delights in the emotion rather than in the being of love, will grumble at these meditations, and say, "Why don't you go on? why don't you tell us something

more of their meeting?" I answer, "Because I don't choose to tell you more. There are many things, human things too, so sacred that they are better left alone. If you cannot imagine them, you don't deserve to have them described." We want a little more reticence as well as a great deal more openness in the world—the pulpit included. But "against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless."—Ah no! that is a heathen utterance. Let the stupid rage, and when they imagine, let it be vain things. The stupid, too, have a God that will slay their stupidity by the sword of his light. The time will come when even they will repent, not of their stupidity, for that they could not help, but of the arrogance of fancied knowledge that increased instead of diminishing it, and made them a thorn in the flesh of them that saw and would have opened their eyes. No doubt many of them that suppose they see, fancy it only in virtue of this same stupidity; but the end will solve all. Meantime the tares and the wheat must grow together, and there are plenty of intellectual tares

that spring from the root of the moral tares, and will be separated with them.

After a while, when their feelings were a little composed, Thomas began to tell Lucy all his adventures. In the middle, however, Mrs. Boxall returned. She had most opportunely been calling on a neighbour, and if Thomas had not learned this from Mr. Kitely, he would have sent for Lucy instead of going in as he did. They heard her voice in the shop.

"Don't tell grannie anything about it yet," said Lucy. "She's much quieter in her mind now, and if we were to set her off again it would only do her harm. Anything certain she has a right to know, but I don't think she has a right to know all that you are trying to do for her. That is your business. But you mustn't mind how she behaves to you, Tom dear. She thinks you and your father all one in the affair."

When the old lady entered she saw at a glance how things were going; but she merely gave a very marked sniff, and retreated to her chair by the window. She first seated herself, and then

proceeded to take off her bonnet and shawl. But she could not keep silent long, and the beginning of speech as well as of strife is like the letting out of water.

“Thomas,” she said—for people of her degree of education become more familiar in their address when they are angry—“is this room mine or yours?”

“Grannie,” said Lucy, “Thomas had nothing to do with it. He was away from home, I assure you, when—when—things went wrong.”

“Very convenient, no doubt, for both of you! It’s nothing to you, so long as you marry him, of course. But you might have waited. The money would have been yours. But you’ll have it all the sooner for marrying the man that turned your grandmother into the street. Well, well!—Only I won’t sit here and see that scoundrel in my room.”

She rose as she spoke, though what she would or could have done she did not know herself. It was on Lucy’s lips to say to her—“The room’s mine, grannie, if you come to that, and I won’t

have my friend turned out of it." But she thought better of it, and taking Thomas's hand led him into the shop. Thereupon grannie turned to Widdles for refuge, not from the pain of Thomas's presence, but from the shame of her own behaviour, took him out of his cage, and handled him so roughly that one of the three wing feathers left on one side came off in her hand. The half of our ill-temper is often occasioned by annoyance at the other half.

Thomas and Lucy finished their talk in a low voice, hidden in the leavy forest of books. Thomas told her all about it now ; how he wanted to find the man Jack Stevens, and how Robins and he had followed him to Lisbon, and found him there and brought him home ; how he had had to part with her ring as well as his own watch for money to start them in their search, and how even then they had had to work their passage to Lisbon and back. But if the representation she and Mr. Fuller had given him of the state of the case was correct, he said, there could be no doubt but Jack's testimony would

reverse the previous decision, and grannie would have her own.

“I can’t help being rather sorry for it,” concluded Tom; “for it’ll come to you then, Lucy, I suppose, and you will hardly be able to believe that it was not for my own sake that I went after Jack Stevens. I’ve got him safe, and Robins too, at the Mermaid. But I can’t be grand and give you up. If you were as rich as Miss Coutts, I couldn’t give you up—though I should like to, almost, when I think of the money and my father.”

“Don’t give me up, Tom, or I’ll give you up, and that would be a bad job for me.”

Then they made it clear to each other that nothing was farther from the intention of either of them.

“But what am I to do next, Lucy? You must tell me the lawyers that conducted your side of the case.”

“I am afraid I can’t ask *him* to do anything more.”

“Who’s *him*, Lucy?”

“ Mr. Sargent.”

“ Sargent—Sargent—I think I have heard the name. He’s a barrister. If you are not satisfied with him, the firm you employed will speak to another.”

“ He did everything, Thomas. But——”

Lucy hesitated. Thomas saw that she was blushing. Perhaps it was the consciousness of his own unworthiness that made him jealous.

“ Oh, very well, Lucy! If you don’t want to tell me, of course——”

“ Thomas! Thomas! Can’t you trust me yet? I have trusted you, Thomas.”

He had the grace to feel ashamed of himself at once.

“ Forgive me, Lucy!” he said. “ I was wrong. Only I love you so!”

“ I will tell you all about it, Tom dear.”

“ You shan’t tell me a word about it. I can guess. But what are we to do?”

“ I will go and consult Mr. Morgenstern.”

“ There is no time to lose.”

“Come with me to his office then at once. It is not far to Old Broad-street.”

They set out instantly, found Mr. Morgestern, and put him in possession of the discovered evidence. He was delighted with the news.

“We must find Sargent at once,” he said.

Lucy began to stammer out some objection.

“Oh! I know all about that, Lucy,” said he. “But this is no time for nonsense. In fact you would be doing the honest fellow a great wrong if you deprived him of the pleasure of gaining his case after all. Indeed he would feel that far more than your refusal of him. And quite right too. Sargent will be delighted. It will go far to console him, poor fellow.”

“But will it be right of me to consent to it?” asked Thomas, with hesitation.

“It is a mere act of justice to him,” said Mr. Morgestern; “and, excuse me, I don’t see that you have any right to bring your feelings into the matter. Besides, it will give Mrs. Boxall the opportunity of making him what return she

ought. It will be a great thing for him—give him quite a start in his profession, of which he is not a little in want. I will go to him at once,” concluded Mr. Morgenstern, taking his hat.

CHAPTER XVII.

Guild Court again.

I WILL not linger over the last of my story. Mr. Sargent was delighted at the turn affairs had taken—from a business point of view, I mean. The delight was greatly tempered by other considerations. Still he went into the matter mind and soul, if not heart and soul, and moved for a fresh trial on the ground of fresh evidence. Mr. Worboise tried the plan of throwing discredit on the witness; but the testimony of Robins and Thomas was sufficient to remove any influence that course might have had. The former judgment was rescinded, and the property was Mrs. Boxall's.

Mr. Worboise and Mr. Sargent met in the lobby. The latter, in very unlawyerlike fashion, could not help saying,—

“ You would have done better to listen to reason, Mr. Worboise.”

“ I’ve fought fair, and lost, Mr. Sargent ; and there’s an end of it.”

The chief consolation Mr. Worboise now had was that his son had come out so much more of a man than he had expected, having indeed foiled him at his own game, though not with his own weapons. To this was added the expectation of the property, after all, reverting to his son ; while, to tell the truth, his mind was a little easier after he was rid of it, although he did not part with it one moment before he was compelled to do so. He made no advances, however, towards a reconciliation with Thomas. Probably he thought that lay with Thomas, or at least would wait to give him an opportunity of taking the first step. My reader would doubtless have expected, as I should myself, that he would vow endless alienation from the son who had thus defeated his dearest plans, first in one direction, then in another ; but somehow, as I have shown, his heart

took a turn short of that North Pole of bitterness.

There is nothing to wonder at in the fact that Mrs. Boxall should know nothing yet of her happy reverse of fortune. They had, as I have said already, judged it better to keep the fresh attempt from her, so that if by any chance it should fail, she might not suffer by it, and, in any case, might be protected from the wearing of anxiety and suspense.

"Let's give grannie a surprise, Lucy," said Thomas, having hurried to her with the good news.

"How do you mean, Tom? We must be careful how we break it to her. Poor dear! she can't stand much now."

"Well, my plan will just do for that. Get Mrs. Whatshername, over the way—her old crony, you know—to ask her to tea this evening. While she's away, Kitely, Spelt, and I will get all the things back into the old place. There's nobody there, is there?"

"No; I believe not. I don't see why we

shouldn't. I'll run across to the old lady, and tell her we want grannie out of the way for an hour or two."

She took care, however, not to mention the reason, or their surprise would have been a failure.

There were no carpets to fit, for the floor had been but partially covered, showing the dark boards in the newest fashion. Before Mrs. Boxall's visit was over, the whole of her household property had been replaced—each piece in the exact position it used to occupy when they had not yet dreamed of fortune or misfortune. Just as they were getting anxious lest she should come upon the last of it, Lucy, bethinking herself, said to the bookseller :

"Mr. Kitely, you must lend us Widdles. Grannie can't exist without Widdles."

"I wish you hadn't proposed it, miss ; for I did mean to have all the credit of that one stroke myself. But Widdles is yours, or hers rather, for you won't care much about the old scaramouch."

“Not care about him! He’s the noblest bird in creation—that I know, Mr. Kitely. He doesn’t mind being bald even, and that’s the highest summit of disregard for appearances that I know of. I’m afraid I shouldn’t take it so quietly.”

“It don’t much matter nowadays,” said Mr. Kitely. “They make such wonderful wigs.”

“But that’s ten times worse,” said Lucy.

“You don’t mean to say you’d go with a bare poll, miss, so be that Providence was to serve you the same as Widdles?—which Heaven forbid!”

“I wouldn’t wear a wig anyhow.”

“What would you do, then, miss? Black and polish it?”

“What nonsense we are talking!” said Lucy, after a good laugh. “But I’m so happy I don’t know what to do. Let’s make a wig for Widdles, and grannie will think her bears’-grease has made hair grow instead of feathers.”

Whether this proposal was ever carried out, I do not know. But Widdles followed the furni-

ture ; and when grannie came home she found that all her things were gone. She stared. Nobody was to be seen. But all were watching from behind the defences of Mr. Kitely's bookshelves.

"Mr. Kitely," she called at last, in a voice that revealed consternation.

The bookseller obeyed the summons.

"I didn't expect it of you, Mr. Kitely," she said, and burst into tears.

This quite upset the conspirators. But Mr. Kitely kept them back as they were hurrying forward.

"We thought we could do a little better for you, you see, ma'am. It was a confined place this for the likes of you. So Miss Lucy and I made bold to move your things up to a place in the court where you'll have more room."

She said nothing, but went up stairs. In both rooms she found utter emptiness. Mr. Kitely followed her.

"There's not a stick left, you see, ma'am. Come, and I'll take you home."

"I didn't think you'd have turned me out in

my old age, Mr. Kitely. But I suppose I must go."

It was with considerable exercise of self-denial that the bookseller refrained from telling her the truth, but he would not spoil the young people's sport. He led her up to the door of her own house.

"No, Mr. Kitely. I'll never set foot in that place again. I won't accept it from no one—not even rent-free."

"But it's your own," said Kitely, almost despairing of persuasion, and carried beyond his intent.

"That's just why I won't go in. It is mine, I know, but I won't have my own in charity."

"Thomas," whispered Lucy, for they were following behind, "*you* must tell her the good news. It will help her over her prejudice against you. Old people are hard to change, you know."

"Mrs. Boxall," said Thomas, going up to her, "this house is your own."

"Go away," returned Mrs. Boxall, ener-

getically. "Isn't it enough that you have robbed me? Will you offer me my own in charity?"

"Do listen to me, grannie," pleaded Thomas.

"I will not listen to you. Call a cab, Lucy. We'll drive to the nearest workhouse."

Lucy saw it was time to interfere.

"What Thomas says is true, grannie, if you would only listen to him. Everything's changed. Thomas has been over the seas to find a man who was in uncle's ship when it went down. He has given such evidence that the property is yours now."

"I don't care; it's all a trick. I don't believe he went over the seas. I won't take anything from the villain's hand."

"Villains don't usually plot to give away what they've got," said Lucy.

"But it's Thomas Worboise you mean?"

"Yes; but he had nothing to do with it, as I've told you a hundred times, grannie. He's gone and slaved for you, and that's all the thanks you give him—to stand there on the stones, refusing to take what's your very own."

The light was slowly dawning on grannie's confused mind.

"Then you mean," she said, "that all my son Richard's money——"

"Is yours, grannie," said Lucy and Thomas, in a breath.

"Only," added Lucy, "you've spoiled all our bit of fun by being so obstinate, grannie."

For sole answer the old woman gave a hand to each of them, and led them into the house, up the wide oak staircase, and along the passage into the old room, where a fire was burning cheerfully just as in the old time, and every article of furniture, book-case, piano, settle, and all, stood each in its old place, as if it had never been moved.

Mrs. Boxall sat down in her own chair, "like one that hath been stunned," and for some moments gave no sign of being conscious of what was going on around her. At length a little noise at her ear attracted her attention. She looked round. On the edge of the little table which had always been beside her easy chair,

stood Widdles, the long feathers of whose wings looked like arms that he had tucked under his coat-tails, only there was no coat.

“Poor Widdles!” said the old woman, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Wound up or Run down.

HOMAS resumed his place in the office, occupying his old stool, and drawing his old salary, upon which he now supported himself in comfort and decency. He took a simple lodging in the neighbourhood, and went twice a week in the evening to see his mother. In doing so he did not run much risk of meeting his father, whom he neither sought nor avoided, for he was seldom at home before midnight. His mother now lived on these visits and the expectation of them. And she began not only to love her son more and more for himself, but to respect him. Indeed, it was chiefly the respect that increased her love. If he was not converted, there must be something besides conversion that was yet good, if not so good. And she thought she

might be excused if she found some pleasure even in that. It might be a weakness—it might be wrong, she thought, seeing that nothing short of absolute conversion was in the smallest degree pleasing in the sight of God; but as he was her own son, perhaps she would be excused, though certainly not justified. As Thomas's perception of truth grew, however, the conversations he had with her insensibly modified her judgment through her feelings, although she never yielded one point of her creed as far as words were concerned.

The chief aid which Thomas had in this spiritual growth, next to an honest endeavour to do the work of the day and hour, and his love to Lucy, was the instruction of Mr. Fuller. Never, when he could help it, did he fail to be present at daily prayers in St. Amos's Church. Nor did he draw upon his office hours for this purpose. The prayers fell in his dinner hour. Surely no one will judge that a quarter of an hour, though in the middle of the day, spent in seeking the presence of that Spirit whereby all actions

.

are fitted to the just measure of their true end, was disproportioned by excess to the time spent in those outward actions of life, the whole true value of which depends upon the degree to which they are performed after the mind of that Spirit. What gave these prayers and exhortations a yet more complete fitness to his needs was their shortness. No mind could be wearied by them. I believe it very often happens that the length of the services, as they are called, is such that they actually disable the worshipper in no small degree from acting so after them as alone can make them of real worth to his being : they are a weakness and not a strength, exhausting the worshipper in saying "Lord, Lord," instead of sending him forth to do his will. The more he feels, the less fit is he, and the less fitting it is, to prolong the expression of his devotion. I believe this is greatly mistaken in all public services that I know anything about, which involve, in their length, an entire departure from good old custom, not good because old, but so good that it ought

.

to have been older, and needs now to be raised from the dead that it may be custom once more. Thomas did not enjoy his dinner less, and did his work far more thoroughly and happily because of this daily worship and doctrine—a word which, I think, is never used by St. Paul except as meaning instruction in duty, in that which it is right to do and that which it is right not to do, including all mental action as well as all outward behaviour.

It was impossible under the influence of such instruction that Tom should ever forget the friends who had upheld him in the time of his trouble. He often saw Captain Smith, and on one occasion, when he had a fortnight's holiday—the only one before his marriage—he went a voyage to Jersey in his brig, working his passage as before, but with a very different heart inside his blue jacket. The Pottses, too, he called on now and then; and even the unamiable Jim Salter came round to confess his respect for him, when he found that he never forgot his old mates.

As soon as Thomas resumed his stool in the

counting-house, Mr. Wither resigned his, and went abroad.

Mrs. Boxall of course recovered her cheerfulness, but her whole character was more subdued. A certain tenderness towards Lucy appeared, which, notwithstanding all her former kindness, was entirely new. A great part of her time was spent in offices of goodwill towards Widdles. She always kept her behaviour to Mr. Stopper somewhat stately and distant. But he did his best for the business—for it was the best for himself.

My story leaves Mr. Spelt and Mr. Kitley each happy in a daughter, and Mattie and Poppie growing away at their own history.

One evening, when Tom was seated with his mother, who had again recovered so far as to resume her place on the couch, his father came into the room. Tom rose. His father, without any greeting, said :

“Keep a look out on that Stopper, Tom. Don’t let him have too much of his own way.”

“But I have no authority over him, father.”

"Then the sooner you marry and take the business into your own hands the better."

"I'm going to be married next week."

"That's right. Make Stopper junior partner, and don't give him too large a share. Come to me to draw up the articles for you."

"Thank you, father. I will. I believe Mrs. Boxall does mean to make the business over to me."

"Of course. Good night," returned Mr. Worboise, and left the room without speaking to his wife.

From that time Tom and his father met much as before their quarrel. Tom returned to the house for the week before his marriage, and his father made him a present of an outfit for the occasion.

"Oh, Tom! I can hardly believe it," said Lucy, when they came home from church.

"I don't deserve it," was all Tom's answer in words.

After their wedding-journey they went back to the old house in Guild Court, in which they had

had one or two more rooms fitted up. Their grandmother, however, is now urging them to move to some suburb, saying she is quite willing to go with them. "And I don't believe you will have any objection either—will you, old Widdles?" she generally adds.

THE END.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S LIST OF NEW WORKS.

NEW AMERICA. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. SEVENTH EDITION. 2 vols. demy 8vo, with Illustrations. 30s.

"The author of this very interesting book having penetrated through the plains and mountains of the Far West into the Salt Lake Valley, here gives us an excellent account of the Mormons, and some striking descriptions of the scenes which he saw, and the conversations which he held with many of the Saints during his sojourn there. For a full account of the singular sect called the Shakers, of their patient, loving industry, their admirable schools, and their perpetual intercourse with the invisible world, we must refer the reader to this work. Mr. Dixon has written thoughtfully and well, and we can recall no previous book on American travel which dwells so fully on these much vexed subjects."—*Times*.

"Mr. Dixon's book is the work of a keen observer, and it appears at an opportune season. Those who would pursue all the varied phenomena of which we have attempted an outline will have reason to be grateful to the intelligent and lively guide who has given them such a sample of the inquiry. During his residence at Salt Lake City Mr. Dixon was able to gather much valuable and interesting information respecting Mormon life and society: and the account of that singular body, the Shakers, from his observations during a visit to their chief settlement at Mount Lebanon, is one of the best parts of Mr. Dixon's work."—*Quarterly Review*.

"There are few books of this season likely to excite so much general curiosity as Mr. Dixon's very entertaining and instructive work on New America. None are more nearly interested in the growth and development of new ideas on the other side of the Atlantic than ourselves. The book is really interesting from the first page to the last, and it contains a large amount of valuable and curious information."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"In these very entertaining volumes Mr. Dixon touches upon many other features of American society, but it is in his sketches of Mormons, Shakers, Bible-Communists, and other kindred associations, that the reader will probably find most to interest him. We recommend every one who feels any interest in human nature to read Mr. Dixon's volumes for themselves."—*Saturday Review*.

"We have had nothing about Utah and the Mormons so genuine and satisfactory as the account now given us by Mr. Dixon, but he takes also a wider glance at the Far West, and blends with his narrative such notes of life as he thinks useful aids to a study of the newest social conditions—germs of a society of the future. There is not a chapter from which pleasant extract might not be made, not a page that does not by bright studies of humanity in unaccustomed forms keep the attention alive from the beginning to the end of the narrative."—*Examiner*.

"Intensely exciting volumes. The central interest of the book lies in Mr. Dixon's picture of Mormon society, and it is for its singular revelations respecting Brigham Young's people, and the Shakers and Bible Communists, that nine readers out of every ten will send for an early copy of this strange story. Whilst Mr. Dixon speaks frankly all that he knows and thinks, he speaks it in a fashion that will carry his volumes into the hands of every woman in England and America."—*Post*.

"A book which it is a rare pleasure to read—and which will most indubitably be read by all who care to study the newest phenomena of American life."—*Spectator*.

"We are much mistaken if both in America and England Mr. Dixon's volumes do not win for themselves the widest circulation."—*Standard*.

"Mr. Dixon's 'New America' is decidedly the cleverest and most interesting, as it has already proved the most successful, book published this season."—*Star*.

"Mr. Dixon has written a book about America having the unusual merit of being at once amusing and instructive, true as well as new. Of the books published this season there will be none more cordially read."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

"Mr. Dixon's book is a careful, wise, and graphic picture of the most prominent social phenomena which the newest phases of the New World present. The narrative is full of interest from end to end, as well as of most important subjects for consideration. No student of society, no historian of humanity, should be without it as a reliable and valuable text-book on New America."—*All the Year Round*.

"In these graphic volumes Mr. Dixon sketches American men and women, sharply, vigorously and truthfully, under every aspect. The smart Yankee, the grave politician, the senate and the stage, the pulpit and the prairie, loafers and philanthropists, crowded streets, and the howling wilderness, the saloon and boudoir, with woman everywhere at full length—all pass on before us in some of the most vivid and brilliant pages ever written."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

THE LIFE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD ; From his Private Correspondence and Family Papers, in the possession of JOSEPH MAYER, Esq., F.S.A., FRANCIS WEDGWOOD, Esq., C. DARWIN, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Miss WEDGWOOD, and other Original Sources. With an Introductory Sketch of the Art of Pottery in England. By ELIZA METEYARD. Dedicated to the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. Complete in 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits and 300 other Beautiful Illustrations, elegantly bound, price 42s.

"This is the Life of Wedgwood to the expected appearance of which I referred at Burslem."—*Extract from a Letter to the Author by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

"We have to congratulate the authoress on the publication of her Life of Wedgwood. We can award her the praise due to the most pains-taking and conscientious application. She has devoted her whole mind and energy to her subject, and has achieved a work not less creditable to herself than it is indispensable to all who wish to know anything about English ceramic art and its great inventor. The two volumes before us are in themselves marvels of decorative and typographical skill. More beautifully printed pages, more creamy paper, and more dainty woodcuts have seldom met our eyes. It is rarely that an author is so well seconded by his coadjutors as Miss Meteyard has been by her publishers, printers, and the staff of draughtsmen and engravers who have contributed the numerous illustrations which adorn this sumptuous book."—*Saturday Review.*

"This very beautiful book contains that Life of Wedgwood which for the last fifteen years Miss Meteyard has had in view, and to which the Wedgwood family, and all who have papers valuable in relation to its subject, have been cordially contributing. In his admirable sketch of Wedgwood, given at Burslem, it was to the publication of this biography that Mr. Gladstone looked forward with pleasure. It is a very accurate and valuable book. To give their fullest value to the engravings of works of art which largely enrich the volumes, the biography has been made by its publishers a choice specimen of their own art as book-makers. Neither care nor cost have been grudged. The two volumes form as handsome a book as has ever been published."—*Examiner.*

"The appearance of such a work as Miss Meteyard's 'Life of Josiah Wedgwood' is an event of importance in the sister spheres of literature and art. The biographer of our great potter has more than ordinary fitness for the fulfilment of her labour of love. She is an enthusiastic admirer and a practised connoisseur of Ceramic Art, and she brings the pleasant energy of individual taste and feeling to the aid of complete, authentic, and well-arranged information, and the well-balanced style of an experienced *litterateur*. The interest of the book grows with every page. The reader will peruse the numerous interesting particulars of Wedgwood's family life and affairs with unusual satisfaction, and will lay down the work with undoubting confidence that it will rank as a classic among biographies—an exhaustive work of the first rank in its school."—*Morning Post.*

"An admirable, well-written, honourably elaborate, and most interesting book."—*Athenæum.*

"No book has come before us for some time so stored with interesting information. Miss Meteyard is a biographer distinguished by a clever and energetic style, by delicate judgment, extensive information, and a deep interest in her subject. The history of the Ceramic Art in England, and the biography of the eminent man who brought it to perfection, have evidently been to her a labour of love; and of the spirit and manner in which she has executed it we can hardly speak too highly. The splendid getting up of the work reflects much credit on the house from which it is issued."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"In this magnificent volume we welcome one of the very noblest contributions to the history of the Ceramic art ever published. We place it at once and permanently side by side with Bernard Palissy's Memoirs and with Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography. An abundance of rare and very precious materials is here admirably put together by the dexterous hand and exquisite taste of Miss Meteyard. A more conscientious discharge of the responsible duties devolving upon the biographer of a really great man has not been witnessed, we believe, since the days of Boswell, the greatest of all biographers."—*Sun.*

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
THOMAS SLINGSBY DUNCOMBE, LATE M.P. FOR FINSBURY.
By his Son, THOMAS H. DUNCOMBE, ESQ. 2 vols. 8vo, with Por-
trait. (*Just Ready.*)

UNDER THE PALMS IN ALGERIA AND
TUNIS. By the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD. 2 vols. post 8vo, with
Illustrations. 21s. (*In October.*)

LORD BYRON. By the MARQUISE DE BOISSY
(COUNTESS GUICCIOLI). 2 vols. 8vo. (*In the Press.*)

THROUGH SPAIN TO THE SAHARA. By
MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS. Author of 'A Winter with the Swal-
lows,' &c. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. (*Just Ready.*)

A TRIP TO THE TROPICS, AND HOME
THROUGH AMERICA. By the MARQUIS OF LORNE. *Second*
Edition. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"Lord Lorne's 'Trip to the Tropics' is the best book of travels of the season."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"The tone of Lord Lorne's book is thoroughly healthy and vigorous, and his remarks upon men and things are well-reasoned and acute. As records of the fresh impressions left on the mind of a young tourist who saw much, and can give a pleasant, intelligent account of what he saw, the book is in every way satisfactory."—*Times.*

"A pleasant record of travel in the Western Islands and the United States. Lord Lorne saw a good deal of society both in the South and in the North. His tone is good, without undue partisan feeling. We can offer him our congratulations on his first essay as a traveller and an author."—*Athenæum.*

"Lord Lorne's book is pleasantly written. It is the unaffected narrative of a traveller of considerable impartiality and desire for information."—*Saturday Review.*

"In no other book will the reader find a more correct and life-like picture of the places and persons visited by the Marquis of Lorne, and no where more frankness and truthfulness in the statement of facts and impressions."—*Examiner.*

"This is certainly the freshest and most interesting and valuable book of travels of the season. We cordially commend Lord Lorne's excellent and handsome volume to the public as one at once genuinely valuable and entertaining."—*Edinburgh Evening Courant.*

WILD LIFE AMONG THE PACIFIC ISLAND-
ERS. By E. H. LAMONT, ESQ. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations. 18s.

"A more curious romance of life and adventure is not to be found in the library of travel. A pleasanter volume of its kind has not been put forth since the year came in. It is a story of wreck and residence in the islands of the Pacific. The author was more than once in peril of being eaten. From some of the natives, however, he received compassion and kindness, and by asserting the superiority of a civilised man, presently arrived at an importance and authority which made him respected, feared, and loved. His accounts of the habits and ceremonies of the islands are touched with spirit. The details of his essays at escape read almost like lost pages from 'Robinson Crusoe.' His deliverance is related with as much spirit as the best sea chase in Fennimore Cooper's best sea-romance."—*Athenæum.*

"Certainly the most amusing record of life among the South Sea Islanders that has ever been published."—*Examiner.*

"A most interesting volume, full of curious and amusing anecdote and abundant information. It is one of the best books of travel that we have met with for some time."—*Observer.*

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

LIFE IN A FRENCH CHATEAU. By HUBERT
E. H. JERNINGHAM, Esq. *Second Edition.* 1 vol. post 8vo, with
Illustrations. 10s. 6d. bound.

"Mr. Jerningham's attractive and amusing volume will be perused with much interest."—*Morning Post.*

"A thoroughly fresh and delightful narrative—valuable, instructive, and entertaining."—*United Service Magazine.*

"A readable, pleasant, and amusing book, in which Mr. Jerningham records his life among the denizens of the French Château, which extended its courtly hospitality to him, in a very agreeable and entertaining manner."—*Court Journal.*

**A LADY'S GLIMPSE OF THE LATE WAR
IN BOHEMIA.** By LIZZIE SELINA EDEN. 1 vol. post 8vo, with
Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

"Miss Eden's book will be of great service to those who wish impartially to consider the true aspects of the late war, and will richly repay an attentive perusal. Nor is it to them alone that this work will be valuable. It is not only useful and instructive, but it is interesting and amusing. The work is highly creditable to its authoress."—*Saturday Review.*

**FROM CADET TO COLONEL: The Record of
a Life of Active Service.** By Major-General Sir THOMAS SEATON,
K.C.B. 2 vols. with Illustrations, 21s.

"It is difficult to imagine anything more interesting both to soldiers and civilians than Sir Thomas Seaton's record of his active career."—*Athenæum.*

MY PILGRIMAGE TO EASTERN SHRINES.
By ELIZA C. BUSH. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"This work contains a great deal of interesting matter, and it will be read with pleasure by all who are interested in the country to which so many devout Christians have made their pilgrimage."—*Observer.*

**THE SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST IN
CANADA.** With Notes on the Natural History of the Game,
Game Birds, and Fish of that country. By MAJOR W. ROSS KING,
F.R.G.S., F.S.A.S. 1 vol. super royal 8vo, Illustrated with beautiful
Coloured Plates and Woodcuts. 20s. Elegantly bound.

"Truthful, simple, and extremely observant, Major King has been able to throw much light upon the habits as well as the zoological relations of the animals with which he came in collision; and his descriptions of the country, as well as of the creatures inhabiting it, are as bright and graphic as they are evidently correct."—*Athenæum.*

"In 'The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada' we have a full, true, and comprehensive record of all the facts concerning American animals which the author was able in a three years' residence to collect. We have these facts in a goodly volume, splendidly illustrated, and with its contents so well arranged that a reference to any description of bird, beast, or fish may be made almost instantly. It is an important contribution to Natural History, and a work the intending traveller will consult once and again, since it gives him the information he most needs, and finds least generally accessible. The book will take its position in the foremost rank of works of its class. The descriptions throughout are written by one who is a master of his subject, and who writes English such as few are able to equal. Of recent British travellers few can vie with its author in close observation of nature, and in those graces of style and scholarship which make the information contained in his volume as pleasant to obtain as it is valuable to preserve. In fact, since the works of Eliot Warburton and Kinglake, no book of travels with which we are acquainted has been written in a style more clear, forcible picturesque."—*Sunday Times.*

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT COMBERMERE, G.C.B., &c. From his Family Papers. By the Right Hon. MARY VISCOUNTESS COMBERMERE and Capt. W. W. KNOLLYS. 2 v. 8vo, with Portraits. 30s.

"The gallant Stapleton Cotton, Viscount Combermere, was one of those men who belong to two epochs. He was a soldier, actively engaged, nearly ten years before the last century came to its troubled close; and he was among us but as yesterday, a noble veteran, gloriously laden with years, laurels, and pleasant reminiscences. To the last this noble soldier and most perfect gentleman took cheerful part in the duties and pleasures of life, leaving to an only son an inheritance of a great name, and to a sorrowing widow the task of recording how the bearer of the name won for it all his greatness. This has been done, evidently as a labour of love, by Lady Combermere, and she has been efficiently assisted in the military details by Captain Knollys. Apart from the biographical and professional details, the volumes, moreover, are full of sketches of persons of importance or interest who came into connection with Lord Combermere."—*Athenæum*.

"A welcome and gracefully written memorial of one of the greatest of England's soldiers, and worthiest of her sons. It is a most interesting work."—*Morning Post*.

"This biography, abounding in letters and other unpublished materials, is all fresh and trustworthy information, as to the life of a man whose career deserved a record."—*Examiner*.

A BOOK ABOUT LAWYERS. By J. C. JEAFF- FRESON, Barrister-at-Law, author of 'A Book about Doctors,' &c. New, Revised, and Cheaper Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:—The Great Seal, Royal Portraits, The Practice of Sealing, Lords Commissioners, On Damasking, The Rival Seals, Purse of State, A Lady Keeper, Lawyers in Arms, The Devil's Own, Lawyers on Horseback, Chancellors' Cavalcades, Ladies in Law Colleges, York House, Powis House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, The Old Law Quarter, Loves of the Lawyers, The Three Graces, Rejected Addresses, Brothers in Trouble, Fees to Counsel, Retainers Special and General, Judicial Corruption, Gifts and Sales, Judicial Salaries, Costume and Toilet, Millinery, Wigs, Bands and Collars, Bags and Gowns, The Singing Barrister, Actors at the Bar, Political Lawyers, The Peers, Lawyers in the House, Legal Education, Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery, Lawyers and Gentlemen, Law French and Law Latin, Readers and Mootmen, Pupils in Chambers, Wit of Lawyers, Humorous Stories, Wits in Silk and Punsters in Ermine, Circuiters, Witnesses, Lawyers and Saints, Lawyers in Court and Society, Attorneys at Law, Westminster Hall, Law and Literature, &c.

"A Book about Lawyers' deserves to be very popular. Mr. Jeaffreson has accomplished his work in a very creditable manner. He has taken pains to collect information from persons as well as from books, and he writes with a sense of keen enjoyment which greatly enhances the reader's pleasure. He introduces us to Lawyerdom under a variety of phases—we have lawyers in arms, lawyers on horseback, lawyers in love, and lawyers in Parliament. We are told of their salaries and fees, their wigs and gowns, their jokes and gaieties. We meet them at home and abroad, in court, in chambers, and in company. In the chapters headed 'Mirth,' the author has gathered together a choice sheaf of anecdotes from the days of More down to Erskine and Eldon."—*Times*.

"These volumes will afford pleasure and instruction to all who read them, and they will increase the reputation which Mr. Jeaffreson has already earned by his large industry and great ability. We are indebted to him for about seven hundred pages, all devoted to the history and illustration of legal men and things. It is much that we can say for a book, that there is not a superfluous page in it."—*Athenæum*.

"The success of his 'Book about Doctors' has induced Mr. Jeaffreson to write another book—about Lawyers. The subject is attractive. It is a bright string of anecdotes, skilfully put together, on legal topics of all sorts, but especially in illustration of the lives of famous lawyers. Mr. Jeaffreson has not only collected a large number of good stories, but he has grouped them pleasantly, and tells them well. We need say little to recommend a book that can speak for itself so pleasantly. No livelier reading is to be found among the new books of the season."—*Examiner*.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

TRAVELS IN FRANCE AND GERMANY IN 1865 AND 1866: Including a Steam Voyage down the Danube, and a Ride across the Mountains of European Turkey from Belgrade to Montenegro. By Captain SPENCER, author of 'Travels in Circassia,' &c. 2 vols. 21s.

"This work would at any time be read with pleasure, but at this moment it is invested with peculiar interest. It presents a clear and comprehensive view of Germany on the eve of war, and throws much light on many questions which have recently occupied, and are still destined to occupy, a considerable share of attention. It is more than a narrative of travel, although it possesses all the attractions of a well written work of that nature. There is sufficient of adventure for those who love that which is exciting; sketches of wild and beautiful scenes; glimpses of life, not only in cities, but in secluded villages, and notes and observations on the social, moral, and political condition of the countries passed through. The unity of Germany is regarded as a gain to the whole civilized world; the exclusion of Austria from Germany a gain to herself and to the magnificent countries she rules over in eastern Europe. With these countries the reader extends his acquaintance. A characteristic sketch of the present state of Hungary is given in connection with the story of a voyage down the Lower Danube. The narrative of a ride across the mountains of European Turkey is filled up with a description of the manners and customs of a people still living in a state of primitive simplicity. The author's style is lucid and anecdotal, and the range of his book gives scope for much pleasing variety as well as for much useful information."—*Post.*

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS: a Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. MOENS. Second Edition. Revised with Additions. 2 vols., with Portrait and other Illustrations. 21s.

"Mr. Moens had a bad time of it among the Italian Brigands. But his misfortunes are now to himself and to his friends a source of no little entertainment, and we can say for those who listen to his story that we have followed him in his adventures with pleasure. He tells his tale in a clear and simple style, and with that confident manliness which is not afraid to be natural."—*The Times.*

"Mr. Moens has had an experience and an adventure of startling magnitude in these prosaic times of ours. He has seen what no other Englishman has seen, and has done what no one else has done, and has written a bright and charming book as the result."—*All the Year Round.*

"In these volumes, the literary merits of which are numerous, we have the true story of the capture of Mr. Moens by the brigands. We have no doubt that the book will be extensively read; we are quite sure that it will do an immense amount of good. It lets in a flood of light upon the dens of these robbers."—*Daily News.*

A WINTER WITH THE SWALLOWS IN ALGERIA. By MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"A pleasant volume; a genuine, graphic record of a time of thorough enjoyment."—*Athenæum.*

"A fresh and fascinating book, full of matter and beauty. It is one of the most instructive books of travel of the season, and one of the brightest. It would be difficult to overpraise it."—*Spectator.*

"A bright, blithe, picturesque, artistic book, full of colour and sunshine, and replete with good sense and sound observation. To the enthusiasm of the book a great portion of its beauty and its attraction are owing, but solid information and the reality of things in Algeria are never disguised in favour of the bright land to which the author followed the Swallows."—*Post.*

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER'S WIFE IN INDIA, CHINA, AND NEW ZEALAND. By Mrs. MUTER, Wife of Lieut.-Colonel D. D. MUTER, 13th (Prince Albert's) Light Infantry. 2 vols. 21s.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS. Vols. III. and IV. completing the Work. 30s., bound.

Among the other distinguished persons mentioned in these volumes are the Emperors Alexander, Nicholas, and Napoleon III.; Kings George IV., William IV., and Leopold I.; Princes Talleyrand, Esterhazy, Napoleon, Puckler Muskau; the Dukes of Sussex, York, Cambridge, Wellington, d'Orleans, d'Aumale, Brunswick, Manchester, Beaufort, Cleveland, Richmond, Buckingham; Lords Byron, Melbourne, Lansdowne, Holland, Brougham, Alvanley, Yarmouth, Petersham, Craven, Salisbury, Devonshire, Ducie, Glasgow, Malmesbury, Castlereagh, Breadalbane, &c. Sirs Robert Peel, T. Lawrence, W. Knighton, George Dashwood, George Warrender, Lumley Skeffington, Bulwer Lytton, Count d'Orsay, Count de Morny, the Rev. Sydney Smith, Tom Moore, Shelley, Thomas Campbell, Beau Brummell, Theodore Hook, Leigh Hunt, W. S. Landor, James and Horace Smith, Jack Musters, Assheton Smith, &c. Ladies Holland, Jersey, Londonderry, Blessington, Shelley, Lamb, Breadalbane, Morgan, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Landon, the Countess Guiccioli, &c.

"A book unrivalled in its position in the range of modern literature."—*Times*.

"A clever, freespoken man of the world, son of an earl with £70,000 a-year, who has lived from boyhood the life of a club-man, sportsman, and man of fashion, has thrown his best stories about himself and his friends, into an anecdotic autobiography. Of course it is eminently readable. Mr. Grantley Berkeley writes easily and well. The book is full of pleasant stories, all told as easily and clearly as if they were related at a club-window, and all with point of greater or less piquancy."—*Spectator*.

LADY ARABELLA STUART'S LIFE AND LETTERS: including numerous Original and Unpublished Documents. By ELIZABETH COOPER. 2 vols., with Portrait. 21s.

"The 'Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart' is an unusually good specimen of its class. Miss Cooper has really worked at her subject. She has read a good deal of MSS, and, what is better still, she has printed a good deal of what she has read. The book has a real and substantial historical value."—*Saturday Review*.

"One of the most interesting biographical works recently published. The memoirs have been arranged by Miss Cooper with much care, diligence, and judgment."—*Post*.

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Lord EUSTACE CECIL, M.P. 1 vol. 8vo.

"Lord Eustace Cecil has selected from various journeys the points which most interested him, and has reported them in an unaffected style. The idea is a good one, and is carried out with success. We are grateful for a good deal of information given with unpretending good sense."—*Saturday Review*.

HISTORIC PICTURES. By A. BAILLIE COCHRANE, M.P. 2 vols.

"Mr. Baillie Cochrane has published two entertaining volumes of studies from history. They are lively reading. 'My aim,' he says, 'has been to depict events generally known in a light and, if possible, a picturesque manner.' Mr. Cochrane has been quite successful in carrying out this intention. The work is a study of the more interesting moments of history—what, indeed, the author himself calls it, 'Historic Pictures.'"—*Times*.

COURT AND SOCIETY FROM ELIZABETH TO ANNE, Edited from the Papers at Kimbolton, by the DUKE OF MANCHESTER. *Second Edition.* 2 vols. 8vo, with Fine Portraits.

"These volumes are sure to excite curiosity. A great deal of interesting matter is here collected, from sources which are not within everybody's reach."—*Times*.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO PERSEPOLIS; including WANDERINGS IN DAGHESTAN, GEORGIA, ARMENIA, KURDISTAN, MESOPOTAMIA, AND PERSIA. By J. USSHER, Esq., F.R.G.S. Royal 8vo, with numerous beautiful Coloured Illustrations. Elegantly bound.

"This is a very interesting narrative. Mr. Ussher is one of the pleasantest companions we have met with for a long time. We have rarely read a book of travels in which so much was seen so rapidly and so easily, and in which the scenery, the antiquities, and the people impressed the author's mind with such gentlemanly satisfaction. Mr. Ussher merited his success and this splendid monument of his travels and pleasant explorations."—*Times*.

TRAVELS ON HORSEBACK IN MANTCHU TARTARY: being a Summer's Ride beyond the Great Wall of China. By GEORGE FLEMING, Military Train. 1 vol. royal 8vo, with Map and 50 Illustrations.

"Mr. Fleming's narrative is a most charming one. He has an untrodden region to tell of, and he photographs it and its people and their ways. Life-like descriptions are interspersed with personal anecdotes, local legends, and stories of adventure, some of them revealing no common artistic power."—*Spectator*.

THE OKAVANGO RIVER: A NARRATIVE OF TRAVEL, EXPLORATION, AND ADVENTURE. By C. J. ANDERSSON, Author of "Lake Ngami." 1 vol. Illustrations.

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE AMOOR, AND THE RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS ON THE CONFINES OF INDIA AND CHINA. By T. W. ATKINSON, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." Dedicated, by permission, to HER MAJESTY. Royal 8vo, with Map and 83 Illustrations.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THIRTEEN YEARS' SERVICE AMONGST THE WILD TRIBES OF KHONDISTAN, FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF HUMAN SACRIFICE. By Major-General JOHN CAMPBELL, C.B. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations.

ADVENTURES AMONGST THE DYAKS OF BORNEO. By FREDERICK BOYLE, Esq., F.R.G.S. 1 vol. 8vo.

YACHTING ROUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. A. G. L'ESTRANGE, B.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, R.T.Y.C. 1 vol. 8vo, Illustrated.

ADVENTURES AND RESEARCHES among the ANDAMAN ISLANDERS. By Dr. MOUAT, F.R.G.S., &c. 1 vol. demy 8vo, with Illustrations.

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: A Book of Recollections. By CHARLES STRETTON, Esq. 8vo, with Illustrations.

BRIGAND LIFE IN ITALY. By COUNT MAFFEI. 2 vols. 8vo.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE AND ART.

By MRS. ELLIS. Author of 'The Women of England,' &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo, with fine Portrait. 10s. 6d.

"With pleasure her numerous admirers will welcome a new book by the popular authoress of 'The Women of England.' A very charming volume is this new work by Mrs. Ellis. Its aim is to assist the young students of art in those studies and subjects of thought which shall enable them rightly to appreciate and realise that oft-quoted truth, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' 'The Truthfulness of Art,' 'The Love of Beauty,' 'The Love of Ornament,' 'Early dawn of Art,' and various chapters of a kindred nature, are followed by others descriptive of 'Learning to Draw,' 'Imitation,' 'Light and Shadow,' 'Form,' 'Colour,' 'Lady's Work,' &c. The work will interest many fair readers."—*Sun.*

GARIBALDI AT HOME: Notes of a Visit to

Caprera. By SIR CHARLES R. McGRIGOR, Bart. 8vo. 15s.

MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE, MOTHER
OF NAPOLEON III. Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol. 6s.

"A biography of the beautiful and unhappy Queen, more satisfactory than any we have yet met with."—*Daily News.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By CARDINAL
WISEMAN. 1 vol. 8vo, 5s.

PRISON CHARACTERS DRAWN FROM LIFE.

By A PRISON MATRON, Author of 'Female Life in Prison.' 2 v. 21s.

"These volumes are interesting and suggestive."—*Athenæum.*

"The author's quick-witted transcripts of living character are studies that nothing can make obsolete or deprive of interest for living men."—*Examiner.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE OF ADVEN-
TURE. By WILLIAM STAMER. 2 vols. with Portrait. 21s.

THE GIRAFFE HUNTERS. By CAPTAIN MAYNE
REID. Author of 'The Rifle Rangers,' &c. 3 vols.

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, M.A., Author of 'Alec Forbes,' &c. 3 v.

"Mr. Mac Donald is a true poet. The 'Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood' are as full of music as was Prospero's island: rich in strains that take the ear captive when they are first heard, and afterwards linger long upon it."—*Saturday Review.*

"The charms and value of Mr. Mac Donald's work need not be sought—they present themselves unasked for, in the tender beauty of his descriptions, whether of nature, or of life and character; in his almost supernatural insight into the workings of the human heart, and in his unceasing fertility of thought and happy exactitude of illustration. Whoever reads the book once will read it many times."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MADONNA MARY. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author
of 'Agnes,' &c. 3 vols.

"From first to last 'Madonna Mary' is written with evenness and vigour, and overflows with the best qualities of its writer's fancy and humour. The story is thoroughly original, as far as its plot and leading incidents are concerned; and the strength of the narrative is such that we question if any reader will lay it aside, notwithstanding the fulness in his throat, and the constriction of his heart, until he has shared in the happiness which is liberally assigned to the actors of the drama before the falling of the green curtain. But the principal charms of the work are subtle humour, fineness of touch, and seeming ease with which Mrs. Oliphant delineates and contrasts her numerous characters."—*Athenæum.*

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS, PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS. By the Hon. MRS. NORTON,
Author of 'Lost and Saved,' &c. 3 vols.

FAIR WOMEN. By MRS. FORRESTER. 3 vols.
(In October.)

SIR TRISTRAM'S WILL. By ALICE KING, Au-
thor of 'Eveline,' &c. Dedicated to CHARLES DICKENS. 3 vols.

A WOMAN'S TRIALS. By GRACE RAMSAY. 3 v.

"A clever, interesting novel. Mabel Stanhope is as sweet a character as we remember to have met with in the world of romance for a long—for a very long—while."—*Athenæum*.

"The heroine of this book is a most lovable character, and her extraordinary trials and heroic endurance of them constitute a tale which we advise all our readers to procure for themselves. The book is a decided success."—*John Bull*.

THE SISTERS OF SAINTHILL. By LADY
BLAKE. 3 vols.

"We are rejoiced again to welcome a work of Lady Blake's—one of our most charming novelists. The present volumes fully sustain her reputation. From first to last the tale is natural and lifelike, and the interest well sustained throughout."—*John Bull*.

"The Sisters of Sainthill,' by Lady Blake, is a thoroughly readable novel. The story is one of much interest, and it is most skilfully worked out. It can scarcely fail to be a favourite with most readers."—*Star*.

THE CURATE'S DISCIPLINE. By MRS. EILOART.
3 vols.

"We recommend this book to the novel-reader. It is better than nine-tenths of this year's works, and the reader will be pleased with it as the production of a lady apparently gifted with a good education, good taste, and, what is still more remarkable, good common sense."—*Athenæum*.

LESLIE TYRRELL. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK,
Author of 'Faith Unwin's Ordeal,' &c. 2 vols.

"There are charming traits of character in this book—much of the portraiture is perfect. The contrast between Leslie Tyrrell and Frank Arnold is drawn with wonderful skill."—*Spectator*.

"Leslie Tyrrell' is a charming story. It is a finished picture of a high-minded, excellent woman."—*Morning Post*.

ALEC'S BRIDE. By the Author of 'St. Olave's,'
'Janita's Cross,' &c. 3 vols.

"Alec's Bride' is a charming book, and possesses the advantage of being written in good English."—*Athenæum*.

"A very charming novel. The style is good and graceful, and the tone pure. The characters are clearly conceived, finely discriminated, and well sustained."—*British Quarterly Review*.

CONSTANCE RIVERS. By LADY BARRETT LEN-
NARD. SECOND EDITION. 3 vols.

"This book is full of genius, and contains many strikingly beautiful passages. It well deserves to find readers. Those who begin it will certainly feel inclined to finish it. It is written in a smart, lively style, and personages of the higher class are hit off faithfully and skilfully. It contains many exquisite pieces of poetry. The tale of Lyla forms one of the most beautiful idyls we have ever read."—*Times*.

IRENE'S REPENTANCE. By CHRISTIAN EYRE. 2 v.

"A very pleasant story. It is well told, and there is a healthy tone throughout. Irene herself is so natural and charming that Mr. Cunningham will be the envy of all unmarried male readers."—*Athenæum*.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS, PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

THE HUGUENOT FAMILY. By SARAH TYTLER.

Author of 'Citoyenne Jacqueline,' &c. 3 vols.

"The best of Miss Tytler's books. The author of 'The Huguenot Family' is a writer of true, sweet, and original genius; and her book is one of permanent value, the interest of which repeated readings will not exhaust."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"We trust our readers will not miss the chance of taking up these volumes to read them, for we have no hesitation in characterizing them as at once the warmest, richest, and sincerest of recent novels. The story is bright with skilfully-contrasted pictures, and full of mellow wisdom. Miss Tytler's rare merit of softly tempering between the domestic element in her story and the historical one, is only matched by the rare power she has shown in the dramatic interpretation of nature—a point on which we wish to speak the more fully and the more admiringly, that she has in certain passages called to our mind Tennyson and Browning; and has, in one or two instances at least, surpassed the former in truthfulness and breadth of rendering."—*Spectator*.

"The author of 'Citoyenne Jacqueline' has, in the present instance, produced a work which is indisputably a higher manifestation of her rare genius. 'The Huguenot Family' claims analysis as a historical study of great value and beauty; and, as a story, as an example of character painting, of the close and delicate representation of the gifts and graces, the struggles and triumphs of the human heart, it has few, if any, superiors. Grand'mère Dupuy is the finest creation of fiction since Romola. The parson's daughter would be no discredit to Oliver Goldsmith."—*Morning Post*.

TWO MARRIAGES. By the Author of 'John

Halifax, Gentleman,' 'Christian's Mistake,' &c. 2 vols.

"We have no hesitation in affirming the 'Two Marriages' to be in many respects the very best book that the author has yet produced. Rarely have we read a work written with so exquisite a delicacy, full of so tender an interest, and conveying so salutary a lesson."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"All the stories by the author of 'John Halifax' have an excellent moral; something tangible, real, and satisfactory."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The author of 'John Halifax' cannot help writing gracefully: all her sentiments are pure, refined, and womanly. Her English is always good, and her skill in suggesting the unspoken details of a story, resembles that of the pieces of music called Songs without Words."—*Athenæum*.

RAYMOND'S HEROINE. *Second Edition.* 3 vols.

"'Raymond's Heroine' is a clever and vigorous work. It is a book which deserves to be read, and it will be read. The reader will gallop through it with breathless interest. It is a book which will be guilty of causing careful mammas to say to their daughters—'My dear, do put down that book and go to bed.' It is very smoothly and fluently written throughout. The scenery of the various incidents is vividly painted, the conversations are lively, and the plot is carefully and coherently put together."—*Times*

"We recommend 'Raymond's Heroine' to those who can appreciate the charms of a novel throughout which there makes itself unmistakably manifest the impress of generous feeling and of vigorous thought. It is also one through which there runs a vein of humour which at once relieves and heightens its pathos."—*Saturday Review*.

THE CABINET SECRET. By LEIGH SPENCER. 3 v.

"A novel of very considerable interest."—*John Bull*.

SYBIL'S SECOND LOVE. By JULIA KAVANAGH,

Author of 'Nathalie,' 'Adele,' &c. 3 vols.

"Miss Kavanagh has power and feeling, and writes our language well."—*Athenæum*. "A clever, interesting, and eminently readable novel."—*Globe*.

OFF THE LINE. By LADY CHARLES THYNNE. 2 v.

"This story is pleasant and natural. There is interest enough in the incidents to keep the reader's attention alive, and the moral is thoroughly healthy."—*Saturday Review*.—"A story with a genuine interest."—*Athenæum*.

Under the Especial Patronage of Her Majesty.

Published annually, in One Vol., royal 8vo, with the Arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 31s. 6d.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,

CORRECTED BY THE NOBILITY.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH EDITION FOR 1867 IS NOW READY.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE is acknowledged to be the most complete, as well as the most elegant, work of the kind. As an established and authentic authority on all questions respecting the family histories, honours, and connections of the titled aristocracy, no work has ever stood so high. It is published under the especial patronage of Her Majesty, and is annually corrected throughout, from the personal communications of the Nobility. It is the only work of its class in which, *the type being kept constantly standing*, every correction is made in its proper place to the date of publication, an advantage which gives it supremacy over all its competitors. Independently of its full and authentic information respecting the existing Peers and Baronets of the realm, the most sedulous attention is given in its pages to the collateral branches of the various noble families, and the names of many thousand individuals are introduced, which do not appear in other records of the titled classes. For its authority, correctness, and facility of arrangement, and the beauty of its typography and binding, the work is justly entitled to the place it occupies on the tables of Her Majesty and the Nobility.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Historical View of the Peerage.	The Archbishops and Bishops of England, Ireland, and the Colonies.
Parliamentary Roll of the House of Lords.	The Baronetage alphabetically arranged.
English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, in their orders of Precedence.	Alphabetical List of Surnames assumed by members of Noble Families.
Alphabetical List of Peers of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, holding superior rank in the Scotch or Irish Peerage.	Alphabetical List of the Second Titles of Peers, usually borne by their Eldest Sons.
Alphabetical list of Scotch and Irish Peers, holding superior titles in the Peerage of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.	Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, having married Commoners, retain the title of Lady before their own Christian and their Husband's Surnames.
A Collective list of Peers, in their order of Precedence.	Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Viscounts and Barons, who, having married Commoners, are styled Honourable Mrs.; and, in case of the husband being a Baronet or Knight, Honourable Lady.
Table of Precedency among Men.	Mottoes alphabetically arranged and translated.
Table of Precedency among Women.	
The Queen and the Royal Family.	
Peers of the Blood Royal.	
The Peerage, alphabetically arranged.	
Families of such Extinct Peers as have left Widows or Issue.	
Alphabetical List of the Surnames of all the Peers.	

"Lodge's Peerage must supersede all other works of the kind, for two reasons: first, it is on a better plan; and secondly, it is better executed. We can safely pronounce it to be the readiest, the most useful, and exactest of modern works on the subject."—*Spectator*.

"A work which corrects all errors of former works. It is a most useful publication."—*Times*.

"A work of great value. It is the most faithful record we possess of the aristocracy of the day."—*Post*.

"The best existing, and, we believe, the best possible peerage. It is the standard authority on the subject."—*Herald*.

NOW IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF

POPULAR MODERN WORKS,

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLAIS, HOLMAN HUNT, LEECH, BIRKET FOSTER,
JOHN GILBERT, TENNIEL, &c.

Each in a single volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

VOL. I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

"The first volume of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and is well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type, and good paper, the lesser, but attractive merits of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Post*.

VOL. II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift book in many households."—*Examiner*.

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and is full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotsman*.

VOL. III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT Warburton.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review*.

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than 'The Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets, and which no other writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."—*Sun*.

VOL. IV.—NATHALIE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner*.

VOL. VI.—ADAM GRAEME. BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"A story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in life, with a delicacy, power, and truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Post*.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

VOL. VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"We have not the slightest intention to criticise this book. Its reputation is made, and will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's Novels. The remarkable originality of its purpose, and the happy description it affords of American life and manners, still continue the subject of universal admiration. To say thus much is to say enough, though we must just mention that the new edition forms a part of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written."—*Messenger*.

VOL. VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has treated a special subject with so much geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. IX. A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"In 'A Life for a Life' the author is fortunate in a good subject, and has produced a work of strong effect."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB. BY LEIGH HUNT.

"A delightful book, that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner*.

"A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson."—*Observer*.

VOL. XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. XII.—THE OLD JUDGE. BY SAM SLICK.

"The publications included in this Library have all been of good quality; many give information while they entertain, and of that class the book before us is a specimen. The manner in which the Cheap Editions forming the series is produced deserves especial mention. The paper and print are unexceptionable; there is a steel engraving in each volume, and the outsides of them will satisfy the purchaser who likes to see books in handsome uniform."—*Examiner*.

VOL. XIII.—DARIEN. BY ELIOT Warburton.

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe*.

VOL. XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour."—*Standard*.

VOL. XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"The Laird of Norlaw fully sustains the author's high reputation."—*Sunday Times*.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

VOL. XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

"We can praise Mrs Gretton's book as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportunity, instruction."—*The Times*.

VOL. XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post*.

VOL. XVIII.—FREER'S LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

"Nothing can be more interesting than Miss Freer's story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Post*.

VOL. XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"We know no novel of the last three or four years to equal this latest production of the popular authoress of 'Margaret and her Bridesmaids.' If asked to classify it, we should give it a place between 'John Halifax' and 'The Caxtons.'"—*Herald*.

VOL. XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.

BY PETER BURKE, SERGEANT AT LAW:

A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn."—*Illustrated News*.

VOL. XXI.—ADELE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Adele' is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story, full of delicate character-painting."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. XXII.—STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review*.

VOL. XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

"We commend 'Grandmother's Money' to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, the story is interesting."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY J. C. JEAFFRESON, Esq.

"A delightful book."—*Athenæum*. "A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet*.

VOL. XXV.—NO CHURCH.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. XXVI.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenæum*. "A charming tale charmingly told."—*Herald*.

VOL. XXVII.—LOST AND SAVED. BY HON. MRS NORTON

"'Lost and Saved' will be read with eager interest. It is a vigorous novel."—*Times*. "A novel of rare excellence. It is Mrs Norton's best prose work."—*Examiner*.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY
(CONTINUED).

VOL. XXVIII.—LES MISERABLES. BY VICTOR HUGO.
AUTHORISED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

"The merits of 'Les Miserables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole; it abounds, page after page, with details of unequalled beauty. In dealing with all the emotions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."—*Quarterly Review*.

VOL. XXIX.—BARBARA'S HISTORY.
BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. It is a book which the world will like. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it."—*Times*.

VOL. XXX.—LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.
BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times*.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's Life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

"Mrs Oliphant's Life of Irving supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent. Irving, as a man and as a pastor, is exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."—*Edinburgh Review*.

VOL. XXXI.—ST OLAVE'S.

"This charming novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as experience and knowledge of the world. 'St Olave's' is the work of an artist. The whole book is worth reading."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. XXXII.—SAM SLICK'S TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

"Dip where you will into this lottery of fun, you are sure to draw out a prize. These racy 'Traits' exhibit most successfully the broad national features of American humour."—*Post*.

VOL. XXXIII.—CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A more charming story, to our taste, has rarely been written. In the compass of a single volume the writer has hit off a circle of varied characters all true to nature, and she has entangled them in a story which keeps us in suspense till its knot is happily and gracefully resolved; while, at the same time, a pathetic interest is sustained by an art of which it would be difficult to analyse the secret. It is a choice gift to be able thus to render human nature so truly, to penetrate its depths with such a searching sagacity, and to illuminate them with a radiance so eminently the writer's own. Even if tried by the standard of the Archbishop of York, we should expect that even he would pronounce 'Christian's Mistake' a novel without a fault."—*Times*.

VOL. XXXIV.—ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.
BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, M.A.,

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last."—*Athenæum*. "This book is full of good thought and good writing. Mr Mac Donald reads life and nature like a true poet."—*Examiner*.



