



GEORGE



HARRINGTON

REV^d. DAVID MACRAE







ABS. I. 79. 309



GEORGE HARRINGTON.

BY

DAVID MACRAE.

"The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that."—JOHN STERLING.

Ταῦτ εἰδὼς σοφὸς ἴσθι μάρτην δ' Ἐπικούρου ἔασον

Ποῦ τὸ κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνας αἱ μονάδες.—AUTOMEDON.

GLASGOW:

SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

LONDON: HOULSTON & SONS; AND W. TWEEDIE.

1890.

TWENTY-THIRD THOUSAND



CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I.—Which gives the cue,	1
II.—Langside Hall, and who were to be seen there, . .	11
III.—Which describes a memorable party at Langside Hall,	15
IV.—Which accounts for Mr. Groly's introduction into Langside society,	22
V.—Mr. Blinks' tragedy of "The Wild Pirate" is acted with triumphant success,	27
VI.—Refers to a not unimportant person in this narrative, and shows what manner of man he was, . . .	35
VII.—Sees George Harrington in and Doctor Daidlaw out, .	43
VIII.—Little Tiz makes a new friend,	50
IX.—Which shows where the danger lies,	58
X.—Which had better be passed over (1) by those who do not know that heresy begins at the heart, (2) by those who cannot bear to look on the obverse side of a great truth, and (3) by those who cannot look at one side without forgetting that there is another,	69
XI.—Wherein Walter Lorraine acts the part of a friend, .	79
XII.—Which introduces the reader to Dr. Pearson's "Lodge,"	82
XIII.—Mr. Abraham Groly makes a move or two, . . .	92
XIV.—Which shows what sort of prayer-meeting Mr. Groly held in Calton,	101
XV.—Little Tiz,	108
XVI.—Showing how Mr. Groly's suit advanced, . . .	118
XVII.—Shows to whose ears a certain secret found its way, .	124
XVIII.—The old Dutch clock becomes contemplative, . .	126
XIX.—Oban,	131
XX.—Good and Evil,	139

CHAP.	PAGE
XXI.—Introduces the reader to Glime's bagatelle room, and shows him what capital sport was to be got there,	149
XXII.—Shows what a jolly night the party at Glime's made of it, and how one or two of them didn't get home till morning,	158
XXIII.—Shows that there may be two ways of looking at a jolly night,	162
XXIV.—Mr. Groly proceeds to carry out his programme,	165
XXV.—The demon is unchained,	175
XXVI.—Mother and Son,	180
XXVII.—Which is not so unimportant as it looks,	188
XXVIII.—Walter gets the news from home,	190
XXIX.—Mr. Groly triumphant,	198
XXX.—Walter sets out in quest of his friend,	206
XXXI.—In which Walter gives Mr. Glime a bit of his mind, and searches out an old acquaintance in a strange place,	212
XXXII.—Walter resumes his search,	222
XXXIII.—The night grows darker,	235
XXXIV.—The crisis,	244
XXXV.—Life in death,	253
XXXVI.—In which the day begins to dawn,	258
XXXVII.—Which bodes ill to somebody,	265
XXXVIII.—In which one bird is found to have flown, and another to have been caged; and Dr. Pearson gets a startling surprise,	272
XXXIX.—Shows how the trail was followed up by a keen eye: and accounts for the sudden changes described in the last chapter,	278
XL.—Describes an important transaction, in which Walter and Eleanor are the principal parties concerned,	286
XLI.—Short—but sweet—to some of those concerned,	296
XLII.—Wherein the silver cord is loosed,	299
XLIII.—Which begins the winding-up,	307
XLIV.—Farewell,	310

GEORGE HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH GIVES THE CUE.

MR. ABRAHAM GROLY was a man of thirty or thereabout; tall and prepossessing in appearance, though his eyes were rather close-set, with a slight squint, just sufficient to make it difficult for you to know whether he was looking at you or the next person. A faint moustache crept a little way up from his whiskers on each side, and he wore his hair parted in the middle with a little lock curling downwards upon each temple. Mr. Groly did business in the way of buying and selling goods on commission. He had a small office in Virginia Street, with a ground-glass door, and three very dirty windows, stanchioned on the outside; and he had lodgings near George's Square, where he usually spent his evenings, unless he thought of strolling down to Glime's billiard-rooms at the Cross, to have a glass of whisky-and-water, and a game at poole. If there were any youths there who were disposed to play a game for glasses round, Mr. Groly was generally willing to join, having no objections to get his whisky-and-water for nothing, if he could; and if he found his

companions green hands, from whom it would not be difficult to take the game, he was very willing to indulge in a second glass, on the same easy terms as the first.

On a certain afternoon in the autumn of 1857—the year of the Indian mutiny—Mr. Groly was in his parlour, reading one of the daily papers. He had been stretched at ease upon the sofa, holding the newspaper in one hand, and supporting the stem of his little amber-tubed pipe with two fingers of the other; but the shades of evening were already beginning to fall over the city, and he rose and adjusted a couple of chairs for himself nearer the window. He was about to seat himself, when a knock came to the room-door, and the servant looked in to say that there was a man down-stairs wishing to see him.

“A man?”

“Well, sir, a gentle—a sort of gentleman,” said the girl, dubiously. “He wants to see you on business.”

“Did you tell him I was in?”

“I said, I would see.”

“Ask what he wants. If he is selling steel-pens, tell him to call back with a pennyworth at the close of the century. I shan’t want any before then. If t’s one of those fellows back again wanting money for the conversion of Israel, I’m out.”

“What it is that brings these fellows here,” muttered Mr. Groly when the servant retired, and he had seated himself and thrown his legs across the other chair, “I don’t know; unless it be that my name is Abraham, or they have found out that my governor

was a clergyman. Israelites be blowed! I'd come down pretty handsomely, though, if they could convert that confounded Israelitish bill-broker that was at the office yesterday; and teach him to lend, hoping for nothing again. That's what they call gospel, and preach. I only wish I could find some of them that would practise it."

Mr. Groly had scarcely composed himself to read, when the servant returned to say that the man called himself a friend of Mr. Groly's, and wanted particularly to see him.

"What sort of man is he?" asked Mr. Groly, impatiently.

"He's a biggish man, sir—with an eye." When the servant said "an eye," she pointed her finger from her own, and darted it several inches in the direction of Mr. Groly's, to indicate that the eye was a keen one.

Mr. Groly started and changed colour

"An eye!" he muttered to himself, "it can't be my uncle back again. Hang it, no! impossible! he's dead, or ought to be." After a moment's pause he added, to the servant, "Show him up."

Mr. Groly, in his excitement had thrown down the paper and risen, and now stood waiting with his eyes directed anxiously towards the door. He was not kept long in suspense. There was the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs, and a tall, powerful-looking man, muffled up to the throat in a thick topcoat, entered the room. He was precisely the sort of man you would *not* like to see looking at you from behind a

hedge on a lonely road, after nightfall; or find yourself shut up alone with in the night express for London. His face was much pitted and seamed with small-pox, and a wound he had got at some time above his left eye had puckered up the eyelid, so as to leave bare a great part of the white eye-ball, and give the whole visage of the man a sinister, and at times, an almost fiendish expression. A glance at Mr. Groly's face would have sufficed to show that his apprehensions as to the identity of his unwelcome visitor were realized. The two stood looking at one another for a few moments in silence.

"You are back," said Mr. Groly at length. If Mr. Groly meant that the tone should conceal his mortification, he failed completely.

"I'm back," replied the man, in a deep, hoarse voice.

"I was afraid you had been massacred," said Mr. Groly, in the same tone as before. "There was a report in the papers here that the mutiny had broken out at Jaharabad, where you had gone, and that the sepoys had murdered every European in the place. Upon my word, I thought you were done for."

"And went into very deep mourning, I suppose," said the man.

Mr. Groly shrugged his shoulders.

"One or two things would have died with me," said the man, fixing his evil eye upon his nephew, and speaking very slowly, "one or two things that were better dead—for somebody." Mr. Groly changed colour visibly. "Come, nephew," said the man sternly, "speak out. You wish I had been dead."

"No, no—not that," replied Mr. Groly, hurriedly with an effort to look sincere. "But, to tell you the truth, this is a dull season, and my business isn't large at the best, and if you want help in any way, I cannot give it you. There's no use mincing the matter," continued Mr. Groly with increasing energy, "I kept you in money before for a good while, and perhaps I would do it again if I could, but I tell you plainly I can't."

"I'm glad of that," said the man.

Mr. Groly was taken aback, and stared.

"I'm glad of that," repeated the man, beginning to take off his topcoat. "I have come to put you in the way of making your fortune, and for that matter, mine too."

Mr. Groly looked at his uncle with increased curiosity, but said nothing.

"Thirty thousand pounds and odds isn't to be picked up every day," said the man. Mr. Groly, with a little gasp at the mention of the sum, admitted that it was not; and he spoke with unaffected sincerity this time.

"Sit down," he said to the man. As the man had planted a chair near the fire, and was seating himself at any rate, the invitation was quite superfluous.

"Perhaps you would like something to drink," said Mr. Groly, putting his hand on the bell.

The man nodded, and in a few minutes the servant had put refreshments on the table. The man waited till the girl was gone; paused a while with his glaring eye fixed on the door, as if listening to her footsteps

descending the stairs, and then filling out nearly half-a-tumbler of rum, and tossing it off at a draught, he faced Mr. Groly.

"Now," he said—still sternly, but in a lower tone, "I shall let you into the secret, and if you fall in with my plans, I expect your fortune is made."

Mr. Groly was all attention.

"But let me give you a bit of warning," continued the man. "If you *don't* fall in with my plans, I shall soon find another who will. If I find another, and the game is going on smoothly, and you interfere, or let fall a single word, by design or by accident, that shall baffle my plans—beware!" said the man with a dreadful oath. "You know me—you know me, Abraham Groly," he repeated, striking his clenched fist on the table, "and you know what to expect."

Mr. Groly looked into the man's face. An awful expression glared out of that one eye that was fixed upon him; and Mr. Groly, as he divined its significance, involuntarily shuddered.

"Now," said the man in a calmer tone, "we understand one another." He jerked his thumb towards the door, and asked if they were safe and out of hearing. Mr. Groly said they were—there was no one on the same floor except themselves.

"Well," said the man, "you know I had gone from Agra to Jaharabad, where I got a situation with a trader of the name of Barnett. I wrote you about that."

Mr. Groly nodded.

"There was one Pearson, a colonel in the native

infantry; he was connected with Barnett somehow or other—at any rate Barnett had an immense liking for Pearson, and when he heard of the death of his sister—the last of his own relatives—he made a will, bequeathing his money and some property to Pearson. That was about a year ago. In May last the rebellion broke out, and by-and-by we heard that the sepoys had mutinied at Keerballa, not far from our station. Barnett wasn't quite sure but they would come our way; at all events took into his head to send me with the will to Simla, where it would be safe. Well, when I got to Simla, where I was to give it either to the manager of the bank or to Pearson himself, if he was there—what should I hear, first thing almost—but that Pearson's regiment had mutinied at Meerut, and murdered all the officers. So, thought I, there's no use giving it to the banker when the man's dead. I'll wait and see what comes of old Barnett. And, sure enough," said the man with a hoarse laugh, "didn't the sepoys from Keerballa go that way, and stir up all the niggers about Jaharabad; and Barnett, poor devil, and every white man, woman, and child at the station, was murdered. They say one or two escaped. I don't know. However, thought I, here's a chance; so I opened the parcel, and found in it a regular handful of bank-notes (enough to serve me ever since), and old Barnett's will. The money, of course, was all right, but the will, I guessed, should be made something of too. I wasn't long before I picked up, in a quiet way, all the information I wanted about Pearson, and with that I came

home, and have got all the rest I wanted here. Pearson has a daughter in this country—staying with an uncle of hers not two miles from where we are sitting now. She's the only surviving child; and when this will comes to light, she is the one that comes into the money. There's your game. If you are the trump I take you to be, the game is won, and we make a clear haul of thirty thousand pounds and odds between us.—There."

As the man finished, he poured out another glass of rum for himself and drank it, keeping his eye fixed on Mr. Groly as he did so. Mr. Groly, who had listened with the keenest interest, sat with his brows knitted, looking askance into the fire.

"Have you the document here?" he asked at length.

The man said nothing, but reached across to the sofa where he had thrown his topcoat, and took from the pocket a paper parcel firmly secured with twine. He loosened one of the knots with his teeth, and having at last got the inclosure out of its cover, he unfolded it carefully, and handed it across. Mr. Groly took it; turned over the leaves with a practised hand; stepped to the window, for the evening was now closing in, and began to read. The man threw his arm over the back of his chair, and fixed the gaze of his eye on Mr. Groly's face. There was something undefinably terrible about that eye. It never seemed to wink or relax its vigilance. The spirit of the man seemed to have withdrawn itself from the other side of his face, which looked blank and expressionless

by comparison, and to be crouching behind that one great eye, glaring through it. He sat with his eye fixed upon Mr. Groly's face, as if he could see him through and through, and read him like a book. Mr. Groly began at the beginning of the last will and testament of the deceased Mr. Barnett, and read it carefully from beginning to end—stopping to go over some portions again, as you could have seen by the motion of his eyes. When he had got fairly through it, he began slowly to fold it up, with a face that showed how thoroughly his cupidity had been awakened, and how anxiously he was considering the matter in his own mind. The man, who had never taken his eye off him all the time, seemed satisfied, took a pipe from a little case in his pocket, lighted it deliberately, and began to smoke.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Groly, after a long pause, laying the will of the deceased Mr. Barnett on the mantelpiece and nervously stirring up the fire, "this is a chance—a rare chance. But what's to be done."

The man spat into the fire and said, "Marry the girl."

"Suppose she's married already."

"But she isn't."

"Suppose she's engaged then."

"If she is, she has been very fast about it. She hasn't done with school yet."

Mr. Groly's face lighted up.

"A handsome girl too," said the man, in tones that contrasted strangely with the thought. "If I had been twenty or thirty years younger, and a trifle

sweeter-looking about the mug, I should have gone in for her myself.

Mr. Groly looked at him as if to laugh; but the stern eye was still glaring upon him with the same expression. He stood looking long and anxiously into the fire, where little blue and yellow flames were leaping up and wrestling noiselessly with one another. The man sat with his pipe between his lips, keenly watching his nephew's face, and throwing in a word of inducement now and then, as if he could read his every thought, and knew precisely when and what to suggest.

At last Mr. Groly roused himself, and bringing his fist down on the mantelpiece, said, with an oath, "Uncle Maginn, I'm your man."

Maginn rose and grasped his nephew's hand as in a vice. The two men looked into each other's eyes, and recognized their old kinship by devil's blood and devil's purpose. Their distorted shadows leapt noiselessly, like great hobgoblins, on the opposite wall. The two villains sat down and drew their chairs nearer to the fire; and were soon engaged in deep and earnest consultation. The night closed in; the lamps were lit in the thronging street below: but still the two sat there over the flickering fire, and their huge, black shadows danced and leapt on the wall behind.

CHAPTER II.

LANGSIDE HALL, AND WHO WERE TO BE SEEN THERE.

I am willing to admit that you have good legs, and are fond of walking, and that the day is fine, and the roads in the best condition ; and yet I will venture to affirm that you would feel yourself pretty well used up, rambling amongst the suburbs of Glasgow, before you found a pleasanter mansion-house than Langside Hall. Not because it is large and handsome—although it is ; nor because its garden and orchard are so well laid out, and its sloping lawn so pretty, with its flower-parterres, and its occasional clumps of holly, so glossy-green all the year round—although all these things are so. But there is a pleasant, homely, comfortable look about the place that you become conscious of so soon as you have passed up the winding avenue through the wood, and are approaching the house, and find yourself shut cozily in from all the world. But when you go up stairs, and get out upon the flat top of the house, the scene completely changes, and you feel as if suddenly changed from a recluse into a cosmopolite. You see a fine reach of undulating country spread out on every side, intersected with railways, and dotted with white cottages, and here and there a village and a tall chimney-stalk with its waving pennant of smoke. Turning to the south, you see the valley where, three hundred years ago, poor Queen Mary saw her last army

broken and scattered. Behind it rise the hills of Cathcart, plumed with dark pine; and a stream, emerging from the dark woods like a vein of silver, winds majestically through the valley, threading the old bridge by the paper-mill, and then gliding away on its course to the far-off sea, through corn-fields, and past farmsteadings, and distant, drowsy hamlets.

At the time to which this narrative relates, Langside Hall was the residence of a wealthy Glasgow manufacturer. Mr. Lorraine was an old man—older-looking, in consequence of the whiteness of his hair, than he really was—but he was hale and active, and spent several hours a day in his warehouse; walking in from Langside and out again, all the year round, except on very wet days, when he took the carriage. Mr. Lorraine had cherished the hope, some years before, of being able by this time to retire and leave the business to his eldest son. With that view he had taken Walter from the High School into his counting-house, and had set apart a desk and a very high-legged stool for his exclusive use. Even under these favourable circumstances, Walter's talents for business, if he had any, never showed themselves. He made one or two serious attempts to learn how to pass Customs' entries, and to extend invoices, but failed. He accordingly devoted most of his time at the office to perusing various books of travel and biography, which he kept concealed in his desk; and at times, when he reflected that this was scarcely what he ought to be doing there, he would volunteer his assistance to the book-keeper, and gradually drive that responsible

functionary to the verge of madness by the errors which he was constantly on the eve of introducing into the ledgers. When the time for balancing the books came, and the book-keeper, after two sleepless nights, came down in a state of cold perspiration on the momentous morning when the balance was to be struck; and when the announcement was made, like a death-knell, that fourpence-halfpenny was wrong somewhere, Walter generously offered to make up that deficiency on the spot, out of his own pocket. And when, to his astonishment, he was informed that the value of the fourpence-halfpenny had nothing at all to do with the matter, he concluded that book-keeping must either be a humbug or a hopeless mystery, and so went back with an easier conscience to the perusal of his books. Mr. Lorraine soon came to know all this; and as Walter had a desire to study for the Church, he sent him to college; and at the time of which I write, Walter was almost ready for licence as a preacher. Mr. Lorraine had in the meantime continued actively engaged in business, and hoped to do so till his younger sons, Tom and Charlie, who were still at school, were ready to step into his place. His only other child was a little blind girl, called Elizabeth, after her mother, but going in the family by the name of "Little Tiz." The old-fashioned manners and delicate look of this child were a source of much uneasiness to the old man, who sometimes confided his apprehensions to the kind-hearted buxom lady, Mrs. Day, who had acted in the double capacity of housekeeper and governess at Langside Hall ever

since the death of Mrs. Lorraine, who had died in giving birth to little Tiz.

Mr. Lorraine was a great florist. Next to his children, he seemed to love his flowers, and most of his leisure time was consumed in attending to them. There was scarcely a morning or afternoon from the time when the first crocuses began to shoot, till the time when the withered hollyhocks, hanging like clumps of sea-weed to their stakes, were cut away, and their roots carefully dried and laid aside for the winter, on which Mr. Lorraine might not have been seen superintending the operations of a taciturn individual, with an earthy look about him, who officiated as general gardener; or else bending over one of the glass frames consulting with a stout gentleman in a shooting coat and an ancient hat, not unlike the cast-off bandana of a southern planter.

This other gentleman was Dr. Pearson, a person of some note in the present narrative, and therefore meriting a more minute description. The doctor was a great crony of Mr. Lorraine's, and a great favourite with everybody who knew him. He lived with his sister, and his niece Eleanor, a lovely girl of seventeen, in a neat little villa, called "The Lodge," within ten minutes' walk of Langside Hall. The doctor had gone through the medical classes in his young days, and taken his degree; but a disease of the eyes that for a long time afflicted him, had prevented his ever entering upon practice: and as his father had left him some house property in Glasgow, which yielded enough to support him comfortably, he had not sought a prac-

tice even after his eyesight was restored. But he did a great deal of good in a private way, and old Mr. Lorraine gave it as his opinion that the cheery atmosphere which the doctor carried about with him kept the neighbours healthier, and cured more people than any medicines could have done.

Whether the doctor was an illustration of the proverb "laugh and grow fat," or not, I do not take upon me to say. But the doctor was certainly fat, and it is equally certain that he laughed at least as much as any other two persons in the neighbourhood put together. And then such laughs! When the doctor fairly broke out with one of his guffaws, it would have been worth paying for a return ticket from any part of Scotland only to come and hear it. And there was a great deal of the laughing element in the doctor's composition. You could see it twinkling in his eyes. You could see it playing about the corners of his mouth. The very tufts of frizzly whiskers and hair that ran up the sides of his head seemed to be effervescing with fun, and to enjoy everything ludicrous with a special enjoyment of their own.

CHAPTER III.

WHICH DESCRIBES A MEMORABLE PARTY AT LANGSIDE HALL.

Winter had come round—the second since the time when the interview described in the first chapter took place—and it had stripped the woods round Langside

Hall, and whitened all the landscape, and laid soft thick cushions of snow on the window-sills, and spread a white carpet over the lawn, across which the eye could follow the dainty track of the hare that had been paying a morning visit to the kitchen garden. Mr. Lorraine put on his greatcoat and muffler now, when he went into the city; and Mrs. Day pinned her thick woollen shawl close round her neck, and took her big cozy muff with her when she went to the village a-shopping. A minute observer of Mrs. Day's habits might have observed that she made herself particularly neat and tidy when she went on this errand, and that always as she approached the shop of Mr. Spiggles, the grocer, she shook her dress tastefully down, and pulled her bonnet a little forward, and glanced furtively into the next window to see that she was all right. But whether this had anything to do with the fact that Mr. Spiggles was a widower, and a good-looking man, and prosperous; and with the fact that Mr. Spiggles bowed with peculiar urbanity to Mrs. Day, and that he always set a chair for her with his own hand; and further, that when he gave her a few rosebuds or lozenges for little Tiz, as he generally did, he steadied her hand with his own, while he put the lozenges into it, and gave it a very gentle squeeze before he let it go—whether Mrs. Day's conduct had anything to do with all this or not, it is not for the writer of this authentic narrative to say.

The Christmas holidays had come, and brought with them keen clear frost, that made the air crisp, and the roads as hard as granite. There was to be a grand

party at Langside Hall on New-Year's night. Dr. Pearson was to be there, and Miss Pearson and Eleanor, and the two Misses Stit from Shawlands, and Jack Milliken (who was clerk in a shipping office), and Geordie Staggs, and ever so many more—old folks and young; and there was a great play to be acted, entitled "The Wild Pirate of the Gory Cliffs," composed by Master James Binks, of the High School. The boys were early astir on New Year's morning, and stayed at home all day, making wooden swords and daggers, and collecting dresses, and manufacturing large horse-hair whiskers out of the seat of an old nursery chair. Evening came at last; the boys were dressed; the rooms were all lighted; the blinds were drawn; and Mrs. Day was bustling about to see that everything was ready. Then carriages began to arrive thick and fast, and the house was in a stir from top to bottom; and Thomas, the serving-man, with every hair brushed forward to do duty in front, and his substantial person attired in a new livery coat with gold braid, and very large and splendid gilt buttons—a new-year's gift from Walter and the boys—stood in a majestic attitude in the hall, and ushered the company in with a bewildered look, as if overwhelmed for the time by a sense of his own magnificence. The company was all assembled at last—a gay and merry company it was—and after the hush that prevailed while Dr. Daidlaw (who was the Lorraines' minister) asked the blessing, there rose an exhilarating buzz of many voices, and clattering of tea-cups.

After tea, the young folk went thronging into the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, followed more leisurely by the older people, while Walter retired to the bed-room, where the actors were already eagerly engaged in preparing for the play. He found the room littered with apparel of all sorts—cravats, ribbons, and sham swords. On the bed lay one real old cavalry sword that had been used at Waterloo by Walter's grandfather; and in a corner stood the old nursery chair that had supplied the materials for whiskers, with a large tuft of hair sticking out from a hole in the front. When Walter entered, Geordie Staggs, who was to act the pirate, was being helped to dress by two other boys whose jaws were muffled up in very bushy horse-hair whiskers. In consequence of a general opinion amongst the other actors that Geordie Staggs was too thin to look formidable, the two boys referred to were endeavouring to fatten him with a bolster, which Walter helped them to fasten on with strings. Having also adjusted the pirate's whiskers, which were loose and rather awry, Walter left them, and went into the drawing-room.

Preparations were actively going on there too. Curtains had been hung across the ante-drawing-room, which was to be the stage; and Dr. Pearson, who was brimful of enthusiasm, was holding in his hands the ends of sundry strings that ran up to the roof, and away to various parts of the curtains, in a complicated manner, and were designed for hoisting and lowering the curtains as might be required. The doctor, with his eye-glasses fixed across his nose, was testing the

strings, to familiarize himself with their use, and was issuing orders, in the tone of a sea-captain, to a small boy who had hold of a string at the other end.

Miss Pearson had not come: the reason being that she had seen a man stop opposite the Lodge that morning, and look up at the windows—from which proceeding she inferred that he meant to rob the house that night when they were all away.

Near the doctor, surrounded by a group of admiring boys, stood Mr. Jack Milliken, a young gentleman of about thirteen years of age, with a small pug nose, a tight shirt-collar in the newest style, and a finger ring. Mr. Milliken had left school and been already nearly five weeks in a shipping office, where he was earning the princely salary of £10 per annum. He was evidently looked upon by the boys who were still at school as a man of immense importance, and Mr. Milliken knew it. He made occasional reference to his "governor," also to "his old woman," thereby signifying his landlady, as he condescended to inform an uninitiated inquirer. He spoke of town dues, British and American bottoms, bills of lading, and other mysteries of his profession, with an air of easy familiarity that excited the envy and admiration of all his listeners; and to hear him talk of the sums of money passing through his hands, one would have thought that a few thousand pounds more or less would have been nothing at all to Mr. Jack Milliken. Mr. Milliken paused occasionally to let his communications have due effect, and to look with condescending affability on the preparations that were being made for the play.

It was not the presence of Mr. Jack Milliken that filled the room with so delicious a charm to Walter, It wasn't even the doctor busied with the strings: nor the merry throng of boys and girls buzzing and rustling about, setting all the chairs in rows opposite the curtain, to be ready for the commencement of the play. No, nor the two elderly ladies sitting on an ottoman retailing to each other in confidential tones the latest scandals of the district. Nor the gentlemen grouped near the ruddy fire; nor even blind little Tiz, with her wee, wondering, old-fashioned face, sitting far back, in a big, soft, easy chair, and looking so very diminutive by contrast. No, none of all these. But in the corner there stood a piano, and in front of it were gathered a bevy of young ladies, and amongst them was the fair Eleanor, shining all the more radiantly in somebody's eyes, because of her unaffected modesty, and timid, retiring manner.

The secret, I suppose, must out. Walter Lorraine was in love. It was the thought of that gentle, lovely, timid girl, that had unfitted him for work all that day; it was her presence that now filled the drawing-room with enchantment; that gave everything so much the appearance of a dream. Nobody there guessed it. Nobody would have believed it; and *she* least of all. But so it was. For four long years Walter had adored Eleanor in the secret recesses of his heart. His desk was full of scraps of hysterical poetry, in all the known, and in several unknown and apparently impracticable metres. In his private diary, records of the weather, lists of books that he had been reading,

dry jottings about college work—all broke away in the most astonishing manner into passionate apostrophes to Eleanor, and glowing rhapsodies about her sunny eyes and soft flowing curls, and a timid, silvery voice that seemed to have set him mad—all growing more and more ecstatic at every line, till they burst into showers of exclamatory remarks and unutterable dashes of the pen. From most of these entries, however, it would seem that Walter's love had been of a peculiarly agonizing description. During all those years of passionate love, Eleanor had never given him a single word, or smile, or look of encouragement; even at the Lodge, without ever in the least degree departing from the delicate courtesy that seemed inherent in her nature, she had contrived to keep out of his way more than he could have thought possible. It would appear that for some time after the introduction of a new heating apparatus into the Lodge, which Miss Pearson, as she had not herself suggested its introduction, considered of a very dangerous description, Walter had been sustained by the hope that the Lodge would go on fire some night, and that he would just be in time to rush into the flames and rescue Eleanor, and so prove his love for her, and win hers in return. The heating apparatus, however, did remarkably well, and Walter (judging from his diary) seems to have sunk, in consequence, into a state of abject despair. And really it was hard for him to love on, with a deep true love like his, and yet meet with no return; and of late, as we shall see, a new and bitter ingredient had been mingled with a cup of sorrow that had been full enough and bitter enough before.

When Walter entered the drawing-room, Eleanor was standing beside another young lady, who was playing a set of waltzes till the play should be ready to commence; and Walter, in the stolen glance he cast at her before proceeding to expedite the preparations, thought she had never looked more ravishingly beautiful. A gentleman who stood between her and the fire, was conversing in a pious strain with Dr. Daidlaw, and occasionally addressing a word to her. His dress was chaster now; his manner more polite; his conversation very different, both in tone and character; but the reader would have recognized in the slight squint of the close-set eyes, and in the hair parted carefully down the middle, the face of Mr. Abraham Groly.

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR MR. GROLY'S INTRODUCTION INTO LANGSIDE SOCIETY.

You want to know, perhaps, how Mr. Groly got himself introduced into this new sphere. Very good. Let us leave the boys to complete their preparations for the play, while we go back and listen to an interview that occurred the year before; that is, about three months or so after the time when we first made Mr. Groly's acquaintance. The scene this time is in the Calton, a district in the eastern quarter of Glasgow.

In one of the rooms of a gloomy house that looks into a low alley there, Mr. Groly and Maginn had met again. The shutter, which had no fastening, was rushed as close as it would go; a gas jet burned over the table, on which there stood a bottle, a couple of glasses, and a jug of water; and the two scoundrels stood together beside the fire. Mr. Groly had just been indulging in a long subdued laugh, and his eyes were twinkling with joy.

"Ho, ho! by the Holy Poker, I've hood-winked the whole lot of them," he cried, rubbing his hands together, and chuckling again with great self-satisfaction.

"I thought you were just the fellow for that sort of work," said Maginn, who was also in high spirits. "I saw it in you, Abraham, when you were a boy not the height of that table. I did, upon my soul. I used to say to myself, 'Now, if that fellow lives, and cultivates his talents, he'll make his fortune.' And you're in the way of doing it at last, eh? But tell me, how did you manage it?"

"Well, the first thing that I had to do, you know, was to find out what sort of people these Pearsons were. So I sneaked about a good deal, and wasn't long in discovering that Miss Pearson—that's the girl's aunt, a regular starched-up old puritan she is—that she was the one that wore the breeches, and that the only chance I had of coming over her was by getting converted.—The pious dodge, you know," said Mr. Groly, with an explanatory air.

"Ho, ho! there was luck," laughed Maginn, "you'd feel yourself at home there, Abraham."

"Yes, I *did* feel some confidence in undertaking that sort of work," said Mr. Groly seriously. "My education, you see—"

"Education be blowed!" exclaimed Maginn, "you've a natural genius for it, Abraham. I tell you I saw it in you from the first. I've said to myself often and often, 'If you want a fellow that can play the hypocrite so as the devil himself can't find him out; if you want a deep fellow, a sly fellow, a regular insidious, smooth-tongued, double-faced, jesuitical paragon; address, postage paid, to my respected relative, Abraham Groly.'"

"Come, no flattery," said Mr. Groly, as his uncle having finished this glowing panegyric, took up his glass from the table, and with a nod to his nephew, drained it off.

"It isn't flattery, Abraham," said Maginn in a determined tone, as he set down his empty glass, "you know it isn't. Well, fire away. You were saying that piety was your game with this old 'un."

"Yes," said Mr. Groly, "I saw that. So I found out what church they went to, and where they sat in it, and all about the parson—an old codger of the name of Daidlaw; and when I had changed my lodgings, and made ready to cut all my old chums, and give up all my old jollifications—in fact when my plans were all in ship-shape, I went to the church one Sunday afternoon, and got into a side seat between them and the pulpit, where they would be sure to see me. Well, the sermon wasn't long begun, before I began to get agitated—you understand—and bent down on the book-board, and got up again, and clapped my hands

to my face, so"—and Mr. Groly went through the performance again for his uncle's edification.

Maginn, as he watched his nephew go through the pantomime, broke out into a hoarse laugh.

"I tried to pump up a tear or two," resumed Mr. Groly, gaily, "but it was no go; they wouldn't come. However, I got a sort of perspiration out on my face, which was next best thing to regular tears: and I could see that Miss Pearson was watching me intently all the while."

"Well," resumed Mr. Groly, when he had refreshed himself with a mouthful of whisky and water, "directly the sermon was over, round I went to the parson's private room, and told him how his sermon had gone to my heart, and all that sort of thing; and what an awful sinner I was, and what should I do.

"So the old chap took me by the hand, and talked very seriously, and prayed, and I can't tell you all what. But the upshot of it was that I was converted out and out; and I've been a pious man ever since; very pious; you will be kind enough to notice that, Mr. Maginn, and not shock me with any more of your naughty words," and Mr. Groly, by way of being facetious, held up his hands and turned up the white of his eyes sanctimoniously.

'Ho, ho, but you're a bright genius," laughed Maginn.

"Well, I've been a regular disciple of the old codger's ever since," resumed Mr. Groly, "out to church and meetings as regular as clockwork: and I found he had written a book called *Babylon the Great*—there's a name

for you, Maginn!—So to get further into the old chap's good graces I got the book to read, but, O lord, what dry stuff—ashes would have been nothing to it—however, with the assistance of three bottles of brandy and a pound or two of smuggled tobacco, I got through it at last; and I've been A 1 with the old codger ever since. My eye, Maginn, you should only hear me with him," said Mr. Groly with a smile of self-congratulation, "calling him my spiritual father, and all that sort of gammon: and how it goes down with the old chap like lollipops."

"And how about the Pearsons?" asked Maginn.

"O, that was easy enough, once I got in with the parson. I told him how much I was hearing of Miss Pearson's activity in church affairs, and how much I should like to know her. So he wasn't long in introducing me to the house with the very best of characters. And there I am almost every week, and getting thick with the whole lot of them. No doubt," added Mr. Groly in a qualifying tone, "the girl is rather shy, but I'll soon get over that. And there's a young fellow of the name of Lorraine that's a good deal about the house; but I've made friends with him, and been at his house once or twice, so I'll be able to see all that goes on, and take care that he doesn't cut me out."

"He'd better not try that," said Maginn with an oath.

"O never fear," said Mr. Groly. "I'll push a-head; and by the time you're back from seeing your old chums in Ireland, I hope I'll have everything about settled."

"See you have," growled Maginn, "for the sooner we're in to our property now, the better. I'll be run dry before long. And mind you, you'll have to keep me agoing. That's in the bargain."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Mr. Groly, "though I'll have a pretty tough pull of it myself. However, I think there may be some pickings got out of foreign missions and one or two other things. At any rate, I'll see. And of course you'll have your share."

"Here's luck then," said Maginn. The two rascals nodded to each other, and emptied their glasses at a draught.

Let us now return to the drawing-room of Langside Hall, where we left Mr. Groly conversing with Doctor Daidlaw, while the boys were making ready for the play.

CHAPTER V.

MR. BINKS' TRAGEDY OF "THE WILD PIRATE" IS
ACTED WITH TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.

"Yes, sir; to cast one's eye over the moral wilderness of this city," said Mr. Groly, waving his hand vaguely towards the windows, "especially at this season, when people are abandoning themselves without a thought to sensual and worldly pleasures,—is very painful, sir, to a Christian spirit." Dr. Daidlaw and any others who might happen to hear the remark, were

left to infer from its tone, that, to Mr. Groly's spirit, the spectacle was very painful indeed.

"It is very sad—very sad," said Doctor Daidlaw, in a solemn pulpit voice.

"I think there is nothing more distressing," resumed Mr. Groly, who had dined with the reverend Doctor, and just taken wine enough to lubricate his moral feelings—"nothing more distressing than what you so powerfully described in your sermon on Sabbath last, sir,—the drunkenness that prevails at this season—police offices crowded—taverns swarming with people—drunken men reeling through the streets."

The reverend Doctor looked very important.

"When will men learn not to put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains?" he said in the same tone as before.

"Ah, when!" repeated Mr. Groly piously.

The conversation was interrupted at this point by a loud ringing, apparently of the dinner-bell, in the ante-drawing-room. Dr. Pearson, who had popped his head in behind the curtain, brought it out again, to explain that this first ring was meant to apprise the company that it was time for them to take their seats—which they immediately did. Mr. Lorraine took little Tiz on his knee: Dr. Daidlaw adjusted his white stock, and gallantly seated himself on the ottoman beside the two elderly ladies. Walter, if he had done what his heart prompted him to do, would have hastened to set a chair for Eleanor in the very best place, and would have led the timid little beauty to it, and planted himself beside her, with his hand over the back of

the chair, only for the delicious sensation of being so near her, and feasting his eyes upon the delicate bloom of her cheek, and the soft heaving of her bosom, and perhaps to touch, as if by chance, the hair that curled so softly over her white shoulders. But from a curious feeling, not uncommon to those in similar circumstances, Eleanor was the very last lady in the room to whom Walter would have allowed himself to show any special attention. Such was the inviolable sanctity of his love for that girl, that any manifestation of it before others would have seemed to make it less deliciously pure and ethereal; and he felt as if any attention he paid to her would have betrayed it.

Hence it was that he never allowed it to appear, even to Dr. or Miss Pearson, that he preferred Eleanor's company to any other body's; so that when he visited the Lodge it was never suspected for a moment that Eleanor's presence or absence made any difference to him. Had Miss Pearson known the true state of the case, it is probable that, like a far-seeing guardian, she would not have allowed Eleanor to slip away, as she generally contrived to do, whenever Walter made his appearance; and perhaps, under these more favourable circumstances, many sad consequences—but I must not anticipate.

However, as I have said, Walter, though he yearned to make his love known to the gentle girl who inspired it, and though he hoped against hope that it might some day be returned—shrunk from everything that might betray its existence to others. This accounts for the fact, that when the bell rung for the company

to take their seats, Walter, instead of attending first to Eleanor, bestowed the attention which he longed to pay her upon the elderly ladies; and after seeing that they were in a good position for observing the play, he set a chair for Miss Stit—a remarkably prim miss, of wiry structure, with a sharp chin, a small cocked-up nose, and little springy curls all round her head. By this time, Mr. Groly, with his soft step and obsequious manner, had provided chairs for the other young ladies, and seated himself on the sofa, in the most delicate manner possible, next Eleanor. Walter, as he glanced at them, made a desperate effort to look as if he were glad to see that somebody else had been attending to Eleanor; and then sat down beside Miss Stit, whose prim countenance and turned-up nose he could not, under such circumstances, contemplate without mortification and disgust.

The company were scarcely seated, and Mr. Jack Milliken had just planted himself in a posture of easy dignity beside a grown-up young lady in a pink dress, who was about half a head taller than himself, but upon whom Mr. Milliken had condescended to look with favour, when the dinner-bell rang again. Dr. Pearson cried “Yo ho!” in a highly inspiring manner, and he and the small boy opposite immediately began pulling the strings vigorously, and the curtains went up by jerks towards the roof, disclosing the ante-drawing-room all cleared for action, with the door open at one side, and a large fire-screen of green baize cloth on the other—on which screen there was pinned a sheet of paper indicating in very large German

text characters that this particular corner was "The Pirate's Den." The company hailed the rising of the curtains with loud applause, and the play at once began.

It is only due to the genius of Mr. James Binks to say that the plot was one of tremendous and thrilling interest. It opened with the pirate (of the Gory Cliff) bearing a beautiful lady away to his den. He is pursued by a lieutenant and three sailors, who follow him to his stronghold, drive him out, and after a terrific combat with him and his men, succeed in running him through the body. This affords him a favourable opportunity for delivering an eloquent and flowery speech, in the course of which it comes out that the lady is the pirate's own daughter whom he had just rescued from some other pirate who seems to have thought she was *his* daughter. The dying pirate, however, in the most generous manner, expresses his willingness to marry his daughter to the lieutenant, if he (the lieutenant) will become the pirate of the Gory Cliff instead. The lieutenant replies, in a spirited speech, that his life, as a general rule, is on the ocean wave, and his home on the rolling deep: also, that the skies are blue, and that the cataracts foam in the land of his fathers: also, that in his dreams he has seen again the wild cliffs of Ben Ledi rise into the blue serene; and that (taking all these circumstances into account), he thinks nothing could be better, upon the whole, than to accept the pirate's offer. The matter being arranged in this happy manner, the marriage is immediately solemnized: and the pirate, having nothing more to do, drops down dead; whereupon the sailors

and pirates, after looking two or three times at one another from different points of view, suddenly discover that they were all at school together. They accordingly shake each others' hands with great enthusiasm, and join in three cheers, which is the signal for the curtain to drop.

In accordance with this plan, the curtains had no sooner been hoisted by the small boy and the doctor, than Geordie Staggs, who acted the pirate, and was to fly across the stage with the lady in his arms, stooped down, hoisted up Charlie (who was dressed in a gown and petticoats of Mrs. Day's, as the pirate's daughter) and attempted to do it. Charlie being a fat boy, the task proved a much more difficult one than the pirate had anticipated; especially as the bolster with which he was stuffed prevented him from getting his arms clasped round Charlie as he otherwise would have done. He contrived, however, with prodigious exertion, to stagger heavily across towards the fire-screen, which everybody knew from the announcement on the sheet of paper to be his den. At every step the pirate took, Charlie slipped down a bit, and his petticoats slipped further and further up; revealing at length to the astonished spectators about a foot and a half of shepherd-tartan trousers. Nevertheless, the pirate (who was rapidly growing purple in the face by reason of his superhuman effort) straddled on to the corner, where he stumbled, and fell with Charlie, and nearly knocked over the fire-screen upon Mr. Jack Milliken and the lady in pink.

This consummation being arrived at, the pursuing

party, consisting of the lieutenant and three sailors (Tom was the lieutenant)—came bounding in upon the stage brandishing their wooden swords—which swords being covered with tin-foil, gleamed in the gas-light with exceeding splendour. Some of the younger girls screamed, to the immense delight of Tom and the three sailors, who waved their wooden swords with greater vigour than ever. After a good deal of shouting and leaping about the stage, the lieutenant called loudly on his men to follow him, and immediately disappeared behind the fire-screen.

The applause which followed this thrilling scene had scarcely subsided, when a loud ringing of fire-irons became audible, and presently the maiden was pushed upon the stage; and the pirate, who had the only real sword, backed into view, maintaining all the while a desperate combat with somebody behind the screen, who, being only armed with a poker (for the sake of the sound), could not appear. When the combat had lasted for about two minutes, the pirate gave a sudden yell, and staggered back against the wall, with his hand on that part of the bolster which might represent his stomach. Whereupon the lieutenant, the three sailors, and two other boys who thought that by turning up their trousers to the knees, and putting on large horse-hair whiskers, they had converted themselves into formidable-looking pirates, poured tumultuously upon the stage, brandishing their swords and uttering loud cries. This was continued for some time with great animation, but without seeming to be designed for the bringing about of any particular result.

The pirate took advantage of this episode to glance at his paper and adjust his whiskers, which, having been very insecurely fastened, appeared in momentary danger of falling off. At last silence was restored. The pirate cleared his throat and began his dying speech, but he had scarcely uttered a dozen syllables when his moustaches slipped down from his upper lip into his mouth. He made several hasty attempts to put them back to their place, but as there seemed no prospect of their staying there, the doctor, who was shaking with internal laughter, and whose rapidly reddening face made him look as if he were going to explode, dropped the curtain till the pirate had exchanged whiskers with a sailor. The curtain was then pulled up again and the play proceeded.

A little confusion was caused at the marriage scene by the discovery that no person had been provided to perform the ceremony; but Walter was hastily beckoned in from behind the fire-screen, and by the simple process of getting a white pocket-handkerchief tied round his neck, was at once metamorphosed into a minister, and entered upon his duties forthwith by arraying before him the lieutenant and his bride. Walter saw that there was need of the utmost despatch. The gradual collapse of the pirate's ample chest, a minute or two before, had made him strongly suspect that the strings that fastened the bolster had given way; and his suspicions were now confirmed by the look of despair with which the outlaw was grasping his artificial corporation with both hands, as if he were afraid of its slipping out of his constitution altogether. So

Walter hurried through the ceremony as fast as he could, and the curtain fell amidst deafening applause.

CHAPTER VI.

REFERS TO A NOT UNIMPORTANT PERSON IN THIS NARRATIVE, AND SHOWS WHAT MANNER OF MAN HE WAS.

The play was over: the piano was again in operation: the defunct pirate and all the other actors had retired to put themselves to rights: the company of little folk had broken up into groups, eagerly discussing the merits of the various performers, or acting some parts of the play over again on their own account: and Mr. Milliken (who had once ventured with much fear and trembling into the gallery of the Theatre Royal at the half-price hour), was explaining to the lady in pink how difficult it was for a person accustomed to see the best performances on the regular stage, to enjoy this sort of thing so much as he would like to do.

"Very exciting sport, Walter," said Doctor Pearson, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a red handkerchief of prodigious size. The sport had been all the more exciting to the Doctor, first, because of the extremely complicated nature of the hoisting apparatus, of which he had charge, and secondly, because of several miraculous escapes he had made from

getting his head shorn off accidentally by the pirate's sword.

"To see the enthusiasm with which these youngsters go into the thing!" continued the Doctor, drawing a chair for himself to the table at which Walter was standing: "It's really delightful!"

"It is, indeed," said Walter.

The Doctor with a beaming countenance sat down to rest; but had no sooner touched the chair, than a crunching noise was heard under him, which made him instantly turn livid.

"Oh, ho, ho!" groaned the Doctor, in a voice laden with horror, "there they go—broken, every one of them!"

Walter turned anxiously round to lend his help, not knowing whether it was the Doctor's bones or the legs of his chair that had given way.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Doctor, who was holding his legs in a very rigid posture, and with an expression of profound anxiety on his face was slowly hoisting himself into an upright position again; "don't be alarmed. It's only some confections. I put them into my coat-pocket for the children, and forgot all about them. It's all right: only there's a parcel of blue ones, hollow in the middle: and I rather think—I rather think," repeated the Doctor, as the livid look crossed his face again, "that the woman said there was syrup or something of that sort inside."

On examination, however, it was found that the parcel of blue ones was uninjured. So the Doctor, with an air of inexpressible relief, drew his coat-tails carefully aside, and sat down.

"By the way," he said, "your father tells me that you are expecting an old friend up to-night—a son of Harrington's, who used to stay at Partick. I knew Harrington a little. Poor fellow! he came to a sad end."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Walter.

"Oh, you didn't know of it," said the Doctor, checking himself. "Well, never mind. It's past and gone. Ah! poor Harrington: he lived in splendid style, and was a jovial fellow in his better days. I was only once at his house—I forget on what business; but I remember seeing a child of his—a strange, precocious, little fellow—his father and mother made a great deal of him; and when we were having a glass of wine, I remember Harrington said to the little fellow, who was sitting on the table, 'Now George' (or whatever his name was), and poured out a little drop of wine for him. So the child took up the glass, and bowed with the dignity of an emperor, first to the one, and then to the other, and so on, all round, though we were laughing like to split our sides at him, and then with the utmost gravity drank off the liquor. I was speaking to your father about the circumstance; and I shouldn't wonder at all if it turns out that that little fellow was no other than this friend of yours. Let me see. How old may your friend be?"

"He looked about nineteen when I knew him at college," said Walter; "I should suppose him to be twenty-three or twenty-four now."

"Ah, then, it can't—stop, let me see. Yes, it must have been as long ago as that, after all. Dear

me, how the time goes by!—And so you were at college together?"

"We were for two sessions. Harrington was a great fellow there," said Walter, warming as every student does when he talks of college days. "I remember, as if it were only yesterday, how he used to look as he walked up and down the quadrangle in his red gown waiting till the class should open; and how he used to be pointed out with awe to the first-year students as the fellow who had carried such and such prizes, and made the great speech at last election time, and carried everything before him. We used to think the professors liked to show him off when strangers happened to be in the class-room. Perhaps it was mere fancy, but we thought they did. And really it was something wonderful to hear him render a passage in Homer or Sophocles. I never heard a voice like his—its compass was so great and its intonations so magnificent. If you had only heard it, as I have, in stormy election-meetings, rolling out over the din like the blare of an organ! Ah, those were the days! I was down at the old college the other week, but its glory seemed somehow to have departed. Harrington and all the other giants of his day were gone: and not only gone, but forgotten. I wandered like a ghost through the old quads, and looked over the sea of new and strange faces, but there was no eye amongst them all like Harrington's. And poor Harrington! how strange it is to see him as he is! Why, we thought in those days that he would take the world by storm. And yet here he is toiling for his very bread, I believe."

"Poor fellow!" said the Doctor, with genuine emotion, "then what has he been about?"

"I don't know all the particulars," replied Walter. "I know he went from our college to Edinburgh, and took the highest honours in Sir William Hamilton's class. Sir William, I am told, had an immense idea of him. Then he went to London, and I heard no more of him, except from another old fellow-student who had found him there in a state of starvation almost. I believe he has been on the staff of several papers, but never for any length of time. I don't know how it is—with such talents as he has. Misfortune seems to pursue him unmercifully."

"Is he steady in his habits, do you know?" asked the Doctor, with an earnest, curious look.

"Well; I should suppose so."

"I mean, he's not like his—that is, he has never given way to—to drink, for instance?" said the Doctor, with some confusion.

"Well," said Walter, lowering his voice, "I'm not sure, now you mention it, that this old fellow-student who met him in London did not speak as if he had. Poor Harrington! his hardships at the time may have driven him to seek nepenthe in the wine-cup: but that is all over."

"And he is in Glasgow now?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes, I met him only the other day, accidentally, on the street. He has got work upon the new Encyclopedia that is coming out: and I should think, from his prodigious information and the brilliance of his style—if it is anything like what it used to be in

college—that he would be invaluable to the publishers. I went with him to his lodgings, and spent the afternoon with him and his mother—as sweet a lady as ever I saw—and I got him to promise to come to-night, however late it might be before he could get away. You may be sure I was only too glad to resume the acquaintanceship of one I so much admired and loved in old days. For he has a noble, lovable nature,” said Walter, with enthusiasm, “though he looks so cold and haughty at first.”

“Like his father,” said the Doctor, musingly.

“I shall never forget what he did at college,” said Walter, breaking away again into the past, “the last session he attended here. It was in the logic class, and Dallas and he were competing for the first prize. You know Dallas’s father—the accountant. Dallas was a fellow of extraordinary talent, and had carried everything before him in some of the other classes, but when he encountered Harrington he found he had met more than his match. He wouldn’t give in, however; and as he thought that Harrington’s distant and haughty bearing implied contempt, he set himself with all the more resolute determination to outstrip him. Harrington took it easy, or pretended to do so—often spending the time between class hours looking at the fellows playing the foot-ball, as if he had nothing else to do. Dallas, on the other hand, worked fearfully hard—economized every moment—sat up whole nights in succession, till he wore himself down to a skeleton. And the poor fellow was in consumption too. It was most painful to hear him cough. It

sounded as if he were coughing into an empty barrel. Of course the whole class watched the contest with intense interest. The great day for reading the exegesis came, and Dallas's was really a masterpiece of close reasoning; but when Harrington came on with his, it became evident at once with whom the victory lay. Poor Dallas had been working at his exegesis for days and nights, but the stimulus was now gone, and he went down like a falling tower. We heard his voice that day for the last time. He had to be taken home in a cab, and he never came back. When the prizes came to be voted, of course Harrington was unanimously voted for the first. He got up in the class, however, and said, with such emotion as we had never seen him show before, that Dallas was the one who deserved it, and would have got it had he been there. For himself, he would not take it, and if it could not be sent to Dallas, the first prize had better remain blank altogether. You may guess how we all felt. So the thing was done as Harrington proposed; and poor Dallas, when the news reached him, wept like a child. He sent for Harrington, and I believe their meeting was most affecting. When Dallas was buried, nearly two hundred of us, in our gowns, followed the coffin. Harrington was amongst us with the same old stoical look as ever, but we knew better now the quality of his heart.—Why," said Walter, breaking off suddenly, "just look at little Tiz."

The blind child, sitting quietly on her father's knee in the midst of all the buzz and merriment—her diminutive old-fashioned face lighting up now and then, as

the sound of some familiar voice reached her ear—had caught the sound of Walter's voice, and come stealing over, to be near him. She did not seem to know that she was standing in full view; but there she was, listening to the story with the dolefullest little face you ever saw, and her tiny hands clasped piteously together. She started when she heard Walter call attention to her, and crept down, as if to escape observation.

"Come, Tiz," said Walter, cheerfully, taking her up in his strong arms, "what makes you look so sad?"

The Doctor patted her head tenderly, and coughed once or twice in a curious way. Whether it was owing to the thoughts of old times called up again, or to the story of George Harrington, or to that piteous look of the little blind child; or whether it was owing to the combined influence of all three—I cannot tell: but the Doctor's eyes had got rather dim, and he found it necessary to bring out the big red handkerchief and blow his nose, which he did in a loud and re-assuring manner.

"We must have a song now from little Tiz," said the Doctor. "Where is Mrs. Day?"

Mrs. Day was found, and the child, after a few moments of consultation with her, slipped softly from the room to fetch the music. She had not been long gone, and Mrs. Day had just taken her seat at the piano, and was running her fingers over the keys, when Thomas came in with a message for Walter.

"Doctor, excuse me for a moment," said Walter, as he turned to follow Thomas, "Harrington has come."

CHAPTER VII.

SEES GEORGE HARRINGTON IN AND DOCTOR DAIDLAW
OUT.

WHEN Walter came back he was accompanied by a youth of almost boyish appearance, with his collar turned down over his neck-tie, and with a pair of dark, solemn eyes, of magnificent depth and lustre, that seemed to fill the room with a new light, and made it impossible for you not to be conscious of his presence. He passed silently to the other end of the room, with Walter, followed by many curious eyes suddenly attracted by his appearance.

"Mr. George Harrington," said Walter, introducing him to Dr. Daidlaw. The Doctor shook hands with him, as did also Mr. Lorraine, and Dr. Pearson, who all seemed to find it difficult, having once looked at him, to withdraw their eyes again.

"I am very glad to meet you, sir," said Dr. Pearson, with unaffected cordiality, "very glad indeed. I had the pleasure of knowing your father"—

The Doctor saw a shadow come over the dark eyes, and hurriedly added, with the view of dispelling it—"But that was before—I mean before"—(this was worse and worse; the eyes grew darker, and the Doctor's honest face began to redden.)

—"Before the passing of the Reform Bill," said the Doctor, with a dash. He thought he saw a kindly

look come into the dark eyes, and in a minute more, Harrington was engaged in a quiet chat with the others.

"A splendid stroke that!" muttered the Doctor to himself, passing his red handkerchief across his face with inexpressible relief, "I thought it was all up with me. How those eyes look into one!"

The whole *physique* of the new-comer was striking. His figure was not tall, but it was shapely enough, and slim, so that when he stood alone you would have thought him tall. When I say shapely, I should perhaps except his arms. These limbs were of unusual length and flexibility, and when he was at rest—sometimes even when he walked—he carried them folded across his back. I have heard Walter say, however, when telling about those mighty orations delivered by Harrington from the rostrum in the Greek class-room on the great election days, and which I find all the students of that time speak of with kindling eyes, as a Greek might have spoken of the wars of Troy—I have heard Walter say, that those long arms of Harrington's, flung forward as with the might of a giant, added indescribable power to the effect of his magnificent voice, and the gleam of his majestic eye. You could understand it, indeed, from the use he made of his hand in conversation. He had a habit of sitting with one hand clenched and pressed against his side, and the elbow of his other arm resting on the table, with his white, flexible hand loose and free; and it is impossible to describe how every motion of those long, thin, bony fingers gave force and meaning to his words. He was

clad in a suit of plain black, which had been worn till it was almost shabby—one or two of the buttons on the breast of his surtout being rather glazed, and the cuffs, especially the one at his right hand, beginning to look frayed at the edge. An air of studiously concealed poverty was painfully discernible about his whole attire, from the little patch on the side of one of his boots, to the careful stitches at the corner of his breast pocket, by which some kind hand had sought to arrest the progress of decay. In spite of all this, there was a refinement and gentility about him which nothing could conceal. His beautifully formed head would have been of itself sufficient to give him an air of dignity although he had been clothed in rags. A fine intelligence showed itself in every feature of his thin face, and in his clear white brow, from the sides of which there flowed back in twining and straggling locks a profusion of jet-black hair. Altogether, it was a face that one felt inclined to look and wonder at: and Walter scarcely felt surprise, though he *did* feel a sort of qualm, when he saw even Eleanor's eyes stealing timidly up to it more than once.

But little Tiz was back now, carrying a portfolio of music for Mrs. Day, and gliding with her timid little steps along by the wall with a tiny hand stretched out in front to feel that the way was clear. Harrington caught sight of her at once, and, with a look of sudden interest, followed her with his eyes till she reached the piano.

"Is that a sister of yours?" he said, turning to Walter, and speaking in a low tone intended to reach

no further. The quick ear of the child, however, had evidently caught the sound of a strange voice. She turned her little face towards Mrs. Day, who was by this time seated at the piano, and asked something in an inaudible voice, to which the lady replied "Yes."

"My little sister, Tiz," said Walter, in reply to his friend's interrogation.

"Has she been always blind?" asked Harrington again, when Mrs. Day had begun to play the symphony.

"Yes, always."

"Poor little thing!" said Harrington.

He spoke in the same low tone, but the words came with such a depth of feeling in them that Walter felt a tear start into his eye, and realized in a moment the sad condition of his little sister, which habitude had made him often forget.

There was silence through the room; and the voice of the child, as she began to sing, prevented further remarks. Harrington stood with his dark orbs fixed on the child's face, as she sang one of the sweet homely songs that her father loved best. The strange mystery of that young spirit living in a world that it had never seen, and never would see, and warbling so sweetly out of its dark little prison, seemed to have struck Harrington with awe; and as he watched the changing expression of the child's face—all unconscious of the eyes that were turned upon her—and marked how a diviner light than the light of earth seemed to play upon her features as she sang, feelings new or long dead within him appeared to awake again; and Walter

thought, with a warming of his own heart, that he saw the light of those dark majestic eyes grow softer, and the thin lips compress more firmly, as if to keep down strange emotions that were struggling to find expression.

The song was no sooner ended than the boys, instigated by Tom and Charlie, began to clamour for a country dance. Dr. Daidlaw pulled out his watch, and said to Mr. Lorraine, that much as he should have liked to stay a little longer, he was compelled to go.

"The fact is," said the Doctor, "I have to consult with my session to-night about a very painful case—you have probably heard something of it already—the case of Richards, one of my elders?"

"Richards!—the man who sits in the front of the side gallery?"

"The same."

"I have heard nothing about him. The boys missed him from his seat last Sunday; that was all. There's nothing gone wrong with him, I hope."

"So much," replied Doctor Daidlaw, "that we shall have to suspend him. He has taken a fit of drinking, which seems to come upon him periodically, and two or three times within the last fortnight has been seen in a beastly state of intoxication by one or more of my own people."

"I am astonished," said Mr. Lorraine.

"Yes; and that man," continued the doctor, "made such professions of religion! He conducted prayer-meetings; he visited a good deal in his own district—often warning the people against the very vice into

which he has allowed himself to fall. He was present at the dinner we gave only last month to our old missionary, and proposed one of the toasts, and made an excellent speech—full of apparently earnest Christian feeling. I could not have believed him capable of acting as he has since done.”

“This is really distressing,” said Mr. Lorraine.

“It is aggravated,” continued the Doctor, “by the conduct of his wife. When I went to remonstrate with him, what do you think she had the impertinence to say, but that it was the drink we had given him at our dinner that sent him wrong!—a dinner held in honour of a faithful servant of Christ!” repeated the Doctor, as if the very idea of referring any bad consequences to such an occasion were nothing short of blasphemy.

“I made inquiries,” resumed the Doctor, “and found the truth to be, that Richards had gone a day or two after into one of those low drinking dens in his district, and made himself drunk. How a Christian man, but especially an elder, could allow himself to go into such a place, I cannot conceive.”

“They are very dangerous, seductive places these, I believe,” said Mr. Lorraine.

“Very,” said the reverend Doctor, emphatically, “very. Why, at night, when all the other shops are shut, you can count these flaring spirit-vaults by the score, alluring people to destruction. That mischievous traffic should not be tolerated. It should be put down. That, sir, is my conviction,” said the Doctor, turning to Harrington, who stood by listening silently.

Harrington bowed slightly.

"Yes, sir," resumed the Doctor, "the legislature must step in. I subscribe to a society which aims at getting the legislature to step in. We are of opinion, sir, that a traffic so dangerous to the people should be made subject to the will of the people."

"It strikes me," said Harrington, "that it is *already* subject to the will of the people."

There was a quiet, indescribable power in the clear articulation and calm measured tone in which the young man spoke.

The Doctor opened his eyes.

"The liquor traffic is produced," said Harrington in the same deliberate voice, "by people going and buying liquor. They need not buy it unless they choose; and where there is no one to buy, there will be no one to sell. So if the people choose to stop buying to-morrow, the traffic will cease to-morrow. The people therefore have the traffic in their power already."

"Well, sir," said the Doctor, who seemed to be a little put out, "that is one way of looking at the matter. Yes, sir, you may look at the matter in that light. But in my book—which perhaps you have seen?"—The Doctor paused and looked at Harrington.

No: Harrington had not seen it, to his knowledge.

"My *Babylon the Great*, sir;" said the Doctor reddening a little. "I have touched on this question there, and shown that if we are to get rid of drinking, we must begin by putting down the traffic."

This was the way in which Dr. Daidlaw got over most of his difficulties. *Babylon the Great*, it may be stated,

was a collection of old sermons which the Doctor had published some years before. It was quite as heavy as such books usually are; and though the local press had tried to float it with as favourable notices as it could give, these were insufficient to overcome the force of literary gravitation, and *Babylon the Great* had long ago sunk, floats and all, out of public notice. However, "Dr. Daidlaw, author of *Babylon the Great*," looked well in print; and it was a convenient thing to be able to say, when any difficulty arose, "I have disposed of that, sir, in my *Babylon the Great*."

"Well, sir, good night," said the Doctor, "good night all." He blandly waved adieu to the company, and then went down with Mr. Lorraine to the dining-room, to fortify himself, before venturing into the chilly night, with what he called "a toothful" of brandy. For though the reverend gentleman wanted to stop the sale of drink, he was by no means prepared to sacrifice his own "toothful" of it. And judging from the quantity required to fill it, Doctor Daidlaw's tooth must have been very capacious.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE TIZ MAKES A NEW FRIEND.

The boys had been indefatigable in their efforts to get everybody up for the country dance, and with a great deal of success. Mr. Milliken, who had taken six lessons in dancing at a morning class, had im-

mediately made his best bow to the lady in pink, and secured her. Charlie had led Eleanor to her place. Tom and the pirate had overcome the scruples of the elderly ladies, and even Dr. Pearson, at the clamorous entreaties of all the little people, who completely drowned his protestations that he could not dance a step, was led forward smiling all over, by a score of little hands, and at once installed, amidst great applause, as partner to the small boy who had helped him with the strings, and who, in the course of the dance, was constantly getting entangled between the doctor's legs. Mr. Groly begged in the most affectionate manner to be excused—the sad thought of the moral wilderness that presented so painful a spectacle to his Christian spirit, no doubt deterring him from engaging in so light an amusement.

“Do you dance, George?” asked Walter, turning to his friend.

“No; but I shall enjoy the sight. Your little sister does not dance either, I suppose,”—glancing at Tiz.

“Sometimes she tries it when we are alone,” replied Walter, “but never when there is company. She does her best, poor thing, but she is apt to introduce confusion.”

“Then she and I can sit together.”

Walter went across and brought her. “Will you sit beside Mr. Harrington, in the corner here, while we are having a dance?” he asked.

The child said “Yes,” and held up her little hand to be led to the place. Harrington took it in his, and

sitting down in the big easy-chair, lifted her tenderly upon his knee.

The signal was given, Mrs. Day struck up "The Haymakers" on the piano, and the dance began merrily. Walter had stationed himself at the foot, beside some of the smaller boys and girls, to see that they went off at the proper time, and knew what they were to do—a plan that would have succeeded admirably but for the enthusiastic exertions of Dr. Pearson, who took upon him a similar superintendence at the other end, and as he knew rather less about the dance than he did about the eccentricities of the moon, he was perpetually sending off wrong persons at the wrong time, and occasionally (when he thought he saw anybody looking expectantly his way) plunged down the middle himself, and had to be driven back to his place amidst great shouting and commotion. Walter looked away to the corner, now and then, to see how his little sister was getting on with Harrington. He missed her for a while, and then he saw that she was back with a large "buckie," which as far back as even *he* could remember, had lain on the mantel-piece of the little room that now belonged to Tiz. The child had almost made a companion of that shell. She would often carry it about with her, and would sit for a long time, listening, with such a curious wondering face, to its soft wailing voice; and for all that Tom and Charlie told her after they had been reading in school about acoustics, she evidently believed that its sound was the plaintive voice of some spirit imprisoned in the far recesses of the shell.

The child was whispering in an earnest voice to Harrington, and stopped to hold the shell up to his ear. The two seemed to have forgotten every one but each other. Harrington's long arm lay round the little girl—cradling her. He bent his head to hearken to the shell, with a solemnity that almost made Walter smile; and then listened with an expression of curious interest to all the things that the simple little child had to tell him. Her voice was almost inaudible; but Walter could catch enough, when he was at the end of the dance nearest their corner, to know that she was telling her new friend about the sea-shore near Oban, where they always went when the boys got their holidays; and how she used to sit on the beach and hear the little pebbles and shells click joyously when the sea came flowing in, lapping the shore with its ripples, and how merry it was to hear the splashing of the stones that the boys threw in; and how, when the sea began to draw back its waters, the trailing of the seaweed sounded so mournfully. Walter thought he had never seen little Tiz so communicative before.

Then he heard Harrington begin in a low voice to tell her more about the sea: and as he went on, the wonders he told, and the thrilling tones of his voice, began to act like a charm upon the child, and with her little head in an attitude of absorbed attention, she sat still, listening with bated breath. When Walter had got to the other end of the dance, he could see, by and by, that some of the boys and girls he had left behind were coming within the magic spell of that voice. Cries of "Willie! Willie!"—"Now Jane! it's your

turn—what *are* you about?" indicated that Jane and Willie had been looking round listening to Harrington, and had forgotten themselves.

Meantime the dance went on, and when it came to the turn of the doctor and the small boy to go right down the middle, it was infinitely refreshing to see the two clinging together, and butting their way down through the forest of young arms that were laughingly stretched across their path—making a mad attempt to keep time to the music all the while. Presently it was discovered that two couples at the other end had slipped away towards the corner, and were leaning on each other's shoulders, in front of Harrington. Miss Stit went over to recover her partner, and didn't come back; and Dr. Pearson went over to see what was ado, and stayed. Harrington did not seem to notice that any one had left the dance, and was still speaking earnestly to the child. His language was singularly rich and expressive, and his magnificent voice ranged from soft, silvery tones, down to a deep, hoarse utterance, that sounded like distant thunder. And yet all the while he spoke in tones so subdued, that they seemed designed for none but those immediately beside him.

He was still speaking of the ocean, and with him even commonplace and well-known facts seemed to be transmuted into golden romance. One of the most marked features of his style was the life and personality with which it invested every object of which he spoke. The night winds moaning away over the deep; the scudding drifts flying in hot haste before the tem-

pest; the waves rising up to look after them across the boundless waste; the shark, all alone, gliding like a shadow through the infinite depths; the very shells and weeds, and shapeless things down in the dim caves of ocean, became instinct with human life and feeling—each one with thoughts and passions of its own. He seemed most at home in scenes of terror; and the awful pictures he made to pass like giant phantoms before those who were listening breathlessly to him, were appalling. He happened to come upon Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, and when he repeated the lines:—

“Ten fathom deep it followed him,
Through the realms of mist and snow,”

the impressive tones of his voice, and the awful expression of his countenance, had such an effect upon the listeners, that some of them turned pale; and even Mr. Jack Milliken, on whom Harrington happened to fix his dark eyes at this moment, forgot his dignity, and shrunk back as if he had seen a ghost. Harrington spoke from intense feeling. It seemed as if everything he described had been some terribly vivid experience of his own.

By this time nearly the whole company were gathered in a dense cluster round him. Even Eleanor, standing timidly by the piano, with one hand resting lightly upon the keys, was listening in a sort of ravishment, to that wondrous voice rising from within the group. Mr. Abraham Groly, at the side table yonder, was not asleep.

When Harrington suddenly became aware, by the

cessation of the music, how matters stood, he stopped abruptly, and changed the subject, addressing himself to Mr. Lorraine, who was back by this time, and had come forward to hear what was going on. The boys, however, lingered about for a while, evidently wishing Harrington to go on; and when the old man asked little Tiz—who had sat like one entranced—if she would not like to bed now, as it was long past her usual hour, the child nestled more closely to Harrington, and laid her little head upon his breast, and tried to get her tiny arms round him, as if she could not bear that they should part. The sight touched the old man's heart; and Harrington's dark eyes filled on a sudden with a look of unutterable feeling.

Supper was ready now, down stairs, and Tiz was allowed to sit up till it was over. By that time, as several carriages were waiting, the girls got ready for going, while some of the boys played a short game at bagatelle, and Harrington, who handled the cue as if he were used to it, showed them how some of the difficult shots should be played. Mr. Abraham Groly, standing near the fire with the other gentlemen, was not unobservant. There was soon a great stir in the vestibule—party after party bidding adieu—and little scufflings behind some of the doors, followed by the appearance of boys slipping out with a half-frightened, half-comical air, and little girls blushing very much, and adjusting their hats, which seemed to have got awry, led Walter, and some of the others, to suspect that the ordinary forms of valediction were not being adhered to. The Doctor, indeed, took one of the pirates

aside, and directly charged him with kissing a little chubby-faced beauty in a blue pelisse; and when the pirate, with much contrition, acknowledged that he had, the Doctor told him he was a bad fellow, and immediately gave him a large handful of confections. They were all ready for going now, and the Doctor, in the midst of the bustle, shook Harrington's hand with great enthusiasm, and gave him a cordial invitation to the Lodge.

"Now, Mr. Harrington," he said, "I'll look for you. I want you to meet my sister Sarah. A remarkable woman, Mr. Harrington. And when Greek meets Greek, you know—. Well, you'll come!"

"Do come," said Eleanor, who was standing beside them.

Sudden words, at which she seemed frightened the next moment. She would have been more so, perhaps, had she known the secrets of all hearts there. Mr. Abraham Groly was not deaf. Far from it. And poor Walter, when they were all gone, retired to his study in great agony, and poured his tumultuous feelings into his diary, with ever so many marks of exclamation.

The young lady in pink having to walk home, Mr. Jack Milliken valiantly insisted on accompanying her; which he did; leaving her at her own home, near Crosshill—where he also left his heart intentionally, and his valour, no doubt, by mistake. For when he found himself out on the dark lonesome road, he looked behind him in a scared manner once or twice, and then took to his heels, and ran all the way to the Railway Station, in a state of mortal dread.

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH SHOWS WHERE THE DANGER LIES

A few days after the party, Walter went into town early in the evening, to see Harrington. His friend had left the lodgings in which Walter had seen him before, and removed to the top flat of a house in one of the poorer streets abutting on the river. The close by which you got access to the house boasted of a door, with a chain behind, so that it could be opened from the various landings. It was a heavy, swinging door, which shut behind you of itself, with a loud bang that pealed up the long winding stairs like thunder. The latch did not slip on well either, so the wind would sometimes blow the door open; and on dark wild nights it was frightsome to hear its heavy boom as it slammed to, every now and then, like the minute guns of a ship at sea. It was up at the top of this stair that Harrington lived with his mother.

The light from a small gas bracket, that stuck out from the wall and made a curious singing noise, showed on the tarnished door-plate the name of "Bouster." The original proprietor of this name, who had long kept a provision shop in the next street, had been dead for about twenty years; and his widow, who was a pretty old woman now, and rather deaf, had taken to keeping lodgers. To these, or to any other persons who could be got to listen, she was always ready to

enter upon an abstract of the life and times of the deceased Bouser, along with many touching reminiscences of their wedded life. The Harringtons had taken her three furnished rooms, so Mrs. Bouser dwelt in the kitchen, cooking the meals, and minding the door.

When Walter called, he was shown into the little parlour, where he found Mrs. Harrington sitting alone under the single gaslight on the side next the fire, darning a pair of stockings. It was a snug enough little place, and kept as neat and tidy as the furniture would allow. There were two tables,—a little one in the farthest-off corner, and one in the middle of the room,—the latter of these being provided with a perplexing number of thin legs of unequal length that could be pushed back or drawn out to make the table smaller or larger, in the most astonishing manner. A pneumatic sofa supported itself against the wall on the opposite side from the fire. A Dutch clock ticked cheerfully on the chimney-piece, and over it on the wall there hung a rough print of the Original Seceders.

“George is not home yet,” said Mrs. Harrington, welcoming Walter with quiet but genuine cordiality, and setting a chair for him near the fire. “He was to finish some work for the printers before coming away. But he will be here by tea-time: so I hope you will wait.”

Mrs. Harrington had a singularly gentle voice and manner. She had been beautiful in her day, and her face was still sweet and attractive; but care had written its sad story across her brow, and imparted some angularity to her features. Her hair, once raven

black, was gray prematurely: and Walter could see, when she was sitting still, that her head shook with a gentle tremor. A pair of slippers, a good deal the worse for wear, were toasting on the little fender; and an old and threadbare house-coat lay ready across the arm of a chair.

"This is really a snug little room," said Walter, putting his feet on the fender, and making himself quite at home.

"We like the house very much," said Mrs. Harrington cheerily; "it is a great improvement upon the one you saw us in last. The rooms yonder were a little damp, as rooms on the ground floor so often are; and George—he is always so thoughtful about me, poor boy—fancied the dampness was against me, and so we removed up here. We find it much pleasanter every way, the rooms are so dry and comfortable."

Walter ran his eye gaily round the little parlour, and said, "Very."

"And it is a corner house," continued Mrs. Harrington, in the same cheery way; "so I can sit at the window when I am sewing, and see all that is going on in the busy streets below. It is very lively indeed. We have a view of the river, too, which is a pleasant sight always, and at night becomes quite romantic. Just take a look, Mr. Lorraine."

Poor lady! she was putting the best face on her poverty.

She rose, and drew up the little white window-blind, and held aside one of the chintz curtains, to let Walter have a better view. Walter looked out into the clear

frosty night, and could see the rows of lamps glittering on Victoria Bridge, and along the opposite side of the river; and their cold clear reflections shivering like ghostly lights in the dark water below.

Walter stood awhile and admired the sight.

"Yes," said the lady, when she had drawn down the blind again, "I like this place very much. It has many advantages. You will think the rooms small, I daresay, Mr. Lorraine, but I must confess to a partiality for small rooms; in cold wintry weather especially, they look so much warmer and more comfortable."

"Not the least doubt of it," said Walter bravely. But he would have liked to see her in a house better befitting her, notwithstanding; and it puzzled him a good deal to think how the splendid talents of her son could not command an income that would support them both in greater comfort.

"This is where George sits and writes," said Mrs. Harrington, putting her hand on the small table in the corner. A big leathern portfolio, that looked like work, and had grown corpulent at one end by reason of the numerous papers that had been thrust into the pocket, lay in the middle. Two or three books, an ink-bottle, and a few quills lay beside it. There were more books on the floor (for there was no book-case), and they were arranged in two little groups beside the front feet of the table, so that any one might be picked up readily when wanted. Two huge folio-volumes bound in calf, leaned in a somewhat drunken manner against the slim legs of the table.

"He does not mind my being in the room," said Mrs. Harrington, "he says that he can work quite as well, so we sit here together and are very happy. He sometimes needs to have his notes copied out, and extracts made from books, and so on, and he thinks I make a very good amanuensis: so it is very nice and convenient." As she spoke, she adjusted the big portfolio with as gentle and affectionate a touch as if it were an old friend, and deserved to be kindly treated.

Walter looked over two or three of the books, and returned to the fireside. He was soon talking in the frank good-natured style that always made him so pleasant a companion, about the days when Harrington and he were fellow-students. Mrs. Harrington had resumed her needle again, and was listening with a pride which her fond heart could not conceal, to the generous tributes that Walter paid to the genius of her son. Walter did not wonder that she never wearied of such talk—that her whole being seemed absorbed in one deep passionate love for her only son. When Walter felt so proud and fond of Harrington, who was but one of many friends, how must *she* yearn over him, when he was all the world to her. But he *did* wonder when, once or twice, he thought he saw a shadow as of wild fear dart into her face for a moment and vanish again behind the same sweet smile. Once, too, when there came a loud knocking at Mrs. Bouser's door, Mrs. Harrington turned deadly pale, and with a breathless apology, hurried out, herself, into the lobby. It was only some man who had come to the wrong house—for Walter could hear the words that passed

at the door—and when Mrs. Harrington returned, her face was quite tranquil again.

' Excuse me, Mr. Lorraine," she said with a pleasant smile; "I am very nervous, and a sudden noise frightens me so. It is very foolish, but I cannot help it."

"By the way," she said, while they were talking about George, "did I show you this, that evening you spent with us?—I think not;" and as she spoke, she carefully unclasped a neat brooch that fastened her collar, and was the only ornament she wore. "It is a little New-Year's gift from my dear boy. You will see that the centre bit revolves, so that either side can be worn outmost. Here is a miniature likeness of George—very like, is it not?—and on the other side he has made the jeweller form a neat device with little locks of his own hair and mine. He knew I would like it so—dear George!" The last word came gushing from the fond mother's heart more like an exclamation which she could not repress, than anything meant for Walter's ear.

Walter looked at the miniature. It was a very small photograph, and difficult to see clearly in the gas-light; but there was the unmistakable boy-like face of Harrington, and his dark, majestic eyes and flowing hair. While Walter was examining it, Mrs. Harrington infused the tea, and put the brown tea-pot on the hob, and proceeded to set the table.

"It is a beautiful little present," said Walter, "and there is no mistaking the likeness. I should know the face amongst a thousand. They were all quite

taken with him at our house the other night," he continued—and, perhaps, a momentary pang went through him as he remembered Eleanor's earnest words at parting. "I met Dr. Pearson yesterday. He is on the look-out for George every evening. And our little Tiz won't rest till he comes back to see us again."

"Ah, your poor little sister," said Mrs. Harrington. "George told me all about her. Dear, dear! how sad a privation hers must be! George cannot get over the thought of it. I never saw him take such an interest in any one before. Never. That night, after coming home from the party, he could think and speak of nothing else."

Walter wondered if it was possible that he had not spoken of Eleanor.

"But he is very fond of you all," she continued, "and I shall be so glad, Mr. Lorraine, if you and he can be a good deal together. I know he has a very high respect for you. And I am sure you will do him much good. I know you will. He has a very ardent, impulsive nature, and would be the better of one like you to steady him."

Walter told her, in a gush of feeling, that he loved George like a brother, and that nothing could be a greater pride and delight to him than to enjoy his companionship.

"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Harrington," he said, "there will be no one more welcome at our house, than George—and you." It would have been impossible to look at Walter's earnest, honest face, and not believe that what he said he meant.

He went on speaking, with the generous enthusiasm that characterized him, forming all sorts of plans for getting George often out to Langside Hall. Again that wild look of fear darted across Mrs. Harrington's face, and as Walter went on speaking, she began to look wistfully into his eyes, and her lips began to tremble as if there were something on her mind that she feared, and yet longed to give utterance to. Walter's open, honest countenance invited confidence, and she said at last, changing colour as she spoke—

"Pardon me, Mr. Lorraine, for asking such a question: but do you use liquors at your table—brandy, for instance?" she added, as the same wild look of dread darted across her face once more.

Walter looked at her in surprise.

"We use wine at table," he said, in a tone that indicated his desire to know why she made such an inquiry. "There may be brandy in the liquor-stand I don't know. I never taste any, for one."

"You never taste—?"

"I never taste any brandy," said Walter.

Mrs. Harrington's face became pale as death. She seemed struggling to keep down some terrible emotion.

"Mr. Lorraine," she said, laying her trembling hand suddenly upon his arm, "you are my dear boy's friend. You know him—you love him—I feel that you do. You would not do him harm."

"Harm!" cried Walter with a start, "God forbid!"

"Oh then, I entreat you," said Mrs. Harrington, her eyes filling with tears, "do not ask my boy to take any. He will not take it if you do not press him. It

is not his fault—indeed it is not—but it is dangerous for him to taste. I tell you because I know you love him and wish him well. You will watch over my poor boy. Won't you, Mr. Lorraine? O, he means well, but he is easily affected. But he is not to blame, no—no indeed!”

She spoke in such an agony of suppressed emotion, that poor Walter, who had a warm sympathetic heart, got almost as much agitated as herself, and stood looking down into the pleading face with his eyes wide open, and beginning to grow dim. This genuine proof of his sympathy seemed to give comfort and assurance to Mrs. Harrington, and in a voice half-choked with sobs she told him, to his amazement and horror, that George had a weakness for brandy, and that when he was induced to taste it at all he was apt to go too far—she said “was *apt*,” but Walter knew too well from her tones what she meant. Wine, she said, affected him less, but she dreaded it too. “But believe me,” she repeated with painful earnestness, “it is not his fault—indeed, it is not. Will you believe it, Mr. Lorraine?—it was I—O God forgive me!—it was I, his own mother, that put the first glass to his lips! O, what would I not do to retrace that step!”

She sobbed aloud, and pressed her handkerchief convulsively to her eyes.

“I gave him little sips when we had company,” she continued, in the same broken voice. “That was in our better days—he was but a child then—and the gentlemen were so amused at his strange old-fashioned ways, and at his asking them to drink wine with him.

And I gave it him, and enjoyed the scene like the rest. I was so proud of my little boy—but I never thought what I was doing—I did not indeed—O, God knows it! God knows it!” And the poor lady pressed her hand passionately upon her breast, as if her heart would break.

The secret was out. Walter saw it all now, too plainly. He saw how it was that the genius that had borne everything before it at college, with the might of a giant, seemed to have failed in the world. He understood, now, why Harrington had never got on in London; why he had sunk into destitution; why he had to come to Glasgow: why he had to live in rooms like these. He saw Harrington, like another Sisyphus, letting slip the great stone when he had pushed it up to near the mountain top, and having to go down to the deep valley and begin the whole work over again. Walter could also guess, now, why Dr. Pearson had asked so anxiously whether Harrington was steady in his habits; and he could guess what the sad end was to which Harrington's father had come.

Walter stood confounded and horrified. The idea of one he so loved and admired walking day and night upon the brink of so horrible an abyss, lay heavily on him like a nightmare. And here was the poor fond mother watching every step with fearful solicitude. He knew now what she meant by George being impulsive, and needing some one to steady him. He knew the meaning of that wild fear that would dart at times into her face, and of her nervousness, and the fright she got when the knocking came to the door.

When Walter recovered sufficiently from the shock of this revelation to speak, he took her hand kindly in his, and did his best to soothe her, and told her to be earnest in prayer to God.

"Oh, I am," she said passionately, "I am. But how can *I* pray, who did the deed—who put that demon into the breast of my poor child when he was too young to know; and could not think—oh, could not think"—the poor lady's voice shook with emotion—"that his own mother would put that to his lips which would become the curse and peril of his life. And yet I pray—pray to the dear Lord to hold him back from drink—to pour out his wrath on *me* for my guilt, if he will only save my dear boy, who is innocent as the child unborn. But when I seek for hope in the Bible, where all others find hope—it tells me that my iniquity has separated between me and my God—that my sin has hid his face from me that he will not hear. That is the only word—the only word it has for me. And yet I pray to the dear Lord: but the voice comes like the voice of doom, that what I sow I must reap—that the evil is done, and is of my own doing—and so it is—oh, so it is!"

She put her hands to her face and wept piteously. The little Dutch clock on the chimney-piece had changed its tone and begun to throb solemnly.

Walter, poor fellow, felt as if he could have cried too. He made one or two efforts to speak, but failed—there seemed to be something choking him. At last he took out a little Testament that he carried about with him in his pocket, and turning up some suitable

passages he began to read them in a low, earnest voice—two big tears rolling slowly down his cheeks as he did so. Then he asked Mrs. Harrington to kneel down beside him; and in a few simple broken words he earnestly commended that only son to the special care of his heavenly Father. By the time he had done, they were both calmer, and their spirits revived. Mrs. Harrington re-adjusted the slippers on the fender, and put on two or three bits of coal; and Walter, who never could be long sad, began to draw such bright pictures of what George would be now that they were all together, that Mrs. Harrington's face began to smile once more, and the Dutch clock ticked cheerily again.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH HAD BETTER BE PASSED OVER (1) BY THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW THAT HERESY BEGINS AT THE HEART, (2) BY THOSE WHO CANNOT BEAR TO LOOK ON THE OBVERSE SIDE OF A GREAT TRUTH, AND (3) BY THOSE WHO CANNOT LOOK AT ONE SIDE WITHOUT FORGETTING THAT THERE IS ANOTHER.

The Dutch clock had just been announcing the hour of six by a succession of sneezing sounds, as if it had caught cold in its head, when the door-bell rang, and in a minute or two more Harrington came in. It seemed like magic to Walter how everything started into life and animation the moment that bright, young face made its appearance. It was not merely the joyful light that came into Mrs. Harrington's face, but

the very fire leaped up and crackled in the grate, the chintz curtains waved a welcome to him, the big portfolio assumed a prouder look, the books all seemed to know him; even the Original Seceders above the clock looked as much livelier as their somewhat wooden visages would allow.

"Ha, Lorraine!" said Harrington, throwing out his long flexible hand, and grasping Walter's with unaffected cordiality, "this is a pleasure I was not looking for to-night. More work for you, mother," he added with a quiet smile, turning out a bundle of papers upon the table-cloth. "I was up at the printer's. Everybody is delighted with your caligraphy. Old M'Sweezy told me to give you his blessing; and the compositors are all going to make special mention of you in their prayers. But come, let us have tea—I fear I have kept you waiting."

He pulled off his boots, put on his cozy slippers, and was just setting a chair at the table for his mother, when his eye lit upon one of the big folios that leaned against the legs of the side-table. He went over and took it up. To Walter, it seemed as if the tome leaped fondly, like a thing of life, into his arms.

"How is your little sister?" said Harrington, pausing with the book in his arm and looking earnestly at Walter.

"Thank you," said Walter, "she is well, and wearying very much for your return. It's the first thing she asks every morning now—When you are coming back again."

A strange shadow came over Harrington's eyes.

He looked at Walter with an abstracted air for a few moments, and then turned to the big folio in his arm.

"Have you read any of the sacred writings of the Hindoos?" he asked, opening it.

"No," said Walter, "I have not."

"You should," said Harrington earnestly; "they are worth it. This is a book of translations from them, and you can scarcely read a page of it without coming upon some grand primeval truth."

Harrington had noticed that his mother needed the tea-pot filled; and in the way of being attentive to her, as he seemed fond of being, he had lifted a little tin kettle that had been purring on the hob, and was now standing with it in his hand while he spoke to Walter.

"Now, George," said Mrs. Harrington with a smile, when she saw that he was forgetting what he had meant to do.

Harrington stepped over and began filling the tea-pot, but his mind was evidently on the old track.

"Depend upon it, Lorraine," he said, "there are elements of truth in every creed. No religion could stand a day without them. The hungry soul will not feed upon stones—whether it be the soul of a civilized man or the soul of a savage. His religion must give him spiritual bread. The bread may be little or much; it may be pure (as in the Christian Bible), or it may be adulterated: but bread it must be."

"My dear George!" cried Mrs. Harrington, "look, look!—what you are about!"

Harrington, with his eyes turned upon Walter, was spilling the water upon the tray.

He checked himself suddenly; and Walter could scarcely keep from laughing to see those dark eyes turned into the tea-pot with so solemn an expression, watching for the rise of the water to the brim.

"Now," said Harrington, replacing the little kettle on the hob, and opening the big tome as it lay in the hollow of his long arm, "listen to this." He paused a moment and then read:—"God is one! Creator of all that is! God is like a perfect sphere, without beginning and without end! God rules and governs all creation by first-determined and immutable principles."

Harrington glanced down the rest of the page and over several others, and then, with his eye suddenly kindling again, he resumed—

"By one Supreme Ruler is this universe pervaded; even every world in the whole circle of nature.' 'O thou who givest sustenance to the world, thou who restrainest sinners, who appearest as the Son of the Creator, hide thy dazzling splendour that I may see thy most auspicious form.' 'Let my soul return to the immortal Spirit of God! let my body, which ends in ashes, return to dust!'"

The precision and grandeur with which these words came rolling out, the magnificent intonations of Harrington's voice, and the dark splendour that kindled in his eyes as he read, impressed Walter powerfully. He felt, at the moment, as if he had never heard words so sublime. The scene that had passed between him

and Mrs. Harrington only half-an-hour before, came back like a wild incredible dream.

After tea, Mrs. Harrington removed the things, and left the two old friends to themselves for a while. The big folio volume was spread open on the table, and the two looked over several passages together.

"Many of these doctrines seem to be identical with our own," said Walter, when they had drawn their chairs to the fire.

"Yes," said Harrington, "there is, as you saw, the doctrine of one God; there is the doctrine of the Trinity; the doctrine of a heaven and a hell. There is another sublime doctrine in these writings which is not reckoned amongst ours—the doctrine of transmigration of souls."

Walter would have smiled at the mention of a doctrine that he had been taught to ridicule, but the impressive tones of Harrington's voice, as he announced it, prevented him.

"I don't believe in transmigration; but the idea of it"—said Harrington, with a solemnity that Walter could not understand, "may be the symbol—the comprehensible symbol of some grand, incomprehensible reality—who knows?—some method, not revealed to us, by which the immortal spirit passing from this world, may, in the course of its future existence, be purified from its vileness, and arrive at ultimate perfection."

"The Bible contains no such doctrine," said Walter bluntly; "and the Bible is the only book that gives us any information on the subject."

"If it be a truth," said Harrington, "it is a truth beyond the sphere of the Bible. Jupiter has seven moons, though the Bible does not tell us so. The question is, Does the Bible compel us to believe the contrary?"

"Does it compel us to believe," he resumed with deep solemnity, "that those poor little babes that die before they can form any conception of either sin or salvation, go away into everlasting torment?"

"Certainly not," said Walter.

"Then how are these children saved? The Bible does not tell us. But we hope that by some method, unrevealed, they nevertheless are saved. May we not hope on the same ground, that by some method, unrevealed—but which this doctrine of transmigration may dimly shadow forth—pagans and poor souls amongst ourselves, who are stumbling on in darkness here, may reach the light hereafter?"

"O Lorraine!" said Harrington with terrible earnestness, "where is there a man so heartless that he would punish your poor, little, blind sister for stumbling over things that she cannot see? Where is there a kind father who does not relent even towards his wayward child? Does one friend not pardon the faults of another? Isn't it so, Lorraine? And must we really believe that the God of love—the Father of us all—who has planted this tenderness even in the rugged heart of man, is less merciful than we are; that he not only punishes the blind because they cannot see, and the poor cripples because they halt, but that he makes their torment eternal?"

"When we judge of a man," resumed Harrington, struggling to keep down his emotion, "we take his intention into account. You drop an orange-skin inadvertently on the pavement; another man comes along, slips upon it, falls back, fractures his skull, and dies. Are you a murderer? Are you a homicide? Does any man judge of you—would any man seek to punish you, as if you had deliberately taken a bludgeon and fractured that man's skull so as to cause his death? The physical result is the same, but in the one case you meant no harm, in the other you did: and men judge accordingly. They say little or nothing in the one case, they hang you in the other. Is God less just than his creatures? Will he look only to results, and take no account of what a man meant? Will He punish him as if he meant to insult Heaven when he only meant to gratify himself?"

Walter's eyes were opened. He saw what Harrington was driving at now. It was the soul, conscious of sin and degradation, passionately seeking to find a way of escape for itself.

"Look even at the consequences of sin," resumed Harrington. "No man ever intends infinite mischief—no finite being can conceive infinite mischief: may we not, therefore, argue, that no finite being can deserve infinite punishment? The Bible speaks of difference in the degree of punishment. It speaks of many stripes and few stripes. But if future punishment is eternal, the contrast loses its force. All difference of degree is swallowed up in the infinitude of duration."

Harrington paused a moment, and then resumed with fearful solemnity:—

“We have been taught to think of eternal death as a condition of continuous and interminable misery. O God, to think of it! To look down to the brink (for the human eye can see no farther than the brink) of that dreadful, unfathomable darkness, in which there shall never more be felt one sensation of joy!—there shall never be enjoyed one moment of happy unconsciousness!—into the infinite depths of which there shall never penetrate one single ray of hope”——

Harrington rose with quivering lip. The terrible emotion he had been struggling to keep down checked his utterance. He paced the room once or twice, till he had recovered himself.

“And such,” he resumed—wrestling not with Walter, but with a terrible truth in his own soul that would not be kept down—“such may be the end of all the unutterable longings of the human soul after a joy which it yearns for here, but cannot find? And so it shall be with most of us? O Lorraine, Lorraine! is this the ghastly thought that we must carry about with us, when we look into the kindly faces that meet us at home and in the streets? If there were not, deep down in the human soul, some fonder hope to which we instinctively cling, could we ever smile again, when one whom we loved dearly had passed away, and that awful possibility hangs over his eternal destiny!”

Harrington turned his eyes away, and sat looking into the glowing fire, with the same awful look upon his face.

"The blackness of darkness for ever," he said, after a while, evidently speaking to himself. The tone in which he uttered these words was deep and terrible. Walter felt his flesh creep as if he had heard a voice from the dead.

He waited till he saw that Harrington was in a mood to listen, and then spoke solemnly of the doctrine he had been taught, and went over as many passages of Scripture, bearing upon it, as he could call to mind.

Gradually as he went on speaking, the cloud passed away from that strange, boyish face, and when Mrs. Harrington made her appearance, the subject was changed. They drew to the fire and began to talk as only old fellow-students can. Harrington rapidly warmed in the conversation, and discoursed freely on things human and divine, bounding higher and higher from one theme to another, and illuminating with the brilliant coruscations of his genius every subject on which his thoughts impinged. And when he rose, too full of earnestness to sit still, and paced up and down the little room, with his flashing eye and dark flowing hair, Walter yielded himself to the enchantment, and followed him with eager eye, and listened in amazement to the impassioned eloquence that seemed to thunder like a cataract from his lips.

The Dutch clock was sneezing nine before Walter thought that half-an-hour could have passed; and he had to go. He walked home all the way, in the clear frosty night, with the sound of that magnificent voice still in his ears. The sublime reaches of thought,

opened up by the hand of the enchanter, seemed to have given him a higher consciousness of the splendours of the universe in which he lived and moved. He looked up with a more exalted feeling to the silver stars shining out from the infinite depths above him. But that terrible revelation made by Mrs. Harrington hung over him like a thunder-cloud. It must be true, and yet it seemed to him incredible. A new and terrible meaning had been given to his own life by the charge that Mrs. Harrington, in that moment of agony, had pressed upon him. He had a work before him now—the work of keeping his friend from that besetting sin. A difficult, perilous work, which he knew not as yet how to go about. Mrs. Harrington had but vaguely pointed to the conflict that was always impending between the higher and lower nature in her son. Walter thought what a fearful power it must be that could bring that proud spirit down into the dust. He tried as he walked along the road, silent but for his own footsteps, to look into the future of that strange life, of which anything was conceivable. His eye could not pierce its darkness, but he seemed to hear from within it the thunder of a conflict terrible as the fabled one between the Titans and the gods. He turned up the avenue amongst the ghostly trees. A light gleamed from the window of little Tiz's room. The night-breeze crept moaning along the bottom of the valley of the Cart.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEREIN WALTER LORRAINE ACTS THE PART OF A
FRIEND.

Walter thought a great deal next day about what Mrs. Harrington had told him, and what means he could adopt to preserve his friend from the danger of which she was so terribly apprehensive. If it was really the case that there was danger to Harrington even from wine, what was to be done? There was a difficulty lying on the very threshold. Harrington would be out soon, and out often he hoped, dining with them; and they all used wine. Even the boys got a half-glass each when guests were there. How could he ask Harrington not to take it? If his father pressed Harrington to take it, as he would be sure to do, even in the event of Harrington offering to decline, what excuse could Harrington give for refusing? What was to be done? The thought struck him at last, "If I pass the wine by, so can he, without being put into an awkward and singular position."

Walter was too noble-hearted a fellow to think for a moment of the deprivation he might feel from the loss of his usual beverage. But the difficulty presented itself, "What pretext can I urge for abandoning my present habit, without disclosing the painful circumstances connected with Harrington's past life?"

In searching for some pretext, he was not long in

finding more than a pretext, namely, a strong, sufficient, presentable reason. "For how do I know," he asked himself, "that the same dangerous appetite which was created in Harrington by the use of wine at home, is not being created in Tom and Charlie—in fact, in myself—by the same means? The cause is present in our case as in his; have we not reason to dread the same effects?"

"At any rate," he said, "abstinence is the safe course. It cannot possibly do us harm, that is certain, and it secures us from the dangers which cannot be visionary when even one like Harrington has not been able to escape them. And in the meantime it will enable us to do something to keep him back from the brink of this awful abyss near which he seems to be treading."

No sooner resolved on than put in practice. That day at dinner when Thomas came round as usual to fill his glass, he said "None for me."

"Are you not well to-day, Walter?" said the old gentleman looking across.

"Quite well, I thank you."

"Then why not have your wine?"

"I am going to give it up," said Walter. "I don't believe it does me a bit of good, and it isn't right that Tom and Charlie should get into the way of using it. Many people get too fond of it and hurt themselves at last."

"There's young Kerr," he added suddenly, as a case exactly in point flashed upon his recollection, "gone to the dogs, poor fellow, and all through drink. Where did he learn to like stimulants but at his father's table?"

And Bates—a worse case still—and Alfred Tattering, who promised so well! It's a dangerous appetite to acquire, depend upon it, and the sooner the boys give it up the better. They won't come to harm by my example at any rate. Thomas, water for me!"

Walter really didn't know till this moment what a strong case he had; and he saw that his father and Mrs. Day, though they passed it off with a smile, evidently felt the force of what he had said, and made no attempt to answer or dissuade him, merely saying, "We shall see how long this whim lasts."

"Now Tom, and you Charlie," said Walter, turning to his brothers, "you'll follow my example, won't you?"

The young gentlemen addressed were not very clear about this: but having been taught to look up to Walter as a pattern, and perhaps still more because they depended upon him for assistance in their lessons, and for odd pence when their own pocket-money was exhausted, they consented. "So far, so well," thought Walter.

It was about a week after, that Harrington dined with them at Langside Hall for the first time. "Now for it," thought Walter, when, in the midst of dinner and conversation, Thomas began to go round with the wine. The difficulty in the way was that Harrington would be helped first; so that he should get no opportunity of showing that he had abandoned the use of wine. In desperation he hit on an expedient. "Ha, ha! Charlie my boy," he said, looking waggishly across at his brother, "you think you are going to get wine to-day because Mr. Harrington is here. Don't fancy

it. I'm awake. What do you think, Harrington, I am trying to make teetotalers of these dissipated young scoundrels, to keep them out of harm's way; and I have given up the use of wine, partially for the sake of encouraging them by my example. Isn't that magnanimous, now?"

Harrington smiled.

Just then Thomas had come round to him with the decanter.

"Wine, sir?" he asked.

"No," said Harrington with a pleasant look at Tom and Charlie, "I must encourage them too."

So Thomas passed on.

Walter's heart quite bounded with joy. Whether Harrington was glad to avail himself of any good excuse, or whether it was that he guessed at Walter's true motives, and felt the kindness of the act and the delicacy of the way in which it was done: certain it is that at Langside Hall, on all subsequent occasions, he let the wine go by without tasting.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH INTRODUCES THE READER TO DR. PEARSON'S
"LODGE."

"The Lodge" was a neat villa, standing a little way back from the road, with two bow-windows one above the other, and a little storm-window with white curtains looking out from the roof; and at one end of the

house, high over all, there was a tall, black chimney-pot of crooked structure, commonly called "an old wife," that was visible a good way off over the trees, and could be seen wheeling wildly to and fro, and making sudden twirls right round, in a frantic manner, when the wind was high. There was a garden in front of the house, with a statuette at each corner, representing a graceful female figure in a light and airy costume; and in the centre there was a marble fountain, where a little stone boy, in no costume at all, and very fat about the cheeks, was blowing up a shower of sparkling drops out of a thing that looked like a little trumpet. At one end of the house, a large empty dog-kennel, that had once been pea-green, stood with its back turned towards the road—an arrangement which Miss Pearson thought would exercise a salutary check on persons prowling about with felonious intent, by favouring the supposition that there was a dog inside. For half-an-hour before dinner, every day, unless it happened to be wet, you could have seen Dr. Pearson pacing the walk in front of the house, to and fro; stopping occasionally to contemplate, with much satisfaction, a little shrubbery, consisting of two birch trees and five hollies of his own planting, forming a neat grotto, which he was accustomed to call "The Plantation." Every evening when the time came round for lighting the gas, you could have seen Miss Pearson, who was always on the out-look for burglars, snibbing all the windows, and shutting the shutters with her own hand; except at the oriel windows, where she needed the assistance of an ancient domestic

of the name of Betty, who made her appearance inside, with a pair of steps. And in the blink you got into the cozy dining-room, which was also the parlour, between the lighting of the gas and the closing of the shutters, you might have caught one ravishing glimpse of the fair flower of that little household, as she passed from the fire-side with her book, and went across to nestle with it at one end of the sofa.

Harrington had not forgotten the Doctor's invitation, nor was he slow to avail himself of it. Before going to the Lodge, he walked out to Langside Hall to see the Lorraines. Little Tiz, away up in her own room, no sooner caught, with her quick ear, the sound of his voice, than, groping her way down with tremulous eagerness, she came into the room, where he was already chatting with the others.

Mrs. Day called old Mr. Lorraine's attention, by dumb show, to little Tiz as she entered.

And really it was a strange sight to see the little sightless face, that usually wore a pensive and almost woe-begone expression, lighted up so radiantly with joy. The child approached with her little dainty steps, feeling her way along the wall and guided by the sound of Harrington's voice.

"My little Tiz," said Harrington, whenever his eye caught sight of her.

Her face lighted up in a moment, more brightly than ever, and leaving the wall, she ran over with light fairy steps, and crept down, half-confidently, half-timorously, beside his chair. Harrington bent down, and took her fondly upon his knee.

When Walter found that Harrington was going to the Lodge, he volunteered to go with him. He was quite convinced in his own heart that Eleanor had conceived a sudden love for Harrington, and it seemed incredible to him that Harrington should have seen Eleanor, and noticed the interest which she evidently felt in him, without falling in love with *her*. He therefore expected little but mortification in accompanying his friend to the Lodge. He knew very well that after seeing those deep blue eyes, that were all the world of romance and poetry to him, stealing timidly up to Harrington's face, he should come home on the verge of madness, and sleep none that night, and remain in a state of hopeless idiocy and despair next day. But, with that infatuation which possesses all jealous lovers, he could not bear to let Harrington go alone. He could not deny himself the excruciating satisfaction of knowing and seeing the worst: not to mention the fearful delight of being near the one whom he adored,—snatching, when he could do so unobserved, a maddening glance at the charms which he dared not hope to enjoy.

So he told the housemaid not to meddle with the books or papers on his study table, and went down with Harrington. They had begun talking about Scripture interpretation; and Walter had some faint recollection afterwards of Harrington saying something very earnestly about the mythic interpretations of Schelling and Strauss. For his own part, however, as they were approaching the Lodge, he was too nervous to pay much attention, though he did his best to look as if he

understood the whole thing thoroughly and were quite of the same opinion. When they came within sight of the Lodge windows, his nervousness increased. The more he attempted to look easy and unembarrassed, the more awkward he felt. He wondered (not without a little envy perhaps) to see Harrington walking beside him so easily, with his long light step, and as absorbed in the mythical system of Strauss as if there were no human eye within a mile of them.

It turned out, however, that Walter's nervousness had no particular effect, good or bad, upon the fair object that inspired it, as Eleanor had gone to town with the Doctor to see some paintings in MacClure's, and had not yet returned. Miss Pearson herself answered the door. Miss Pearson was a tall wiry lady, with a very sharp chin, a sharp nose, and one little curl sticking out from behind each ear. She welcomed the young men kindly, though with a little stiffness of manner that was natural to her.

"Very dirty roads," she said, glancing at Harrington's boots, and stopping significantly behind a large bass in the lobby.

The visitors took the hint and wiped their feet.

A beautiful walking-cane of the military order, with an ornamental silver head and a green tassel, lay on the hall table as they passed; and on entering the dining-room they found the gentleman to whom it evidently belonged, seated near the table, stroking his moustache with his jewelled hand.

"Captain M'Foodle—Mr. Harrington," said Miss Pearson.

The Captain who had risen with a languid air and bowed gracefully to Walter, seemed to have detected, in the first glance at Harrington, the patch on his boot, the frayed edge of his cuff, and all the other little symptoms of poverty. He accordingly inclined his head to him in a distant manner, and resumed his seat. For Captain M'Foodle was a great man—in his own estimation. He was descended from the M'Foodles of Drumslocher—a race renowned in ancient times for the success with which, having no cattle of their own, they made up for it by “lifting” other people’s. In youth he had bought a commission in what he called the “haw-my;” had married an heiress who had been captivated by his uniform and whiskers; and was immediately afterwards discovered, at the War-office, to be worthy of promotion, and was promoted accordingly.

The Captain wore an eye-glass dangling over the breast of his coat, for the sake of appearance. When he wished to look particularly aristocratic, without requiring to see anything, he put the glass to his eye. When both objects had to be secured at the same time, he screwed his eye-glass into one eye, and looked with the other. The Captain’s dialect was one that belonged to no particular part of the country; but sounded like an infatuated attempt to invest a Highland accent with an air of superfine cockneyism. The Captain’s own conviction was that he spoke exquisite English; and the same opinion prevailed no doubt in Drumslocher.

The Captain had just been refreshed with a glass of wine, as appeared from the things on the table, and

when Harrington and Walter were seated, Miss Pearson went to the side-board and poured out a little for them. She poured it out with great care, as if she were making up a prescription, and stopped when the wine had got to within about half an inch of the top. She was talking with her visitors at the same time, and the thing was so much a matter of custom that Walter had his glass at his lips before the words of Mrs. Harrington flashed upon his recollection. Bitter enough the wine tasted after that. But what could he do? Harrington had already nearly emptied his glass and replaced it on the table. Miss Pearson, however, was a lady of an economical turn of mind, and offered nobody any more: so Walter's apprehensions subsided, though he remained ill at ease with himself, and thoughtful.

"You would meet Mr. Groly last week at the party at Langside, Mr. Harrington," said Miss Pearson, taking the poker and prizing up the coals in the grate very gently, so as not to cause them to burn away too fast. A little blue flame leapt up from between the coals, with a poh-poh-ing sound.

Harrington replied in the affirmative.

"You would like him very much," said Miss Pearson, "and more, the more you knew him. He is one of the most amiable and pious men whom I have ever had the pleasure of knowing."

"Poh-poh!" said the little blue flame leaping up again.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Groly, I think, Captain?" said Miss Pearson laying down the poker

"Aw, to be shaw!" said the Captain. "That is—ah—slightly. He has called two or three times at my villa for—uh—subscriptions."

"Subscriptions for our missions," said Miss Pearson, turning to Harrington with an explanatory air; "Mr. Groly takes a most lively interest in our church operations, especially in some of the foreign missions. He has been very active of late gathering in contributions for the support of the new mission in Hong-kong."

"Ah, yah! to be shaw," said the Captain, with sudden animation, "he called on me—uh—yesterday. Told me—uh—things were—uh—getting on there. They're getting up—uh—schools for the juvenile niggahs."

"They are not negroes there," said Miss Pearson with a little asperity in her tone, "you mean the young Chinese."

"Ah, yas, to be shaw! I—I mean the wising generation there—of coss. Ah!"

"I should like very much that you knew Mr. Groly," said Miss Pearson, addressing herself again to Harrington. "He will be here to-morrow night to tea. We shall be glad if you can come and join us."

Harrington thanked her, and said he would with pleasure.

"He attends the same church that we do," said Miss Pearson—"Dr. Daidlaw's. In fact he was converted under the Doctor's ministry. The veneration he has ever since felt for the Doctor is one of the beautiful traits of his character. I remember at one of our congregational soirees, hearing him speak of the Doctor as his 'dear spiritual father.'"

"Poh! poh!" said the fire.

"It is very delightful to see feeling of that sort," said Miss Pearson earnestly.

"Aw, chawming, chawming!" said Captain M'Foodle, glancing wistfully in the direction of the decanter on the sideboard, and stroking his whiskers, "ah! to be shaw!"

There was a ring at the door-bell, and by-and-by the sound of the jovial voice of Dr. Pearson in the lobby, and such a sweet little clear-ringing laugh from Eleanor. Walter would have known it anywhere for hers, by the delicious thrill it sent all through him. It stopped suddenly. Eleanor had caught sight of the hats on the lobby-table, no doubt. In a minute after, the door opened—there was the rustling of a dress on the stairs, and Doctor Pearson came in alone.

"Ho, ho!" cried the doctor merrily, as he began to shake hands briskly all round, "here's a rare meet! A regular house of representatives! Captain M'Foodle for the army; Mr. Harrington for the press; for the church, Mr. Walter Lorraine, and for the faculty—ah! hem!" said the Doctor, making an elaborate bow to the company, and stretching out his arms gracefully as if he were measuring a yard of ribbon.

"And I?" said Miss Pearson, "do I represent nothing at all?"

"Haw, he-ah, he-ah!" cried Captain M'Foodle, turning from her to the Doctor, "Miss Pearson, of coss!"

"Home," said the Doctor, waving his hand majestically. "Sarah, as a—as a female, in fact, represents home and all its joys. 'Men,' as the poet says—no

by-the-way, he wasn't a poet, but it doesn't matter, he said it—'Men can build houses, but only women can make homes.'"

Walter thought of Eleanor, and made a mental record of the quotation.

Walter has no very distinct recollection of the course of events that evening. It comes back to him like a strange dream. He remembers that the dusk of the afternoon was coming on by this time, and that they went upstairs to the drawing-room. He remembers Eleanor being there. He remembers speaking to Captain M'Foodle about something or other (he cannot conceive what), and, looking at the Captain and yet knowing as by some mysterious clairvoyance, what part of the room Eleanor was in, and whether she was talking to Harrington. He remembers noticing how frank she seemed with Harrington, and how coy and frightened she seemed when *he* was by. He remembers her sitting at the piano, and warbling like a little angel, and his feeling very much as one outside the gates of heaven might be expected to feel, listening to the music within. He was sitting near a mirror, in which, while pretending to be looking over an album, he could without being observed, watch Eleanor as she sang. He could see the exquisite contour of her figure—the indescribable grace and poetry of every movement. He could see her soft dark hair flowing back from her beautiful white brow. He could see that eye of violet blue—a world of enchanting poetry in itself. He felt, at that moment, as if his passionate, hopeless love would drive him mad.

A giddiness came over him. He remembers feeling as if it would have afforded him a momentary relief to upset Captain M'Foodle, who was sitting next him, and dash his own head against the wall, or rush wildly into the open air. He remembers hearing Harrington speak grandly, he forgets what about, but all of them were listening, even Captain M'Foodle, who said once or twice when the Doctor looked at him as if calling for admiration—

“Aw, exactly; of coss.”

He remembers that he and Captain M'Foodle left before dinner, but that the doctor prevailed on Harrington to stay. He remembers bidding Eleanor good-bye with an assumption of perfect coolness and contentment, and then walking down the road a bit with the Captain, in a dazed and utterly wretched state of mind. He has no recollection of where he left the Captain, but he can recollect walking up the avenue resolving in his own mind that anything was better than this, and that on the very first opportunity that presented itself, he would fling himself at Eleanor's feet and hear his doom.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. ABRAHAM GROLY MAKES A MOVE OR TWO.

Mr. Groly made his appearance at the Lodge, next evening, punctually. Betty ushered him into the drawing-room, and told him that Miss Pearson would be with him in a few minutes. On finding himself

alone, Mr. Groly went to the mirror and arranged his hair and necktie, and looked at himself with his close-set eyes, with considerable satisfaction. Then he took a small Bible out of his pocket, and putting his finger in at the first place that opened, to be handy, he sat down and waited. So soon as Miss Pearson's footsteps became audible on the stairs, Mr. Groly opened his Bible and began to read. He allowed Miss Pearson to be in the room and already advancing towards him before he looked up.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, putting the Bible into his pocket hastily, as if he had not meant to be caught, "I did not notice that you had come in."

"Don't mention it," said Miss Pearson, returning Mr. Groly's affectionate pressure of the hand; "you could not be better employed."

"I have a little prayer-meeting in Calton to-night," said Mr. Groly softly, "and I was just looking out something suitable to speak about."

"Always engaged in some labour of love," said Miss Pearson.

Mr. Groly shook his head, with a deprecating smile, as if he did not deserve the compliment, which (to be perfectly candid) he did not.

They sat down, and in the course of conversation spoke of Harrington.

"He is clever," said Miss Pearson; "there's no doubt of that: very clever. But I suspect, Mr. Groly, that his principles are not what they ought to be. He was here last night, and I must say I didn't like the way in which he spoke on religious subjects."

"Was Miss Eleanor in the room at the time?" asked Mr. Groly with an anxious look.

"She was."

Mr. Groly seemed much distressed.

"I am always afraid," he said in a tone of deep anxiety, "of the influence which that way of talking is apt to have on a young and inexperienced mind. Of course, on one like you, Miss Pearson, it falls powerless. But on a young person like Miss Eleanor, its influence might be—be—"

"Bad," said Miss Pearson, emphatically.

"I should fear so," said Mr. Groly, as if glad to be relieved from saying so harsh a word.

"You are quite right, Mr. Groly; I have thought of that. And, really, if Mr. Harrington's principles are all of a kind with those he expressed last night, I should not feel very anxious to cultivate his acquaintance."

"It may be," said Mr. Groly, in a tone that suggested the opposite—"it may be that Mr. Harrington's principles are really better than what you have mentioned would seem to indicate. Let us hope so. I may have been betrayed into needless alarm by the deep interest—" Mr. Groly checked himself suddenly, as if he had not meant so much to escape. "I beg your pardon, I mean the interest I feel, naturally, in the welfare of your niece."

Miss Pearson looked round at Mr. Groly, with a little, grim smile.

"You are very kind, Mr. Groly," she said, in an encouraging tone, "I appreciate this token of your in-

terest in one so dear to me; and so would she, if she knew of it."

"I fear I have betrayed myself," said Mr. Groly, in a low voice, making an effort to look confused; "if I have, I am glad, Miss Pearson, it is before you, and you alone. I suppose, I need not conceal from you any longer—" Mr. Groly stopped, and looked towards the door.

"They are both engaged down stairs," said Miss Pearson confidentially.

"I need not conceal from you any longer," resumed Mr. Groly, earnestly, "that I have long felt a peculiarly deep interest in your niece. You know what I mean, Miss Pearson. Her beauty, and, what is of far higher value, the virtues that adorn her character—thanks to your watchful and incessant care, for you have been more than a mother to her, Miss Pearson—all this has made me feel that if there is to be domestic happiness for me in this vale of tears, it can only be with her. I made up my mind some time ago, to speak to you about it. I felt that to be my first duty. But I have shrunk from it till now. The truth is, I hesitated to take a step which would imperil my intimacy with one"—Mr. Groly raised his eyes for a moment to Miss Pearson's face, and dropped them again—"one from whom I have derived so much good, and whom I have always loved and esteemed so highly. You will not think ill of me for all this," said Mr. Groly, taking her hand suddenly, and throwing as much emotion into his voice as he could command; "I am sure you will not. You will appreciate my motives."

Very well done, Mr. Groly. If you could only have worked a tear into each eye—for Miss Pearson is a woman—the thing would have been perfect. But, perhaps, tears are not much in your way, Mr. Groly.

“You have quite taken me by surprise,” said Miss Pearson, who had been on the out-look for some such divulgence of Mr. Groly’s intentions for several months; “quite: but, I assure you, the surprise is a joyful one.”

Mr. Groly’s face brightened, and he wrung the hand he still held in his.

“I will confess to you, Mr. Groly, that there is no gentleman who comes to this house of whose piety and worth I have been led to form a higher opinion. Eleanor is quite a young girl yet, but she has had many admirers; and I have been forced to think, Mr. Groly, of a time when I should have to part with her. And I have always said to myself, Fortune is nothing, position is nothing, talent is nothing; let me—”

The sound of footsteps on the stair caused her to stop. A look of annoyance crossed the faces of both.

“Here comes my brother,” said Miss Pearson, in a hurried whisper; “we shall talk the matter over again. But you have no reason for despondency. I think I can say that much. And be sure that I have your happiness at heart.” Mr. Groly pressed her hand, and rose from his chair.

“Ha, Mr. Groly! glad to see you,” said the Doctor, in his usual loud cheery way. “Looking at Eleanor’s ferns?—prettily put in, aren’t they?”

The Doctor referred to an album which Mr. Groly had just picked up from the top of the piano.

"Very prettily," said Mr. Groly, opening it for the first time.

"Wonderful things ferns," said the Doctor, vaguely; coming up and standing beside Mr. Groly, and turning over some of the leaves.

Mr. Groly, who knew rather less about ferns than he did about the Dogstar, said they were,—very. Just then, two sheets of pinkish paper slipped out from between the leaves of the album, and fluttered to the floor.

"Written on," said the Doctor, picking them up, and putting on his double eye-glass; something about the ferns, I daresay." The Doctor went over a few words in a humming way. "Dear me; this is surely—yes, it must be—some of what Mr. Harrington was saying last night."

A scowl, unseen by any one, suddenly darkened Mr. Groly's face. It was gone in a moment, and he was bland again as before.

"Ho, ho! the little Bozzy," cried the Doctor "taking notes of Mr. Harrington's conversation! Rich, isn't it? She didn't mean *us* to see this, I'll be bound; ha, ha! Well, you have better eyes than I have, Mr. Groly; let us hear what she has made of it." And the Doctor handed the slips to Mr. Groly.

"If she did not mean *us* to see it," said Mr. Groly, with the air of a man whose feelings are extremely sensitive, and who would not for the world do anything mean, "it might be improper to take advantage of the accident that has thrown it in our way."

"Pooh, nonsense!" said the Doctor; "it's what we all heard last night, and what you would have heard had you been here. Go on, Mr. Groly."

Mr. Groly, with some apparent reluctance, looked at the slips written all over in Eleanor's beautiful light hand; and after a moment's pause, began to read:—

"Holbein's 'Judas Iscariot'"—

"O, that's about paintings," interrupted the Doctor. "We were in seeing some of Faed's yesterday. Excuse me. Go on."

Mr. Groly began once more—

"Holbein's 'Judas Iscariot' is unequalled. Not a hint given of the man but you find there. Ask a plain man who knows his Bible what character that is. He will say 'The man who betrayed Jesus with a kiss.' A painting of our Saviour that shall satisfy the refined taste of those who have formed the highest ideal of Him, seems to me the triumph of the painter's art. Given the purpose, words, and doings of the God-man, required to produce a face and figure that shall embody these.

"To pierce into the soul of a man through a stolid or hypocritical face, and fix it in bodily form on the canvas, so that the meaning and purpose of the man's life shall be there as well as the likeness of the body—this is a divine triumph. Photography can never encroach on the province of the true painter. It must drive all mere carcase-painters from the field; because it gives a more correct transcript of a man's carcase, and gives it at less expense. By taking a man when conversing, or otherwise interested and

more natural, photography can preserve to us the living man of the moment. But the true artist presents a transcript of his subject's life—gives him as he never looked at any given moment, but as he would look were his soul shining clearly through his face. I have seen a portrait of Napoleon that gives a better biography of the man than has ever been written with the pen."

A ring at the door-bell caused the Doctor to interrupt Mr. Groly.

"This is Mr. Harrington, I expect," he said hurriedly, "We had better get the album away, or Nelly may catch us at it. Rich, though, isn't it—her taking down all that?"

Mr. Groly said it was, and smiled a ghastly smile as he returned the slips into the album, and gave it to Miss Pearson to lay aside.

By and by, Harrington came in, and they were soon all gathered round the tea-table down stairs—Mr. Groly on one side; Harrington and Eleanor on the opposite side, together. Those two beautiful heads so near one another—the one with its soft, timid loveliness, the other with its heroic face, its proud, dark eye, and its look of sublime intelligence—was indeed a sight to see. But Mr. Groly was scarcely the person to enjoy it; and the bland smile, which he habitually wore upon his face, was a little disturbed every time his lurking eye lit upon those two. He did not seem to relish his tea so much as usual. He stirred it about a good deal, and accepted a little more sugar from Miss Pearson with his sweetest smile; but he drank

very little, nevertheless. Nor did he talk with his usual fluency and ease.

A brisk conversation, that became all the more animated after tea was over, was going on between the others. At one point where it touched upon a subject with which Mr. Groly was very familiar and on which the Pearsons had always reckoned him an authority, he struck in, and engaged Harrington in debate, with the intention of taking his rival at a disadvantage, and bringing him down a bit in the estimation of his admiring audience. He had, however, wofully miscalculated his opponent's strength. Harrington no sooner came to see that Mr. Groly meant fight, than he dashed in upon him like a charge of cavalry, drove him back pell-mell from post to post, and only when he saw that Mr. Groly had not another word to say and was losing his temper, did he dexterously change the subject and turn to the Doctor again.

Maddened by so thorough a defeat on ground which he had himself chosen, and where he had been so confident of victory, Mr. Groly felt as if he could have sprung upon Harrington like a tiger and torn him to pieces. But he kept down his passion, and calling up a hypocritical smile, asked Eleanor if she would let him have a tune before he left. He stood beside her as she played, wearing the same bland look; but at times when he glanced, unseen by any one, at Harrington, the smile would harden for an instant into an almost fiendish grin, and a malignant look dart like a flash of lightning through his eyes.

It was time, now that Mr. Groly should leave for

his meeting. He shook hands all round, with great benignity—he even smiled sweetly as he shook Harrington's hand—and withdrew.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHICH SHOWS WHAT SORT OF PRAYER-MEETING MR.
GROLY HELD IN CALTON.

When Mr. Groly had got out into the night, and the Lodge door was closed behind him, his manner changed. A deep muttering sound broke from his lips, that one not acquainted with Mr. Groly's christian character might have taken for a curse. I am not sure that, at the corner of the road, in the deep shadow of the trees, he did not turn and shake his clenched fist wildly at the house he had just left. But he might be merely practising for his meeting. A cold wind was driving across the road, blowing with it a few icy drops of sleet: still there was no need that Mr. Groly should drag the knot of his cravat so tight, and draw his hat over his brows and strike it on so fiercely. He walked along the road, townwards, at a quick pace. It was a dark, wintry night; but the huge flames, welling and leaping up from Dixon's iron-works, as from the mouth of hell, flung strong, fitful gleams of ruddy light over the country.

Mr. Groly got into the city, turned through Gorbals, crossed the river, and made, by as short a way as pos-



sible, for the Calton. He never slackened his pace. His hat, as I have said, was pulled down over his brows; but as he passed the shop-windows that threw their flaring light into the wet streets, you might have caught glimpses of his face; and if Miss Pearson could have seen the malignant expression of Mr. Groly's eyes, and the grim clenching of his teeth, at such moments, she might reasonably have wondered what part of Scripture he was going to comment upon, that had suggested such thoughts as were evidently working in his brain.

Mr. Groly entered the Calton, and by and by turned off into an alley, checking himself once or twice before some door, to see that he was not passing the place. He stopped before a broad entry; and after a glance up at the windows, he turned in, went up a back stair, very dimly lighted by an old lamp at the bottom, and knocked at one of the doors. It was opened by a woman, with whom Mr. Groly exchanged a few muttered words, and passed in. The woman opened a door on the opposite side of the dark passage; Mr. Groly went in, and the door was shut behind him. The room was densely filled with tobacco-smoke, and a man sitting with his arms resting on the table, was cutting down a twist of tobacco with a jack-knife. The man turned round as Mr. Groly entered, and disclosed the rugged features of Maginn.

"You are late," said the man, in his usual hoarse voice, fixing his evil eye upon his nephew; "I began to think you weren't coming to-night at all."

Instead of making any reply, Mr. Groly opened the

room-door to see that the woman was away; shut it again firmly; whipped off his hat, dashed it upon a bed in the corner, and letting loose the fierce passions that he had been keeping in check with such difficulty, burst out with a torrent of deep imprecations.

Maginn, with his heavy arm flung over the back of his chair, looked at his nephew in fixed astonishment.

"Upon my soul!" he said, when the first gust was over, "you have a pleasant way of saluting your relatives, Abraham. I thought you'd ha' been out of practice in swearing by this time."

Mr. Groly looked at his uncle without appearing to listen to what he said, and then throwing off his top-coat, broke forth again with greater vehemence and bitterness than ever.

Maginn watched him with an expression of increased perplexity. Suddenly a light flashed into his eye, and with a face turning almost pale, he rose and seized Groly by the collar.

"Stop your curses!" he cried fiercely, uttering a huge oath himself—on the principle of like cures like, perhaps—"Stop your curses, can't you? and tell me what's up. Has anything gone wrong? Have they found you out? Have they discovered the deeds? Speak, man, can't you?" and Maginn with his powerful arm, gave his nephew a shake that made his teeth chatter in his head.

"No, no," said Mr. Groly, with an imprecation on his uncle's eyes, by way of winding up; "the secret is safe. It's not that. Take off your hand: I'm all right again."

Mr. Groly having by this time blown off the steam, was really calmer. He shook off his uncle's hand, and sat down; and had very soon sufficiently recovered himself to explain to Maginn the cause of his irritation. He told him about Harrington's appearance at Langside; Eleanor's admiration of him, all the symptoms of which—the rapt attention she gave to Harrington's conversation, her parting words on the night of the party at Langside, the slips discovered in her album—Mr. Groly detailed in bitter tones; every now and then, as his sense of mortification returned, relieving himself with an interlude of blasphemy.

Maginn sat smoking, with his eye fixed on his nephew.

"And everything going on so smoothly before," said Mr. Groly, bitterly. "There wasn't a fellow came about the house that had a chance with me. I told you before about that fellow, young Lorraine. I thought he was in the way at first, but I soon found out that he didn't care for my charmer—not a pinch—in fact that he had his eye on another girl of the name of Stit."

So much for your insight into human nature, Mr. Groly!

"I kept a watch on Eleanor too," continued Mr. Groly, "and found that she didn't care any more for Lorraine than he did for her. I don't think I have ever heard her so much as name him. She keeps out of his way. I rather think she dislikes him."

What if you are wrong again, Mr. Groly?

"So there was the way clear for me," he resumed,

"and though I've never been able to get the girl to listen to a word of love, for as often and as delicately as I've tried, yet I didn't mind that: I knew it only needed patience and care. So there I was, working myself into favour with the whole kit of them, and drawing closer and closer to the girl: when here comes this confounded interloper, and takes the girl's fancy the very first night they meet—with those infernal deep eyes of his, and a voice that sets women mad after him. And I tell you what, Uncle Maginn," said Mr. Groly, striking the table with his clenched fist, as his passion burst forth afresh, "if we don't get him out of the road, bright and early too, the game's up, and all this toadying, and snivelling, and praying, and humbug, ends in smoke—that's all," and Mr. Groly nailed down the assertion with a vehement oath.

Maginn watched his nephew for a few moments.

"Something's got to be done, that's clear," he said at last, laying down his pipe; "but I don't see that there's anything in all this to kick up such a thundering row about. Girls don't marry the fellows they fancy. They'll fancy half a dozen different fellows in as many months. What do the old ones think of this fellow Harrington?—that's the question."

"Why, Miss Pearson, her aunt, doesn't think much of him, thank goodness; and she won't come to think any the better of him, if I can help it."

"And she's the one that rules the roost, you told me."

Mr. Groly nodded.

"That's the starched-up, pious, puritanical old humbug, isn't it?"

"The same."

"Then stick to piety, Abraham, and serve it up hot, and plenty of it, and never fear. Take my word for it, the girl will marry sooner or later, as that old one likes."

Mr. Groly, a good deal comforted by these assurances, drew near the fire, and rested his feet upon the thin fender; while the man refilled his pipe.

"Yes," said Mr. Groly, complacently, "I'm pretty sure of Miss Pearson. I saw from the first that she was the one to work upon; and ever since old Daidlaw introduced his new convert to her—ha, ha!—I've cut the cloth to please her, and I flatter myself I've done the thing pretty cleverly. Church and meeting, foreign missions, bits of Bible, pious observations, heavenward looks at proper times, in this style," and Mr. Groly, who was becoming facetious, turned up the white of his eyes—"that's the sort of thing that goes down with her. Blow'd, if she doesn't think I'm at a prayer-meeting just now. I told her I was coming to one. 'Always on errands of love, Mr. Groly,' she said. O lord!" cried Mr. Groly, with a laugh, "isn't it rich?"

The man gave a hoarse laugh. But the expression of that eye of his never changed.

"Speaking about missions," said the man, "how are the funds getting on? You were to bring me some money to-night."

"And I have," replied Mr. Groly, putting his hand into his pocket and bringing out a few one-pound notes rolled together—"enough to keep you going. There

you are. But you'll have to be economical. Mind you, I've to keep up a more expensive style now—more expensive, a good deal, than the profits of my business would let me. And this Hong-kong mission isn't yielding so much as I expected. I can't keep back more than fifty or sixty per cent of the money, or the thing would be found out directly."

"Couldn't you get up another mission—you that's got a genius in that way?" growled the man, separating the three pound notes discontentedly on the table. "Hindoos, or Hottentots, or something like that. Hang it! this won't keep a fellow in salt long."

"Well, it's all I have," said Mr. Groly, "and a deuce of a work it's been saving even that. But if this confounded fellow is got out of the road, we shall be done with our difficulties before long. I spoke to Miss Pearson to-day. I saw there was no time to be lost, now this fellow has made his appearance; so I spoke to her; and she said as much as that, if she gets her way, I should have the girl. And if this Harrington doesn't come in between us, I shall."

Maginn had thrust the notes into his pocket, and with his eye fixed on Mr. Groly's, was listening with keen interest.

"I am doing my best to cut him out," continued Mr. Groly. "I'll show him in his blackest colours, depend upon it. I shouldn't wonder if I got her to forbid him to come to the house at all. I egged her on in that direction a bit to-day, hinting that this fellow would vitiate the girl, if he and she were allowed to be much together. I've got wind too of

something about him, when he was in London, that will serve my purpose; and I've written to Spaven, our old chum, to hunt up all the particulars. So I hope he'll be shown the door some day. I won't feel safe, in fact, so long as he's about the house; for if I'm sure of anything, I'm sure of this, that that girl's in love with him."

Are you wrong again, Mr. Groly?

"Then out of the way he must be got, by hook or by crook," said Maginn sternly. "There's been such things before as girls bolting with fellows like that; and there would be our thirty thousand and odd whistled away in a night."

Mr. Groly's face grew blank at the very thought.

"So keep a sharp look-out," said the man. "And if," he added, with a sternness verging on ferocity, "if he be like to oust you, Abraham, and you can't get rid of him by fair play, there's—one—way—left. Come to me!"

Mr. Groly knew the meaning of those words. He knew the meaning, too, of the expression that was glaring out at him from that terrible eye. Once before he had seen the same look. He turned pale for a moment, and shifted uneasily in his seat.

CHAPTER XV.

LITTLE TIZ

Oh! the first bright days of spring, when the glad sunshine can wait no longer till those grim wintry clouds, drifting sullenly away towards the gloomy

north, have passed, but struggles through, and pours its joyous radiance over hill and dale, wooing the earth with its soft sunny kisses! The little snowdrop peeps up into the sunshine and unfolds its tiny flower; the sparrows that have been cowering disconsolately under walls and hedgerows with only now and then a dismal chirp, break out into a twitter of joy—even the city brightens all at once into gaiety and loveliness. The vanes on a hundred church-spires light up with golden splendour; the long rows of windows flash like diamonds; and the lamp-posts with their gilded tops, the gilded signs on shops and warehouses, and even the huge smoke-begrimed piles of buildings—all put on a holiday look. Old hearts turn young again, as if the coming spring were going to bring back the joys of those days of childhood so long gone by, but still so well remembered, when they broke away in troops to the woods to gather the early primroses and “speel the sunny braes” with many a ringing laugh and joyous shout. The poor invalid, with her thin wan face, on which the hue of death is already too plainly discernible to those around, gets herself helped over to the window, and sits close to it that she may feel the warm sunshine once more upon her cheeks, and may shut her eyes, and dream that when the flowers are out, and the woods are green, she will grow well again. Out in the streets, too, the pale, care-worn faces that throng them, brighten suddenly in those first gleams of the returning spring, and you can see people crossing to the sunny side of the street to have the sunshine on their faces, and to look up

into those soft blue peeps of sky, and think of green fields and bright days at the sunny sea-side.

Harrington was often at Langside Hall on those bright days of early spring. There was no face more welcome there than his. The quick ear of the blind child was the first to catch the sound of his footsteps or his voice, as he came up the avenue with Walter; and it was a sight to see her little pensive face light up with sudden joy when she heard it.

Walter, too, loved Harrington with that deep, genuine, unaffected love, which only generous natures are capable of; and not one sentiment of envy tinged his honest admiration of his old college friend and companion. Even when they went down to the Lodge together of an evening, as they often did, and Harrington was established in the old-fashioned arm-chair that the Doctor assigned to him, and the conversation grew in interest, and Harrington, with his eye kindling, and every lineament of his pale boyish face alive with sublime emotion, was speaking like one inspired; and Miss Pearson, standing within the narrow boundary lines of her own belief, within which she had thought to confine him, had to content herself with shaking her head dubiously now and then, while she followed that daring spirit as it soared up, through mist and cloud, into the higher realms of thought; and Eleanor, sitting at the piano, had stopped to listen to that sublime voice; and the Doctor, standing in the rear, and excitedly nudging any one beside him, looked as if on the point of breaking out with a loud hurrah—even then there was no one who felt prouder of Har-

rington than Walter did. Often and often during those bright days of spring—especially on Saturdays—Walter got his friend out to Langside; and, arm in arm, they used to walk about the grounds, in pleasant converse—now and then, when they came to the best places for seeing the landscape, stopping to enjoy it; for Harrington was a passionate lover of nature, and rejoiced, with a childlike joy, in the sunshine that streamed, in soft splendour, over hill and dale, and made all things so beautiful and glad.

But, alas, for poor little Tiz! All the world filling with light and beauty, and she alone left in hopeless darkness! The sun came peeping in at her window in the bright mornings, but she never saw it. She had never known what it was to see the soft blue sky, or the snow-white clouds, or the flashing river; or the fields growing green again, or the buds bursting in the warm sunshine, or the flowers opening to the bee. She had never seen the kind faces of those around her, or the birds that sang to her from the trees. All the world was dark to her.

Perhaps it was the thought of this that made Harrington linger so much near the little child in those bright sunny days of that early spring. Sometimes, when he found her sitting at the window, or in the garden, alone, he would pace to and fro near her, turning now and then from the glorious landscape, to look, with unutterable love and sadness, at her; and then he would sit down beside her, and fondly stroke her little head, and take her tiny hand in his, and talk with her, and was never weary of listening to her

childish prattle, and of all they were to do when the summer came, and they went to Oban, and he came to visit them.

There was a garden-seat that stood on the gravel walk at the corner of the house; and when the air was soft, and the sun shone out, Mrs. Day would take out little Tiz, and spread a travelling rug over the end of the seat, and set the little child upon it, and leave her to enjoy the genial warmth of the sunshine, that she felt but could not see. There the child would sit, with her wee, old-fashioned, pensive face—thinking, Heaven knows what thoughts; but sometimes there would come into her face a look of sadness, strange in one so young, and sometimes a smile, though no one was by. There was a pair of sparrows—it always seemed the same pair—that used to seat themselves on the sunny window-sill above her, and look down so gravely at her, and then at each other, and then at little Tiz again, like a couple of wise little doctors consulting over a favourite patient. There was a little robin, too, that used to come every day when little Tiz was there, and hop about on the gravel quite near her, and stand and cock its head and look at her with its small black, bead-like eyes, and take a hop-hop nearer her, and look again, and give a sweet little chirp; whereupon the pensive face of the blind child would suddenly brighten up, and she would say

“Come, little robin, come!”

and the bird, with another joyful chirp, would hop up, and perch upon her hand, and hop about over her

and round her, as if in love, every now and then looking up curiously with its small black eye into her little blind face. For the birds all seemed to know little Tiz, and to be fond of her. The blackbirds and thrushes came in the early morning, and sang their shrill songs in the garden under her window; and the linnet never warbled so sweetly as when it came and perched on the sycamore tree near the corner of the house, when Tiz was sitting there.

Not a bird sang in the trees but little Tiz knew its note. And when the feathered tribes, that had been away in sunnier climes during the long winter months, began to come back again, little Tiz was the first to catch each old familiar voice, as it rose in the woods, and would rejoice as at the return of an old companion. She used to ask her father, long before, when the cuckoo was coming back; and as the time he told her of drew near, she used to listen day by day; and when at last she heard its mellow voice rising in the twilight of the far-off woods; she would jump for joy, and clap her tiny hands, and cry, "Cuckoo has come again, papa: cuckoo has come."

In the year of which I write, Harrington was there when the cuckoo's voice was heard for the first time in the woods; and he said, when Tiz had called his attention to it by the joyful clapping of her hands,

"It is singing to you, Tiz, to tell you that it is back again: why don't *you* sing to it now, to let it know that you are still here?"

The child's face brightened at the thought, and she

held up her tiny arms eagerly as she was wont to do when she wished to be carried anywhere. So Harrington threw a cloak round her, for it was in the gloaming, and took her out to the slope of the hill; and the little child sang part of one of her sweet songs, and when she stopped, the cuckoo called again from the woods as if in response. She nearly leaped out of Harrington's arms with joy; and then sang another verse, and another, till the voice of the cuckoo ceased.

"O the dear, sweet cuckoo!" she said, her whole face alive with childish earnestness and emotion, as Harrington carried her back to the house, "I never knew that it was singing to me."

She put her little arms round Harrington's neck, and laid her head upon his shoulder. So he bore her into the parlour again; and when he set her down on the sofa, the old man saw that unutterable look again, and the large dark eyes suffused with tears.

And when the early summer was come, and the glorious sun rose high into the heavens; and the fields were all clad in living green, and the leafy woods were vocal with the music of a thousand little songsters, exulting in this sweetest season of love and joy; Harrington would often take the blind child away with him on the summer afternoons for a ramble along the green banks of the Cart, as far as the old castle in the wood—sometimes, when the way was rough, or he thought the child must be weary, taking her in his arms—for she was very light, poor Tiz. There was one place in the wood where they generally ended their

walks, and where they used to sit a long while. It was a mossy stone, near the foot of a little silver-tinkling fall, where the soft blue sky smiled down upon the pair; and the solemn woods rose all round them; and the old ruin, rearing its grim battlements over the trees, kept watch like an ancient sentinel. There they would sit talking, talking to each other, in the sound of that tinkling fall, that kept its sweetest music for them. The birds came and looked at them from the old ruin and from the sunny tops of the trees, and sang to them all the while they were there. Sometimes Harrington would go away a while to search for bindweed, and got the child to sing to him till he came back; and then, with his long thin fingers, he would weave a chaplet for her, and put it on her head; and when he did so, you should have seen how the child turned up her little blind face to him with so sweet a smile. Then he would take her on his knee, and talk to her as only he could talk, his glorious voice mellowed with infinite tenderness. He told her fairy tales, and quaint old legends, and stories about the by-gone days when the old castle of Cathcart, standing so grim and silent now, rang with the sounds of revelry and mirth, and the clanking of armour; and of the bloody day when Scotland's fair queen had stood hard by where they were sitting, and had heard the shock and storm of battle rise from the valley below; and when the stream that now murmured so sweetly through it, had washed down the bodies of mangled men, hurrying them away with quivering fright, to get them buried in the sea. He would tell her, too,

about the wonders of nature, in such simple way as she could understand; and sometimes he would shut his dark eyes, as if to go with little Tiz into her world of darkness, and only feel the pulsations of that little simple heart, and hear the breeze whispering, and the fall tinkling at his feet, and the birds singing in that darkness where little Tiz had lived always. The child would often ask him about the stream; if it tinkled and murmured all through the night; and if it never stopped, and never wearied; and how long it had been flowing; and where it came from, and where it went. And the two never wearied, and seemed never so happy as they did on these Saturday afternoon excursions all by themselves.

Mrs. Day and Walter used sometimes to quiz the child playfully about her rambles with Harrington, and called them two sweethearts; and would ask Tiz if the day had been fixed, and if she had been away with George looking for a house. And the child with a half-inquisitive, half-frightened expression on her old-fashioned face, would draw closer to Harrington, and cling to his hand as if imploring his protection. And Harrington would put his arm round her neck, and say cheerily, "Never mind them, my little Tiz: they are only joking."

All this gave a great deal of pleasure and no little amusement to the folk at Langside Hall, and down at the Lodge. The old man's heart used to be quite melted at the sight of this strange love between his little pet and Harrington; and a new joy awoke in him when he saw, as he fancied, the bloom of health

begin to show itself in the pale cheeks of his blind child. He and Dr. Pearson, who had by this time resumed his ancient straw hat, would stand in the garden together, and watch the two as they set out for their Saturday rambles on these bright, breezy summer days. It was, indeed, a strange touching sight to all who saw them. You might have seen them walking along the quiet road, hand in hand, as if thinking and caring for no one but each other—Harrington leading the blind child tenderly along, stopping now and then to let her rest on some mossy wall, while he went and gathered sweet-scented flowers for her from the wood or the river bank. They came to be known by all the cottagers about; and very often a strolling pedestrian, or some poor woman gathering sticks for her fire, or some labourers in the field, would stand and shade their eyes with their hands and look after them. There was one poor man in particular, whom they often passed, working on the road, who used to stop his work as they were passing, and deferentially touch his big round Highland bonnet: and one time when Harrington stopped and spoke to him, he touched his bonnet again, and looking at little Tiz, asked in as soft and quiet a tone as his rough voice could command, if she was blind. And when Harrington said she was, the man, in tones laden with honest emotion, said, with a broad Highland accent—

“Ah, dear, dear! the bonny wee crey-tur! the bonny wee crey-tur!” and bending down, stroked her little shining curls with his big horny hands, as tenderly as any woman could have done. And when the two had

passed on, he looked after them till they had turned out of sight, and then brushing his eyes with the sleeve of his woollen shirt, took up his spade and resumed his work. Perhaps he thought the face of the child looked very pale and thin ; or, perhaps he might be thinking of some little one of his own, not older than she was, whose face had once brightened his cottage home, and whom he had laid, long years before, in the green churchyard, away in the stillness of his native glen. It might be some thought like that, that was in his mind, for he stopped his work once again, and drew the sleeve of his shirt across his eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOWING HOW MR. GROLY'S SUIT ADVANCED.

Old Samuel Johnson used to scout at the idea of certain men and women being made for each other. Marriages, he said, would be just as happy as they are, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of character and circumstances; and without the parties having any voice in the matter. Miss Pearson had a somewhat similar idea, though she would not have chosen the Lord Chancellor for judge. From the extremely foolish and imprudent things which love between young men and young women led them to do, it was Miss Pear-

son's conviction that love of that kind was a sort of disease. She had noticed that under its influence, young men and young women wasted a great deal of valuable time, and sat at open windows without regard to draughts, and went sauntering about in the open air after night-fall, at the imminent risk of catching cold in their heads. Also, that under its influence, young women laced tighter, and wasted more time before the glass, and sighed, and looked very foolish; while the young men squandered their money in useless presents, and took to wearing tight boots that were sure to engender corns. If people wanted to marry, let them do it by all means; only let them go about it in a rational way. Let them consider each other's circumstances, let them come to know each other well, and see if they were fitted for one another; let them take the advice of friends and guardians; and then, if everything promised fair, let them arrange to marry. But for people to marry from what was called love, was to marry irrationally; and as for young people who fell in love at first sight, and wanted to marry right off, Miss Pearson, if she had been consulted, would probably have suggested Bedlam.

Miss Pearson had often thought over the subject of marriage, in relation to Eleanor, and the way of duty seemed to her plain. Eleanor was very young, very inexperienced, and very illogical. She, on the other hand, was of mature experience; she knew the ways of the world; and was therefore in a condition to know who Eleanor would and who she would not be happy with, far better than Eleanor herself. And after a

careful consideration of all the circumstances, Miss Pearson had made up her mind that if there was any gentleman of her acquaintance with whom Eleanor was sure to be happy, that gentleman was Mr. Abraham Groly. Mr. Groly was a good man. Mr. Groly was an intelligent man. Mr. Groly was in comfortable circumstances. Finally, Mr. Groly loved Eleanor, and his love was of a proper and rational kind. It had never led him to talk nonsense, or learn the flute, or wear boots that were too tight for him. It had never led him to sit at open windows, nor to forget the hour at which gentlemen should make a point of being in their own homes for the night. If it had led him to make a few presents, they had been presents of a proper and useful kind—to wit, a tin case of arrowroot to herself, and a copy of Dr. Daidlaw's *Babylon the Great* to Eleanor, with several pious sentiments on the fly-leaf at the beginning, in Mr. Groly's own handwriting.

Miss Pearson was not a woman of mere theory. Having once made up her mind that the right and proper thing was for Eleanor to marry Mr. Groly, she set herself to bring this result about. She took little account of any objections that Eleanor might have to it, for if it was right for Eleanor to marry Mr. Groly, not to marry him must be wrong, and Eleanor must not be allowed to do wrong. Reason being all in favour of the union, any feelings that Eleanor might have against it must be unreasonable; and if feelings were unreasonable, they ought to be checked; and if Eleanor could not check them herself, it was her

guardian's duty to help her. Such was Miss Pearson's logic, and she proceeded without more ado to carry it into effect. She gave Mr. Groly frequent opportunities of being alone with Eleanor—opportunities which, Mr. Groly, who was very wide-awake, made the most of. She also took every opportunity of showing off Mr. Groly to the best advantage before Eleanor. For instance, if Dr. Daidlaw were calling at the Lodge, she would speak of the Hongkong mission, that Eleanor might hear the Doctor say:—

“Our friend, Mr. Groly, is the moving power in that. Isn't it delightful to see such zeal as he displays! Ah, how we should get on if all our members were like Mr. Groly.” Or words to that effect.

And as Dr. Daidlaw was very proud of his “convert,” it was easy for Miss Pearson to get him to descant on the rare and manifold excellencies of Mr. Groly's character. The result of which was that Eleanor, who had the most child-like faith in the opinions of both her aunt and Dr. Daidlaw, concluded that Mr. Groly must be a man of singular piety, and that it was very wicked in her not to admire and love him more than she did. Often, too, when Miss Pearson was sitting alone with Eleanor in the parlour, sewing, she would work round to the subject of marriage, and prelect thereupon with the sententious gravity of a professor of moral philosophy. And though, for a while, she mentioned no names, the double aim she kept steadily in view was—to show Eleanor how wretched she would be, if she ever married a man like Harrington, and how happy she would

be, if she married a man like Mr. Groly. Eleanor would listen patiently for a while with an air of complacency, which her aunt, if she ever noticed it, assuredly misunderstood. At last she would break in with—

“Dear aunty, what’s the use of always talking about that? Who’s thinking about getting married? I’m not—are you?”

But though Miss Pearson found Eleanor patient enough under these general exhortations, it was different when, for the first time, she connected with them the name of Mr. Groly.

“O dear aunty!” said Eleanor with a violent start, “don’t speak of such a thing. Pray don’t.”

“Why?” asked Miss Pearson, looking up.

“O you know I don’t love him. And indeed, aunty, I could not, though I tried.”

“Eleanor, my dear, you should not speak so hastily. True, proper love, as you ought to know, is a sentiment that springs from esteem. Now you have acknowledged to me more than once that you esteem Mr. Groly. You esteem him for his piety—for his consistency—for his zeal in every good cause; for his intelligence; for his disinterested kindness and attention to all of us, and for many other excellent qualities. Therefore you love him, or ought to love him. Any other sort of love is folly.”

“But, my dear aunty—”

“Folly, mere folly,” continued Miss Pearson with a determined shake of her head. “I have lived longer in this world than you, Eleanor, and I know all about

it. Now, I have carefully scrutinized Mr. Groly's character, and the more thoroughly I know him, the more I am convinced that he is just such an one Eleanor, as you would need—"

"Oh, dear aunty!" cried poor Eleanor, as the tears came into her eyes, "don't say that. Pray don't! I can't bear to think of it." Miss Pearson, however, having lived a good while longer in the world than Eleanor, and having seen how often an idea, repugnant at first, ceases to be so when the mind becomes familiarized with it, was by no means discouraged. She said no more at the time, but came back upon the subject again and again, when favourable opportunities occurred, showing great tact, and never doubting for a moment that in preparing Eleanor's mind for a favourable reception of Mr. Groly's suit, she was doing the very best thing she could do for Eleanor's ultimate happiness.

It was strange, how, in a person of Miss Pearson's principles, the mere conviction that it would be a good thing for Eleanor to marry Mr. Groly, blinded her to the iniquity of the means she used to bring this end about. Mr. Groly himself could scarcely have been more unscrupulous in twisting words and acts so as to make them serve his own purposes.

She never positively assured the Doctor, that Eleanor loved Mr. Groly. She never positively said to Eleanor that the Doctor's circumstances made him anxious that she should marry soon, and that Mr. Groly was the man whom it would most delight him to see her marry. She never said that in so many

words. But she might as well have done it: for such was the impression she contrived to produce. And by throwing an air of mystery round all her communications on this subject, and making them strictly confidential, she managed to keep the Doctor and Eleanor from coming to any explanation between themselves as to their real feelings.

Thus it was that Eleanor began to find herself thinking fearfully, of marriage with Mr. Groly as a thing that might have to be. And often, in the solitude of her own chamber, the poor girl wept bitterly, and thought thoughts which she dared not indulge elsewhere; and sometimes with a look, which one heart at least would have understood and leapt with a new, unutterable joy to see, she lifted her streaming eyes towards that house on the hill, and bent her head again, and sobbed as if her poor, timorous heart would break.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWS TO WHOSE EARS A CERTAIN SECRET FOUND
ITS WAY.

George Harrington was getting on. Surrounded by influences that were working upon him for good, he wrought steadily; and steadiness with Harrington was equivalent to success. Most of his work was done at home. Sitting at that little side-table with his big

portfolio before him, and his books standing round his feet, he would work on for hours at a time; only now and then when he was replacing a book or had finished something, turning to address a cheerful word to his mother as she sat knitting by the fireside, with a quiet pleasant smile upon her face. And the little Dutch clock tick-tocked, tick-tocked all the time cheerfully, as if talking to her in a subdued tone, so as not to disturb Harrington. Walter learned from various quarters, how rapidly his friend was rising, and he rejoiced. The more he thought of it, too, the more reason he saw to congratulate himself on the success of his endeavours to preserve Harrington from his besetting sin.

He got a fright one day. Harrington and he were at the Lodge together, and the Doctor, who had just come in from a hard afternoon's work in his plantation, poured out some brandy and asked Harrington to join with him. Harrington declined, but did so with a hesitation unusual in him. So, at least, Walter thought. The Doctor was just going to renew his request, when Walter, who had felt a sudden terror come over him, broke in with some remarks that diverted the Doctor's attention. No one else noticed it; but Walter felt, when he went home, that if Mrs. Harrington's fears were well-founded, and if his own fancy had not misled him in regard to the way in which Harrington declined the brandy, there was no time to be lost in trying to get this temptation out of his way. He went and spoke privately to the Doctor and Miss Pearson about it; giving them to understand,

under the seal of secrecy, that brandy was dangerous to Harrington, and it would be an act of friendship if they would take care not to put it in his way.

"Bless me!" said the Doctor, in a tone of sorrowful astonishment, "who would have thought it? I've heard of such a thing passing down from father to son. Can it—dear me! and to think that I have offered it to him again and again!" The Doctor wiped his brow with his big handkerchief, and thanked Walter for putting him on his guard, and assured him that it would be all right for the future.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that before many days were past, Miss Pearson had innocently confided this private communication to Mr. Abraham Groly. Nor will the reader be puzzled to understand why Mr. Groly pricked his ears, and why his eyes twinkled, and why that curious smile played all the while about the corners of his mouth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OLD DUTCH CLOCK BECOMES CONTEMPLATIVE

The summer holidays came round, and Langside Hall was all astir with preparations for the removal of the family to summer quarters at Oban. Tom and Charlie were in tip-top spirits, and spent half the night before they fell asleep, laying out their plans; which they did with very loud and eager voices, to the no

small discomfort of Mrs. Day, who slept in the next room, and had to knock through several times every night, for them to lie still and sleep. Straw-hats, hand-lines, fishing-rods, fishing-tackle, and all the other gear for coast enjoyments, were looked out, and gathered together, and boxes were already being packed.

Two days before the one fixed upon for starting, Walter took Tiz into town to take tea at Harrington's, in compliance with a special invitation. The carriage drove her up to the door in the sunshiny afternoon, and Harrington came down himself, and lifted little Tiz out of the carriage, and carried her upstairs in his arms. The big door hung wide open for a few moments as if wondering at the strange sight; and then when they had disappeared up the stairs, flung itself to with a loud bang. Mrs. Harrington, with her kind, sweet, motherly face,—loving Tiz dearly for her own sake, and still more because George loved her so,—was waiting on the top landing to welcome them, and kiss little Tiz, and take off her little hat, and smooth down her hair. And when she saw the little face, how pale and thin it was, she kissed it fondly once more, before taking Tiz into the parlour. Everything there had been got ready for the little favourite's reception. The table was spread for tea, and was furnished with a number of little dainties that Mrs. Harrington thought the child might fancy. In the centre stood a tumbler that served for a flower-vase, and was full of sweet-scented flowers that Harrington had gone away to the Bazaar that forenoon, himself, to select. And the evening sun, looking in at ten thousand windows

in the great city, saw no happier faces than the four that were gathered round the little tea-table in Mrs. Bouster's parlour. The old Dutch clock on the mantel-piece was very cheery, and talked away incessantly to itself, and wouldn't stop even in the solemn pause when the blessing was being asked, but kept saying to itself—"This is Tiz—wee Tiz; little Tiz—wee Tiz," just as plain as words.

Harrington kept Tiz beside himself. When they sat down first, Tiz was so low that her face was just a little above the level of the table. So Harrington got a big book and put it on the chair, and covered it with the old sofa cushion, which was very much the worse for wear; and perched Tiz upon the top, and drew her nearer to him; and there they sat close together. Harrington helped her to everything himself, and tempted her to all the little dainties that had been got specially for her; and he would stir her tea and make her taste it and ask if it was sweet enough, and she would say—

"O, so nice, George."

And then, after a pause she would turn her little face towards him and ask in her curious simple way,

"Is your's nice, George?"

And Walter would laugh and tell them that they were just like an old-fashioned couple, that kept all their sweetness to themselves, and wouldn't let any body else share it with them. And the face of the child would brighten with a smile, and in the midst of the smile that strange sad look would come like a shadow across her little face.

After tea, they had a good deal of talking about Oban, and arranged the time when Harrington and his mother should pay their visit to them. Walter was the more anxious that it should be soon, and for as long a time as they could spare, because it had been arranged that he was to spend the latter part of the year in Germany; and as he was to leave before the family returned to Langside, he might have no opportunity of seeing Harrington, except at Oban, until his return from the Continent. When Mrs. Harrington and Walter got into conversation, Harrington took little Tiz to the window, where the soft evening sunshine streamed upon their faces, and there they talked their own strange thoughts to one another. Then they got Tiz to sing a song; and sweeter sounds than had ever rung there before, thrilled through the room, and brought even the half-deaf Mrs. Bouster from the kitchen, to stand outside the open room-door and listen. The Original Seceders were evidently listening too; and the old Dutch clock, after pausing for a moment or two, began to throb a sort of solemn accompaniment.

Surely that strange old clock—that had stood on the mantel-piece there for half-a-century, or more, and had seen so many faces come and go—surely it had been watching little Tiz: and noticing how thin her face was; and what a light there came upon it when she sang. For it began to say to itself in a solemn under-tone—

“Can she live?—little Tiz: poor Tiz—little Tiz.”

And had you been there, and not minded all the merry talk that was going on, but gone over and

listened to the Dutch clock as it spoke to itself up there, these are the words you would have heard it say.

The carriage came back for Tiz before she had got half through all that she had been thinking of to tell Harrington. However, there was no help for it, so she let Mrs. Harrington lead her away to the little bedroom to get her hat and cloak on. The two old fellow-students waited in the parlour.

"Well, Lorraine," said Harrington, "this is likely to be the last time that we shall meet here. I expect to be able to remove to better quarters in a few weeks now. And yet I love this little place, and shall feel sorrow in leaving it."

"I shall always love it too," said Walter, looking round him upon the familiar furniture, "many a pleasant evening we have spent here together."

"Yes," said Harrington, with an earnest look, "let us remember these pleasant times. I shall not forget them. And when you think of them, Lorraine, think of the light and not too much of the darkness. For we shall yet find ourselves in a clearer light."

There was something in the words, and still more in the tone, that gladdened Walter's heart. He took Harrington's hand and pressed it silently.

Little Tiz was back now, and ready for starting. Walter shook Mrs. Harrington's hand cordially, and said "Good-bye," and looked round the little parlour once more, as if he meant his good-bye more for it than for her whom he was soon to see again. And so when Mrs. Harrington had done with her kissing of little Tiz, they all left the room.

Harrington carried the blind child down stairs as he had carried her up, and saw her comfortably seated in the carriage, and watched it go up the street till it was out of sight. The little parlour had a blank and melancholy look about it when he returned. And everything was silent except the grave old clock on the mantel-piece, that was busy talking to itself as before, and saying over and over again, "Can she live?—little Tiz: poor Tiz—little Tiz:" as if it could not help but brood over that one solemn thought.

CHAPTER XIX.

OBAN.

Reader, have you ever been at Oban? Have I? Yes, I should think I have. Even now as I write, the old familiar place comes back into memory bringing with it a thousand fond associations. I can see, as if it lay stretched out before me, that little bay with its clear blue waters dancing in the sunlight, and that long line of white houses stretching along the shore, and those solemn hills rising up behind, clothed here and there with clumps of wood or patches of yellow whin. Not a creek, or pool, or rock along that shore that I do not know; not a place for bathing, not a mussel-bed, not one sandy bank where sea-pinks grow, that I could not tell you where to find. Not an echo in those hills that my voice has not awakened; not a brook that I do not know the murmur of; not a road

or mountain track that I have not followed a hundred times. Not long ago I was there again. Many changes had taken place. Old houses had disappeared, new ones had been built. New faces looked out from the windows, new names stared at me from above the shop-doors; and persons whom I had never seen before met me in the street. I was a stranger there. The place that knew me once knew me no more. But when I got out upon the quiet old roads, and away amongst the silent hills, I felt amongst old friends again. When I stopped beside an old ivied tree, on the branches of which I swung many and many a time, with some whose faces I shall see again no more, it seemed to rustle its leaves as if it knew me again. I wandered away to a spot at the foot of a shingly steep, where, long years ago, we built a little Easter house. The brook went trotting down the glen with the old familiar sound, and the old big stones, all gray with lichen now, looked up at me with the faces of old friends, and seemed to be asking me with their dumb voices where all the bright faces had gone that were with me when I was there before. I mention all this because these were the very places where Harrington wandered with little Tiz, when he paid his promised visit to them at Oban. I know the house upon the green hill-side where the Lorraines stayed during those summer months. And when Walter tells me that little Tiz used sometimes to lie awake a good part of the night, I can think of all the sounds that would reach her ear. I know how in the calm still nights, she would hear the faint sobbing of the

melancholy sea, and now and then the querulous cry of the curlew coming from the far-off Maiden Isle. I know how, in the wild stormy nights, she would hear the wind howling through Dunolly wood, and the waves booming along Dunolly shore; and at times, a mysterious noise, as of something scampering fierce and fast up the neighbouring pass, and over the distant hills. When he tells me by what roads Harrington and she started on their walks, I can follow them in fancy. I can think of every view that would catch Harrington's eye as they went along. I know that when they reached this turn of the road little Tiz's ear would catch the splashing sound of a certain little cascade hard by, and that so soon as they got over the shoulder of that low hill they would hear the mavis singing from the opposite wood. I think I could even point out the grassy banks by the roadside where they would be sure to sit a while and rest, and the green glades up which Harrington would be sure to turn, in hopes of finding sweet-scented flowers for the little child whose hand he held in his.

The Lorraines had been some weeks at Oban before Harrington and his mother paid their promised visit; but it was all the better, for the weather had been unsettled; and sometimes for morning after morning, when Walter got up and drew aside the blind, his eye met the same unwelcome prospect of disconsolate flowers and bushes in the garden, all dripping wet, and heavy drizzling mists creeping sluggishly along the hill-sides. But, by the time the Harringtons came, the weather had cleared up beautifully. When Walter

looks back upon that week, it seems to him one of the most beautiful and joyous in his life. He does remember, no doubt, that once or twice he rambled away amongst the hills alone, to dream of Eleanor, and think how sad and weary a thing it was to love as he had loved, and yet meet with no return. But even that comes back now like part of one long pleasant dream, only with a softer and more subdued light over it.

There could not have been much time, however, for such solitary musing. Every night some expedition was planned for the next day; and as sure as the bright morning came, away they all were, as merry and jocund a party as you could desire to see. One day it was a walk to a farmer's house away far up a sunny glen, where they sat down on the green grass and had a feast of curds and cream. Next day it was a drive to the manse of a kind old country minister, who took them round his glebe, and through the quiet churchyard with its green knolls, into the old church, looking so solemn and hushed with its vacant pulpit slumbering over the vacant pews—nothing astir in all the place but the specks that floated silently in the slanting sunbeams, and the reflected light that trembled on the walls, and the flies that were intent upon a noiseless game at tig, round one of the dusty chandeliers. The day after, it was a sail round Kerrera, in their own handsome four-oared boat. Mrs. Day took care that a certain hamper should be well packed with provisions; and Tom and Charlie, when they had brought the boat in to a little creek where the others were waiting to

embark, took especial care to see this hamper stowed safely away in the bow. When they all took their seats the boat was shoved off; Tom and Charlie, with their jackets and waistcoats off, and their straw-hats stuck far back on their heads to make them look like sailors, got the oars manned; the word was given, and away they went in grand style, with the waters lip-lip-lipping at the bow, and the wet oar-blades flashing like diamonds in the bright sunlight. It was not wonderful that being in such good spirits they should all have taken such a hearty laugh, when suddenly, before they were far from the shore, Charlie's oar caught the water, and knocked him back off his seat, so that those who were sitting in the stern, when they looked forward to see what was wrong, could see nothing of Charlie but his long legs sticking right up into the air. Nor is it wonderful that when Charlie got up with a very red face and said it was all owing to the foot-rest being too far away, they should have laughed all the more merrily—especially Tom, who thought his superiority as a sailor would now be established. But they had no more mercy on Tom, when, after a while, *his* oar caught the water next, and sent him back into the bottom of the boat, leaving nothing visible but his boots; especially when he got up and tried to persuade them that it was owing to something wrong about the thole-pin.

They had a glorious day of it; sometimes joining in a song, sometimes listening to a story, sometimes stopping to watch the snowy-breasted gulls that came to look at them, and went skimming overhead between

them and the cloudless blue. They landed on a little rocky islet to see what Mrs. Day had put into the hamper; and were so much pleased with what was brought out that they allowed very little of it to go back. Later in the afternoon they run the boat up upon a white sandy beach, and after some games on the shore, they went up to a little farm-house on the hill and had a drink of milk. Then they resumed their voyage; sometimes rowing, and sometimes, when the breeze freshened for a while, sailing along under a heavy press of canvas, consisting of two big umbrellas and Mrs. Day's shawl. So the afternoon wore merrily away, and by and by they rounded the point of Kerrera, and began to pull towards home, keeping in by the shore. By this time the breeze had quite fallen, and scarcely a ripple continued to agitate the surface of the water. The boat glided swiftly on, and when they ceased rowing and lay awhile upon their oars, from which the water dripped like oil, the boat continued to glide on for a long time, sending away two ripples from its sides that spread out in long diverging lines behind them. The sun was sinking behind the purple hills, looking back along a pathway of liquid gold. Few words were uttered. It seemed as if the deep hallowed stillness of the scene would have been rudely broken; and they sat still, watching the magnificent changes by which an unseen hand was silently deepening the gorgeous splendours of evening into the dusky grandeur of night. Alas! for poor little Tiz, who had never seen the glories of the setting sun. She sat on her father's knee in the stern of

the boat. Her head was inclined a little to one side as if she were listening to some far-off sound. Even the others thought they could hear, amidst the general stillness, a mysterious low-murmuring sound, as of the tide creeping solemnly along the shore. A tall heron, standing like a ghostly sentinel on a boulder that jutted from the water, threw out its wings as they approached, and flapped its way sullenly to a more distant part of the shore.

"There is an echo hereabout, if I am not mistaken," said Walter, looking along the coast; "we should have a song."

He gave a shout and listened, but there was no response. They pulled about a little, shouting at intervals to try, till at last the echo was found. They stopped the boat and lay upon their oars, and Tiz was called upon to sing. She sang a song she had learned from Eleanor, each verse of which ended with the words—

"She is not gone,
She is not gone,
She'll come again to-morrow."

When little Tiz sang "to-morrow" she paused. The sound died away, and was followed by a stillness profound and long. Then suddenly, sending a thrill of awe through every heart, it awoke again, sweet and clear, far up the dusky hill, and ceased only to wake again still farther up, as if an angel had caught the sound, and then another had taken it up, passing it

away into the skies. Once more the child's voice rang out sweetly:—

“To-morrow,
To-morrow,
She'll come again to-morrow.”

She ceased, and with her little hands folded together sat listening for the answer from afar. And once more the notes were taken up by the angel voice, and passed on and on: till, far over the hills, the sweet cadence died away. A big tear gathered in the old man's eye. He kissed the forehead of his child, and drawing round her the plaid which he had thrown over his shoulders, drew her closer to his heart, as if he feared that the angels were going to come and take his little Tiz away. Harrington had sat motionless all the while with his dark eyes fixed on the face of the blind child. He scarcely seemed to breathe, so rapt was his attention. And every time, when that spirit-voice awoke far up the hill, a look of profound awe, such as no language can describe, came gliding into his face. The deepening shades of night warned them to take again to their oars. A mist was gathering over the bay. The tide crept solemnly along the blackening shore. The woods were hushed: the hills were folded in the soft deep twilight. Walter gave the signal; the boat's head was turned a little; and with long, trailing sweeps of the oars, they doubled the last point, and pulled steadily towards the landing-place. A few lights were already twinkling along the face of the hill.

CHAPTER XX.

GOOD AND EVIL.

The days at Oban went pleasantly by. Harrington enjoyed himself with that keen relish which those can understand who have themselves escaped from the grim toiling city, to the quiet sea-side. He was amongst the friends he most loved. He was surrounded by scenes of beauty and grandeur such as could not fail to awaken in a soul like his the liveliest emotions of delight. His mother, too, rejoicing in his joy, yearning over him with all the unutterable fondness of a mother's heart, seemed to be growing young again. The Lorraines, between whom and her a warm affection had sprung up, all noticed it. Walter marked it with peculiar pleasure. He saw that, as her apprehensions subsided and her hopes grew stronger and stronger, her spirits became more buoyant, and a sweeter and more tranquil smile began to play like sunshine upon her kindly face. Harrington and little Tiz were more together than ever now: and they never wearied. He had gone with her to all the places where, in previous summers, she had used to sit and muse alone. They had gone together to the rocks on Dunolly shore, and listened to the melancholy trailing sound of the long weeds as the sea drew back its sobbing waters. Often and often, they had gone down and sat upon the sunny beach together, and felt the fresh sea-breeze on their faces, and listened to the

thousand voices of the sea, and heard the joyful clicking of the little shells and pebbles as the tide came rippling in again. Many a ramble they had amongst the sunny braes; sometimes alone, sometimes with the others. And so the days at Oban went sweetly by.

There was evidently something that little Tiz had been expecting by the post for two or three days; for when the hour came round for the delivery of the letters, she would get anxious, and creep out to the garden, or to one of the windows upstairs, to listen if she could hear the postman's steps coming up the hill. If they had been away on one of their excursions, she would linger in the vestibule on reaching home again, to ask the servant, when the others had gone upstairs, if the post had brought anything for her. And when she was bidding Walter good night, she would put her little head close to his bosom and whisper—

“Will it come to-morrow, Walter?”

And when he said that he thought it would, she would hold up her little face for his kiss, and go away with a brighter look.

At last it came—a diminutive parcel: and when little Tiz, who had heard the postman's steps, and was hovering about the vestibule, heard him read out her name, she gave a little cry of joy, and groped her way with tremulous eagerness to the door-step. The grim features of the old postman relaxed when he saw her; and he gave the parcel into “little Missie's” own hand—exchanging smiles with the servant when he saw the child take the parcel in her trembling hand and hurry away with eager face, holding it to her little

bosom as if for safety. Little Tiz groped her way eagerly half-way upstairs, and then changed her mind and came down again, and scarcely knew what to do for joy. At last she went into the parlour and got Walter, and took him up to her bedroom; and after a few minutes they both came down, and Tiz waited at the door while Walter went in and whispered to Harrington, with a smile, that Tiz was outside and wanted to see him. Harrington rose at once and went out; and there was little Tiz waiting with something clasped in her hand. She whispered to him to come away round to the summer-seat at the end of the house. When they had got there, she stopped and asked him in an eager voice if there was nobody near.

Harrington smiled, and looked curiously at her, and said "No."

Whereupon, Tiz put the neatly-folded parcel timidly into his hand, and turned up the side of her little head in an attitude of earnest attention. She drew closer to him when he began to open it, and gently taking hold of his coat, and putting the side of her little face against it, she kept fingering it nervously all the time, as if she could learn something of his thoughts and feelings even from the touch of his clothes. Harrington opened the little parcel, and found it to contain a slender hair watch-guard neatly mounted with gold.

"It is my hair," said the child, speaking in a whisper. "Walter got it made up. Will you wear it, George?"

A look of unutterable tenderness and solicitude came into Harrington's face. His lip trembled as he

laid his hand upon the child's. Little Tiz took his hand between both her own, and pressed it to her little bosom, and said again, "You will wear it—won't you? dear George."

He said he would; and that every time he looked at it, he would think of her, and of the bright days they had spent together at Oban. He bent down and kissed her tenderly. Her little face brightened with joy.

"I may as well put it on now, as afterwards; don't you think, Tiz?" he said; and suiting the action to the word, he took off his old guard, and fastened hers in its place.

He sat down, and took Tiz upon his knee, and put her hand upon the new guard. The child felt it all over, with both hands, eagerly, and seemed very happy.

"Do you know why I gave it you, George?" she said suddenly.

"You will tell me, Tiz"

"Well," said the child in a softer tone, "I thought if the dear Lord took me away, I should like to know that you were wearing this, and thinking of little Tiz sometimes, as I should be thinking of you."

Harrington said nothing. His power of utterance seemed checked. He drew his long arms more closely round the child, and his lip trembled again.

"I don't know how long I shall be with you yet," resumed the child, "but one night before we came here—perhaps they thought I was asleep, but I wasn't—I heard nurse say to Mrs. Day that I wasn't growing, and I was lighter to carry than I used to be, and she thought I wouldn't be a long while here."

How thoughtful the little blind face looked, and so old-fashioned!

"But I would like to stay a little while yet," she said. "You are all so good and kind. Don't you think I may, George?"

"Yes, yes, my little Tiz," said Harrington hurriedly, with quivering lip. "You will stay. You will not leave me. You will not leave the rest. No, Tiz. I hope we shall all be happy together for many years to come."

"But oh! how happy we shall be in heaven," said the child eagerly, "happier even than here; for the Lord will be with us and we shall hear his voice, and the angels singing all the day long. And then you know," she said, folding her little hands and looking, oh, so old, old-fashioned, "Mamma is waiting for us in heaven. The angels came for her long, long ago, before I can remember, and took her there. And papa is going some time. And so is Walter, and all of us. And you'll come too, George, won't you? How nice it would be if we could all go there together!"

She sat silent awhile, and then she said, turning up the side of her little head again,

"Is heaven very far away, George?"

"No, Tiz," said Harrington, as a shadow darkened his eyes, "not so far—from you."

"Because," said the child, "sometimes in the stillly nights, I can hear a sound coming from far, far off, like the sound of many voices singing, oh, so sweetly. And I thought it might be one of the songs that the angels and the redeemed ones sing in glory."

Perhaps it was, Tiz. Who can tell?

She had just spoken when some one was heard calling her by name. Harrington kissed her and let her go: and for a while after she was gone he sat buried in thought. Perhaps these words came into his mind—"Except ye become as a little child, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;" for a wild, dark shadow fell upon his eyes, and he pressed his hand upon his brow.

* * * * *

At the very time when Harrington sat in the garden there, thinking the better thoughts that little Tiz had unconsciously awakened in his mind, there were two dark spirits, buried in the depths of the great city from which he had come, that were thinking other thoughts of him. These two were Maginn and Mr. Groly. They stood together in the room where the reader has seen them meet before. Maginn had thrown his coat upon the bed, and stood with his brawny arms folded across his breast. Mr. Groly had been in for only a minute or two, and had just regaled himself with a copious draught from a jug of ale that stood upon the table; for the evening was warm and Mr. Groly was dry.

"We'll have our hands upon the fellow's throat before long now, I expect," said Mr. Groly, with a complacent nod.

"It's time," growled Maginn.

"It *is* time," responded his nephew setting down the jug; "but it's not my fault that it hasn't been managed before now. I've been doing my best; but hang me

if I could find how to get him out of the road, till Miss Pearson told me in strict confidence, of course, ha, ha!" —and Mr. Groly nudged his uncle facetiously—"in the strictest confidence and as a friend, that Harrington has a weakness for brandy, and would be done for if he could once be got to taste it."

Maginn had turned his eye upon his nephew with keen interest.

"I thought there was something or other wrong with him," resumed Mr. Groly, with a smile of satisfaction at his own sharpness. "I caught his mother give such a skeery look at him, one day he and I were at dinner at the Pearsons. He was drinking a glass of wine at the time. I took a note of that; it'll be of use to us now; but I didn't guess at the moment what was the meaning of it all. Then came Spaven's letter—you remember I wrote Spaven to find out what he could about Harrington's life in London. Well, what does Spaven find but that the fellow used to be a regular sot when he was there. He used to write articles for one of the London papers, in the bar of some tavern in Fleet Street; and whenever he got the money for them, he used to go back and get as drunk as a lord, and never do anything more till the money was gone, and he got sober again. His mother got him away at last, I don't know how; but they came here. That's not the whole fun, though. He had run up pretty long scores in two or three places; and what do you think he did?"

"Bolted," suggested Maginn.

"Sent every one of them an I O U for the amount

he owed, and has been paying them by instalments ever since he came here! Fact, I assure you. It's in Spaven's letter. And that accounts for his living in such poor style as he does; though he's handsomely paid for his work, as I understand. Upon my soul, I shouldn't have thought a fellow like him would have been so green."

The man grinned.

"It's more than Abraham Groly would have done," he said slowly, as he fixed his evil eye upon his nephew.

"I hope it is," said Mr. Groly, with a self-complacent smile. And to do Mr. Groly justice, it certainly was.

"Well, about this fortunate disclosure that Miss Pearson has made—we must turn it to account. And I can tell you," said Mr. Groly with sudden seriousness, "the sooner it is, the better. Harrington has been more about the house than ever, since the Langside Hall people went to Oban; and the girl is getting fonder and fonder of him—I can see that as clear as day; and so is the old gent, in spite of all that Miss Pearson can do. Of course she tells them both everything she gets from me about the fellow. Leave her alone for that. But the old gent always says, 'Never mind what he was: he's not that now; if there's anything wrong about him still, let us try to put him right.' And so, confound it! things go on the same as ever. We must take the work into our own hands now; and we—ha! ha!—we'll 'put him right'!"

"What do you mean to do?" asked Maginn.

"What I mean to do," said Mr. Groly, "is to get him down to Glime's—you've been at Glime's?"

Maginn nodded.

"Have you been in the bagatelle room?"

Maginn nodded again.

"Well," continued Mr. Groly, "if once we get him down amongst the fellows there, our work is done, or I'm very much mistaken. You'll have to help."

"Of course I'll help; but how?"

"Well I'll show you my plan. A deuce of a work I've had, I can tell you, fishing out all the information I needed. My clerk, Luney, goes to Glime's now and then; but I have to get everything out of him in an underhand way, or he would wonder what his pious governor meant, and perhaps smell a rat: though, happily, his scent is far from keen. The only fellow that goes to Glime's who is acquainted with Harrington, is one of the name of Tottie—a clerk, or sub-editor, or something in the *Globe* office. Harrington writes now and then for the *Globe*: and he knows Tottie, and likes him. Now, what I want you to do is this—hang about Glime's and scrape acquaintance with Tottie and the others. There's a fellow of the name of Rook—"

"Ah! I know him," said Maginn.

"Yes: I suppose he's a good deal there yet. A very clever fellow, Rook. He used to make a tidy thing of it at bagatelle; I was more in the billiard room, but we were pretty intimate. Well, make friends with him and the others; and notice on what nights

Tottie goes there. Harrington is a bagatelle-player; I found that out the first night I met him; and I made a note of it. Get Tottie to know that, in some way that won't betray you. In the meantime I'll stick in with Harrington. We'll arrange a night; I'll get Harrington up to my lodgings, and get him to drink as much and as strong wine as I can. I'll find some pretext to get him to where we shall come—accidentally of course—on Tottie and you. I leave him with you; Tottie invites him to go and have a game at bagatelle; you see that there's no lack of brandy; a game is played; glasses round, and there you are." As the picture rose before Mr. Groly's mind, his close-set eyes twinkled with malignant joy.

"If all that I have heard be true," he added, "you won't find much difficulty in keeping him out of my way thereafter."

Maginn's eye lighted up with a brighter glare. "Trust me for that," he said.

"And now is the time to set to work," said Mr. Groly, in a low, earnest tone. "The coast is clear. Young Lorraine goes off to the Continent in a few days: and the blind girl remains at Oban with the rest. There's no time to be lost. It may be now or never with us."

"All right," said Maginn.

CHAPTER XXI.

INTRODUCES THE READER TO GLIME'S BAGATELLE ROOM,
AND SHOWS HIM WHAT CAPITAL SPORT WAS TO BE
GOT THERE.

Maginn was by no means loath to follow Mr. Groly's advice about frequenting Glime's, especially as a somewhat larger share of the Hongkong mission fund had been given him in order to pay his way. He lounged about Glime's a good deal, sometimes spending a whole evening in the billiard or bagatelle room, watching the play; sometimes joining in a game, and always ready to pay his share of liquor, and to stand two-penny-worths round, when he saw that it would serve his purpose. In this way he soon ingratiated himself with Mr. Tom Tottie, and with Luney, who was Mr. Groly's clerk, and the other frequenters of the place; and with Mr. Rook especially, who was as great a villain as himself, and still more accomplished, Maginn was soon on terms of easy familiarity.

As it is well that the reader should know something of how matters were conducted at Glime's, we shall follow Maginn as, with his glaring eye looking straight ahead, he passed, one evening, along the crowded thoroughfare towards the Cross. He turned for a moment into a large, handsomely decorated whisky-palace.

"Is Glime in?" he asked in his usual deep growling voice, addressing a man in his shirt sleeves, who

was standing behind the counter, serving out liquor to a noisy group in front. The man replied in the negative.

Maginn turned out again, and passed on a few paces to a side entrance, over which there hung a large blood-red lamp, showing on the side next him the figure of a round ball with the word "billiards" above, and the word "bagatelle" below. At the entrance he encountered a tall, dark-complexioned man, fashionably dressed, who was lounging about with a cigar in his mouth, lazily eyeing the passers-by, and now and then ogling some good-looking girl.

"Hollo, Rook," growled Maginn, as he came up, "are you waiting for anybody?"

"No," said the other carelessly, taking his cigar out of his mouth for the greater convenience of spitting, "I've been round the diggings taking my constitutional."

"You're going in, I suppose," said Maginn, jerking his thumb towards the stair.

"I should rather fancy I am," returned Mr. Rook. "I let that green cove that's been down for a couple of evenings—"

"M'Gull?" asked the other.

Mr. Rook spat again and nodded. "I let him win five bob off me last night, to make sure that he'd come back. I mean to refund myself with compound interest to-night; so"—lowering his voice a little—"if you're going to bear a hand, of course you'll share. He'll bleed pretty well, I fancy. He went in a while ago. I suppose we may as well follow."

Mr. Rook threw away the stump of his cigar, and the two went up the stairs together. They passed through a pair of folding-doors covered with green baize cloth, and turned into a room on the right-hand side of the passage. It was a small room but handsomely furnished. A dark-green bagatelle-board run down the middle, lighted, as yet, by a tall narrow window of ground-glass; but a slender gasalier, with two long thin branches and shades over the burners, was ready when the dusk should come on.

Several young gentlemen, of more or less rakish and dissipated appearance, were lounging about the table or on the leather-covered sofa. Mr. Luney, a foppish youth with a sickly-looking moustache, and a cigar between his teeth, was standing at the foot of the board making a few careless shots; and the balls were being now and then rolled back to him by a young gentleman, in a large showy Rob Roy tartan cravat, assisted by Mr. M'Gull, a raw lad, evidently not long in from the country, but showing by his manner, and the vulgar profusion of jewellery on his person, that he was ambitious to be thought a swell, and up to all the outs and ins of city life. Maginn, on entering, rung the bell and ordered whisky for two, while Mr. Rook stretched himself on the sofa, and got out his cigar case. Sounds of angry voices, and scuffling, and occasionally a hoarse laugh, or a few staves of a bacchanalian song yelled out by men's voices, came from a neighbouring room, or from the vaults across the passage—more distinctly audible in consequence of the door of the bagatelle room having been left open.

"What the deuce can be keeping that fellow Jock, that he hasn't brought the whisky," said Rook, after he had been smoking for a while. "Ring the bell, will you, Tottie."

A short and very stout man, who was standing in front of the empty fireplace, with his hat very much over one eye, and who had been humming to himself a tune, did as requested: and presently Jock, who was a stolid-looking, sandy-haired youth of about forty, and who generally officiated as marker in the billiard room, made his appearance with the liquor.

"Hand me my glass," said Rook impatiently; "what has kept you all this time?" Jock explained that he had merely been helping the policeman to handcuff a volatile Irishman who had got drunk, and floored his wife, and nearly broken the heads of two or three of his particular friends. Mr. Tom Tottie, in a solemn voice, protested against so trifling a circumstance being allowed to interfere with the discharge of his duties, and told Jock that he was becoming a lazy vagabond, and asked him where he expected to die when he went to. Jock, who appeared to be on terms of perfect familiarity with the party, replied to Mr. Tottie's badinage, by thrusting his tongue into his left cheek, and winking facetiously at him with the corresponding eye.

After some random talk, and a fresh supply of drink, with which Mr. M'Gull was well plied, a game was proposed. A foxy-faced gentleman, who was understood to be a particular friend of Mr. Rook's, went over to a neat mahogany stand behind the door,

and selected his cue, as did one or two of the others. Rook lay still.

"Come along, Rook," said Mr. M'Gull, who was already chalking the leathern tip of his cue.

O hang it, no—not to-night again,"—replied Mr. Rook, with a resolute shake of his head, "I got enough last night to last me for a while.—He didn't leave me with two coppers to clink against one another, Tottie. I can't stand that sort of thing every night, you know."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the simple Mr. M'Gull, "I couldn't help it, you know—really I couldn't. But maybe your luck 'll be better the' night."

"Luck be blowed!" said Mr. Rook doggedly; "it's that knack you've got of twisting the ball that did it. Smith and I"—Smith was the name that Maginn, for prudential considerations, had assumed there—"Smith and I were just speaking before we came in about that shot of yours that won the first game. He says he never saw it done before except by Willetson."

"And Willetson's the best player going," added the foxy-faced youth, giving a furtive wink to Mr. Tom Tottie, who turned towards a little gas jet over the mantel-piece for the ostensible purpose of re-lighting his pipe, but more probably to conceal any indications of smothered laughter at the credulity of Mr. M'Gull. That simpleton being glorified by such means as these, into a state of sufficient assurance and self-conceit for their purpose, preparations were resumed for the game.

"Well, are you going to play or not?" asked the foxy-faced youth, turning to Rook.

"Upon my word"—began Rook, pleadingly.

"Come, come," cried Mr. M'Gull, in a tone of patronage and encouragement; "try one game; we'll not be so hard on you the' night." Mr. Rook still hesitated. At length, however, yielding to the earnest and repeated solicitations of the company, he got up with an assumption of extreme reluctance, and asked Mr. M'Gull to hand him a cue.

"Let me have a good one now," he said, "you know the sort."

Mr. M'Gull, who knew rather less about the respective merits of cues than he did about the differential calculus, examined two or three with a severely critical air, and passed one of them over to Rook, assuring him with an elaborate wink and in a confidential tone, that it was the best one in the lot.

Play now commenced, and everything went at first in favour of Mr. M'Gull. Mr. Rook and Mr. Tom Tottie played a short game against the other two; and Mr. Rook made such wretched shots, sometimes missing the ball altogether, that Mr. M'Gull generously volunteered his assistance in putting him up to a few moves, and showing him a better way of holding his cue—kind attentions which Mr. Rook accepted with much humility and gratitude. In the next game Mr. Rook and M'Gull were pitted against each other.

"I must let you hang on your own hook now," said Mr. M'Gull.

Mr. Rook gave a dismal shake of the head, as if he feared it was all up with him in consequence; and his friends tried to look as if they thought his helpless

condition entitled him to the greatest commiseration. The game went for a time in favour of Mr. M'Gull, Rook making a pretence of playing his best, but failing in the shots which he made the most elaborate preparations for, and keeping his ground only by an occasional stroke, to which he contrived to give the appearance of pure chance. As the game drew near its close, Mr. Rook pretended to get angry at the money he had lost on particular shots, especially as Mr. M'Gull only wanted two of the game now, which he was pretty sure of making at his next play. Mr. Rook was sixteen behind him, and seemed fluctuating between chagrin and despair. Mr. M'Gull, who was in the highest spirits, exhorted him to keep cool, and make the best of a bad bargain. After some grave consultation over the board, Mr. Tottie pointed out a way in which, by great dexterity, the eighteen points needed for the game, might be made with one shot.

"You needn't try," said the foxy-faced youth, with a side wink; "the game's lost."

"It isn't lost," retorted Rook, as if provoked by his losses.

"I tell you it is," said the foxy-faced youth; "you can no more make eighteen this shot, than you can fly."

"What will you bet?"

"I'll bet anything you like," replied the foxy-faced youth, confidently. "At least, if I have anything to bet with," he added, changing his tone, and feeling his pockets, while he turned his eyes upon Mr. M'Gull.

"Now's your chance," growled Maginn, nudging that gentleman with his elbow.

The effect upon the poor dupe was what had been anticipated. He turned to Mr. Rook, and said, "I'll bet you ten to one in shillings, that you don't make the game."

"Well, hang it!" cried Rook, "I'll risk it." He fumbled in his pockets and brought out half-a-crown. "Say half-crowns," he added flinging it on the board; "If I win, I'll get back what I've lost; if I lose, I'm done."

"All right," said Mr. M'Gull, with a compassionate smile; and the stakes were forthwith placed in Mr. Tottie's hands.

Mr. Rook took his stand at the foot of the board, and after a great show of anxious calculation, let fly.

"Blast it!" he cried fiercely, as if he had made a miss. The ball rolled up, struck another, and then another—not those that Mr. Tottie had pointed out at all.

"Hold on!" cried Maginn, "you're going to get something yet." Every eye was fixed on the board; one ball had just dropped into the pocket on one side—that counted ten—and another ball, slowly following, dropped in too.

"Hurrah! the game!" cried Rook, with sudden exultation, as if he hadn't known perfectly well from the beginning how the balls would go.

"You didn't mean that—it was a fluke," said the gentleman in the Rob Roy cravat.

"A fluke—a fluke!" cried all the others.

The winner assumed an abashed appearance, as if he could not deny it, but nevertheless pocketed the stakes.

As was anticipated of course, Mr. M'Gull, confident in his superior skill, challenged Mr. Rook to another trial, and, having no more money upon him, staked his finger-ring. It need scarcely be said that the ring was soon in Mr. Rook's possession; and that by skilfully luring on the silly victim step by step, Mr. M'Gull's other ring and his albert chain were speedily passed into the same hands. Having nothing more of any value upon him, that he could be got to stake, bagatelle was given up, and Mr. Rook and his friends—who were to participate in the profits—having made even a better haul than they expected, grew very hilarious.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said the gentleman in the Rob Roy cravat, slapping Mr. M'Gull encouragingly on the back—for that gentleman was looking "rather down in the mouth," as Mr. Tom Tottie expressed it—"it's your turn to win the next time, you know."

The foxy-faced youth, in an under-tone addressed to Mr. Luney, but really designed for Mr. M'Gull, expressed his conviction that Rook, if he ever risked another game with that gentleman, would be beaten to a dead certainty. Mr. Luney expressed his willingness to be "blowed" if he had ever seen luck like what Rook had had that night. Even Mr. Rook confessed candidly that his best hits had been made by mere chance; and as Mr. M'Gull was very anxious to recover the finger-ring (which was not his own), Mr. Rook magnanimously promised to let him have it back any time he pleased, for three pounds—the value of the ring being rather less than half that sum, as Mr.

Rook, who had once been a pawnbroker's assistant, very well knew.

Encouraged by these assurances, Mr. M'Gull (who was by this time a little giddy from the effects of the liquor he had drunk) gradually cheered up into a state of great buoyancy, and began to entertain the company with marvellous stories of the sums of money he had occasionally lost and won in London when he was there (which he had never been): till he began to believe them himself, and to think his present losses not worth a thought. At this stage in the proceedings, Maginn, after a private word with Mr. Rook, withdrew.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHOWS WHAT A JOLLY NIGHT THE PARTY AT GLIME'S
MADE OF IT, AND HOW ONE OR TWO OF THEM DIDN'T
GET HOME TILL MORNING.

More drink was ordered in, and Mr. Luney, having the reputation of being a good singer, was called upon for a song. His song was followed by noisy jokes and laughter, growing gradually more and more uproarious, the feast of reason being much less conspicuous than the flow of soul.

Mr. M'Gull, who was getting into a state of boisterous jubilation, volunteered a Gaelic song, and contrived to get through it with some apparent difficulties of articulation, which, of course, made no difference in

the world to the audience. When the applause that followed the Gaelic song had subsided, the gentleman in the Rob Roy cravat declared that the very least thing they could do was to have glasses round in honour of Mr. M'Gull. So Jock was summoned, and glasses round called for—the expense being generously defrayed by Mr. Rook, out of Mr. M'Gull's own money. Mr. Tom Tottie was then selected to propose Mr. M'Gull's health, and began to do so in a magniloquent speech which Mr. M'Gull took to be serious, and wondered what the foxy-faced gentleman and one or two others could be laughing at.

“Ahem!” said Mr. Tottie, draining his glass, and clearing his throat for a brilliant peroration, “long may the clan remain puissant of which our illustrious friend is the chief, or ought to be the chief, which is just the same thing, or better. Long may his coffers be full (hear, hear), and long may he continue to devote himself with the same enthusiasm with which he has this evening devoted himself, to the cultivation of music and bagatelle, and all the fine arts, which have made our country what it is, for if that hasn't done it, what has?” (Applause.) “Where,” exclaimed Mr. Tottie with enthusiasm, “where is the heart that music cannot melt?—music like what we have heard from Mr. M'Gull this evening, associated as it was with the expressive and mellifluous language of the aboriginal Celt? As for us, who dwell in this great hive of human industry, and hear, in general, no music but the sweet still music of pewter-pots and humanity, we shall look back on the present as one of the happiest

moments of our lives, when we played at the same board and drank from the same ambrosial tap as this distinguished representative of the clan M'Gull."

Immense applause followed Mr. Tottie's speech. It had no sooner subsided than Mr. M'Gull, with drunken solemnity, got upon his legs—a posture, however, which he appeared to find some difficulty in preserving. He shook Mr. Tottie's hand with great fervour, expressing his conviction that the blood of the great M'Gulls must be flowing in Mr. Tottie's veins, and adjured him to say if it was not so. Mr. Tottie replied that he rather thought, on reflection, that his grandmother's uncle had married the daughter of a M'Gull's second cousin; but he could not be positive, as the documents on which he relied were preserved with great jealousy in the fossil department of the Hunterian Museum, and only exhibited once a year in presence of the Lord Provost and Magistrates. Mr. M'Gull replied with enthusiasm that, on his own mind, there was no doubt of it; that he had felt from the first that Mr. Tottie was his brother. His newly-found relative he thereupon proceeded to embrace in the most affectionate manner—Mr. Tom Tottie winking profoundly to his friends, over Mr. M'Gull's shoulder. Mr. M'Gull then proceeded, in the fulness of his love, to explain to the company that his mother's name was Jean, and that his father had got two prizes for Highland stots; and after a few observations on cattle in general, he concluded by evincing a desire to stand upon his head on the bagatelle table. This interesting performance he was prevailed upon to post-

pone in consideration of Mr. Tottie having volunteered a song. Mr. Tom Tottie then sang "Billy Wood" and "The Cove wot sings"—the chorus in both cases being sustained by the whole strength of the company, most of whom were by this time half-seas over. The youth in the cravat, who had his hat very far back on his head, and had tucked up his coat tails under his arms, accompanied the chorus with an entirely original dance, performed on the rug, which he had drawn out for that purpose into the middle of the floor. At the close of the song, Mr. M'Gull, in a glow of enthusiasm, insisted on shaking hands with everybody twice round; and gave a general invitation to the company to come and spend a few months with him next season at his father's abode in Glen Whollockie.

At this interesting moment, Glime—a big bloated man, with little, gray twinkling eyes, and an asthmatical cough,—came in to hint that the time for shutting up had arrived. It was a pity, however, that so jolly a night should be brought so soon to a close; so after one glass more to the confusion of Forbes Mackenzie, the jolly company unanimously resolved to adjourn to a favourite oyster-shop and have supper: and as Mr. Luney had suddenly discovered in his waistcoat pocket, a pound that he didn't know anything about, he announced, in a somewhat inarticulate manner, that he would stand the oysters. So the whole party adjourned and had oysters; and when they had done, the gentleman in the Rob Roy cravat made a motion that in gratitude to his friend Mr. James Luney, who had stood the treat, they should convoy that gentle-

man home. The motion was carried with acclamation, and they all set out in the direction of Monteith Row where Mr. Luney stayed,—enlivening the way by an occasional song with very short verses, and a very long chorus; and finally by ringing all the door-bells in Monteith Row as they passed along. In this latter amusement, however, they were detected by a couple of policemen, who instantly gave chase; and as Mr. Tom Tottie was too fat to run well, and Mr. Luney and Mr. M'Gull were too drunk to run at all, these gentlemen were promptly seized, and borne off to terminate their-jolly night in the station-house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHOWS THAT THERE MAY BE TWO WAYS OF LOOKING
AT A JOLLY NIGHT.

In a little bed-room, high up in one of the houses near the east end of Monteith Row, lay a sick boy. The gas was turned down a little, and further to soften the light, an old family Bible was planted on end upon the chest of drawers, so as to screen the gas jet from the boy's face. His mother, Mrs. Luney, in her widow's cap, sat by the bed-side, reading from the New Testament in a low voice, stopping every little while to give the boy his medicine or a sip of cold water. His sister, having seen the younger children to bed, came softly in on tip-toe, and sat down under the gas-light to darn some stockings.

"You had better leave the door off the sneek," said her mother, "that we may be sure to hear Jimmy when he comes."

"A little cold water, mother," moaned the sick boy.

"Here it is, my dear," she said, taking a cup of water that stood on the table and putting it to his parched lips.

"What time is it now?" asked the boy for the twentieth time within the past hour, and in the same querulous tone.

"Bella," said Mrs. Luney to her daughter, "would you look what time it is?"

"Twenty minutes to twelve," said the girl, looking at an old-fashioned watch that stood in a case on the chest of drawers.

"He is very late," said the boy, feebly.

"That watch is a little fast, though, is it not, Bella?" said Mrs. Luney, who knew well enough (poor soul!, that it was not, though she would fain believe that it was.

"I think it is—a little," replied Bella.

Mrs. Luney resumed her reading. It was the parable of the prodigal son.

"My throat is very dry, mother," said the boy, in a few minutes, "is there nothing but water—nothing but water?"

"You'll have grapes in a little, my dear boy," replied the poor mother, "whenever Jimmy comes. He's bringing a whole bunch for you. And you'll have something nice to-morrow; Jimmy was to call

at your shop to-day, and get the pound Mr. Gibb is owing you. So you'll be able to get anything you want." Alas! Mrs. Luney, for your poor boy's pound.

"Stop, mother," said the invalid, brightening up, "I think I hear Jimmy on the stair." They all listened, and presently they heard a door opened on the landing below, and shut again.

"It's been Mr. Sim," said Mrs. Luney soothingly; "he went to Carlisle yesterday, and was to come home this evening by the night mail. Lie down, my dear," she added, tucking in the clothes round the boy's neck, for he had raised his weary head to listen. "Lie down: do: Jimmy will be home very soon now."

"Look Bella, if you can see him coming," said the boy, turning his thin hot face to the side, and half closing his languid eyes. Bella laid down her work, and drawing the blind aside, peered out. The long line of ghostly lights twinkled along the river bank. The heavy night wind moaned drearily across the Green. Dixon's furnaces threw their fitful gleams up on the dusky brow of night: and the muffled thudding of some steam forge came across from the south side of the river. The lamps in the Row poured down sickly discs of light that floated on the wet pavement.

"Do you see him coming, Bella?" said the boy wearily.

"He may be coming, my dear," she replied evasively, "but the night is dark and I cannot see many doors down."

"He is sure to be here very soon now," said Mrs. Luney, making a dismal attempt to speak cheerfully,

and gently putting back under the clothes the hot hand that the poor little fellow had thrust out. "I shall go and see that everything is ready for him."

She closed the Bible, and went away bravely into the parlour, and there she shut the door and sat down and wept as if her poor weary heart would break. The city clocks tolled the midnight hour. The dying boy moaned dismally, and turned away his face from the light.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. GROLY PROCEEDS TO CARRY OUT HIS PROGRAMME.

The morning came when George Harrington and his mother were to return to Glasgow. It was a glorious summer morning—bright, clear, and still. Not a breath of wind stirred in the deliciously cool morning air. The island of Kerrera lay mirrored in the bay; every hill, and tree, and rock wonderfully beautiful and distinct. The Lorraines were all standing at the corner of the little pier, waiting to see their friends away. Walter looked at those two, as they stood among the other passengers on the sunny deck. He had never seen Mrs. Harrington look so well and so happy before. His heart warmed as he marked that quiet smile playing like sunlight on her cheeks; and when his eye turned, as many an eye there had already turned, on the bright youth that stood beside her, with those dark, majestic eyes of his, so full of

thought and infinite promise, Walter felt within him the sudden glow of his old enthusiastic pride.

He had taken up little Tiz in his strong arms. She sat there, poor blind child! with her head turned a little to the side, listening eagerly: for all was darkness to her. She had heard the bustle, the noise of footsteps hurrying to and fro, the thunderous hum of the impatient steamer, the ring and thump of the gangway as it was pulled back. And now she heard the splash of the ropes as they were cast off, the plunging of the paddle-wheels, the hiss of the water, and then a strange stillness on the pier when the steamer had moved away. Her little heart felt lonely, and that old woe-begone look began to fall like a shadow upon her little face. But you should have seen how radiant it grew in a moment, and how she clapped her hands, when Walter, seeing Harrington make a sign and touch the watch-guard he had got from little Tiz, bent his head and told her of it.

"Now, Tiz," he said, putting his white handkerchief into her hand, "hold this up, and he will see it and know that you are saying good-bye to him again."

So the child took it eagerly and held it up.

The steamer, in the meantime, was cleaving her way with quickening speed out into the beautiful bay. Harrington stood near the bulwarks with his mother's arm in his, and his dark eyes resting fondly on that little group at the corner of the pier. Mrs. Harrington called his attention to the boys, who had got upon the top of some old boxes, and were waving their straw hats with great vigour. He smiled, but

his eyes were fixed on little Tiz, whom he could see holding up a white handkerchief. When the steamer began to turn round the point, Harrington led his mother across to the other side of the deck, that they might get a parting look at their friends. The boys had disappeared now; the pier was fast receding from view; but still they could distinguish the white handkerchief, glistening in the morning sunshine like a little speck.

The bay is fast closing behind them now; but still they stand there, and see the intervening headland moving across the landscape like a screen, cutting off from their view each well-known house, and shore, and sunny hill. Ay, well may ye cast that lingering look behind: for this world is a world of change, and the brightest day is often followed by the darkest night; and it may be that ye two shall never stand together and look upon that scene again!

* * * * *

George Harrington and his mother were not many days back to their old quarters in the city, before they had a call from Mr. Abraham Groly. Mr. Groly had never gone into the presence even of Miss Pearson, with a blander smile or a more genial warmth of expression. He was so glad to see them both again, and to find them looking so much the better of their trip. It was delightful, too, to see the lively interest with which he listened to Harrington's glowing descriptions of Oban. Then he had so many affectionate inquiries to make about the Lorraines—especially about little Tiz. Poor child! how was she? Had the sea air done

her good? O what a terrible privation blindness was! Poor thing! poor thing! Mr. Groly's voice quavered for a moment, and he blew his nose in a way that made Mrs. Harrington sure that he would have wept outright, had their presence not restrained him.

The Dutch clock was of a different opinion. It talked a good deal to itself in a distrustful tone, and evidently had no liking for this new comer.

Mr. Groly was prevailed upon to stay and take a cup of tea with them; and got into such an animated conversation with Harrington, that he didn't get away for a good while; when he apologized, with much apparent sincerity, for occupying so much of Mr. Harrington's valuable time. Nonsense. The time had gone by happily. They hoped Mr. Groly would return soon again. Good night. Good night. And Mr. Groly went out with the blandest of smiles; and as he went down the stairs alone, he winked and nodded his head pleasantly to himself.

Mr. Groly *did* return soon again, and soon again after that; and was always welcome. For Mr. Groly could make himself a very agreeable companion when he pleased. He had seen a good deal of the world; he had read a good deal; he was no mean conversationalist. And at Harrington's, as at the Lodge, he put his best foot foremost. He was far too accomplished a hypocrite, however, to try the same talk with Harrington that he employed so successfully with Miss Pearson. He had taken notice of the subjects that Harrington was fondest of discussing. He prepared himself, by special reading, to converse intelligently

about one or two of them, and these he would broach when occasion served. He would listen, too, with the deepest interest, apparently, to all that Harrington said; even when he unfolded views at which, in Miss Pearson's presence, Mr. Groly would have thought it well to look shocked; and now and then he would put a question to Harrington, as if to get some of his own difficulties removed. In this way, Mr. Groly was not long in raising himself in Harrington's estimation. The old clock on the mantel-piece, however, didn't like him a bit better than before.

But Mr. Groly had trespassed so much upon their hospitality now, that he would feel unhappy, if they did not allow him to return it. He assured them of that with his blandest smile. So, at his solicitation, a day was fixed upon when Harrington and his mother were to spend the evening at his rooms. The appointed evening came; and Harrington and his mother enjoyed themselves at Mr. Groly's very much. There were three other gentlemen there: two of whom belonged to Dr Daidlaw's church. All three were highly intelligent men, and relished Harrington's conversation exceedingly. Before the party broke up, they had worship, which Mr. Groly himself conducted; and prayed—hypocrite that he was!—for a special blessing on the head of the very one whom the whole affair had been got up to lure on to destruction.

Mr. Groly went into the lobby with his visitors, and helped the gentlemen on with their cloaks, and bade them all good-night with as bland a smile as ever.

"Now," he said, when he found himself alone in his

parlour again, "I've done that pretty neatly. The old lady can never have any fears or suspicions of me after this. I think I may get ready for playing my last card now."

Mr. Groly lost very little time in doing that. The coast was clear. Walter Lorraine, after a flying visit to Langside Hall for his traps, was fairly off to the Continent. The Pearsons had gone down to spend a month at Lochgoilhead; and what was not so pleasant to Mr. Groly, the Doctor had got Harrington to promise to go down and spend a day or two with them there. It was not Mr. Groly's intention, however, to allow the promise to be performed if he could help it.

After some secret communications with Maginn, Mr. Groly got Harrington engaged to come up on a certain afternoon. Had any one seen into Mr. Groly's parlour an hour or so before the appointed time, it would have been a curious subject for speculation, what Mr. Groly was doing with the wine in his decanters, and whether that was brandy that he had poured out of a half-pint bottle into one of them; and what it could be that made Mr. Groly smile with such a cold, cunning smile as he did so. Mr. Groly must have had dinner rather later that day than usual; for he was still at it when Harrington came in. Harrington had dined two or three hours before—for he always dined early (as no doubt Mr. Groly, when he made his arrangements, knew)—but he was easily prevailed upon to draw in and join Mr. Groly in a glass of wine. Harrington had been with his mother that forenoon looking at

rooms in Bath Street, to which they meant to remove in the course of two or three weeks. He was sure his mother would be the better of the change. Mr. Groly, by the way, was rather a favourite with her: he must come to see them in their new rooms. O yes; Mr. Groly would do that: nothing would give him greater pleasure.

Harrington was in buoyant spirits; and talked with even more than his usual animation. The conversation got upon language; and Harrington went, with the keenest interest, into the various theories of its origin and development. He sat in his favourite attitude, with one hand upon his side, the elbow of his other arm forward on the table, and his thin, white, flexible hand giving illustration and point, in the most astonishing manner, to everything he said. Mr. Groly listened with deep interest—taking care, however, that Harrington's glass should never remain empty; and his interest became all the keener when, at last, he saw those dark, majestic eyes begin to light up with unnatural splendour, and heard that voice of his, at all times magnificent, begin to widen its range, and rise at intervals to such heights of impassioned eloquence, that even Mr. Groly felt an awe come over him, and found his hand trembling once or twice when he passed the decanter across, and thought of what he was about. But Harrington's nerves were too delicately strung to stand so much unnatural stimulus long. The climax was soon past, and Mr. Groly's watchful eye was not long in detecting the change. He noticed Harrington now and then pause suddenly

as if he had lost the clue of his argument. Harrington had been pointing out some of the wonders that lie imbedded, like fossils, in single words and phrases, and had made some quotations from a book by Trench: and as Mr. Groly seemed to take such interest in them, Harrington said that he had a copy of the book at home with his own annotations upon it, which Mr. Groly could have a reading of whenever he liked. Mr. Groly thanked him cordially, and said he should call for it the very next day. Harrington resumed the subject; but the change in him was becoming more and more apparent. It was as when Samson rose with shaven head, and went out as at other times to shake himself, and wist not that his strength was gone from him. Mr. Groly marked the change, and saw that the time was come. Two or three times within the last half-hour he had looked at his watch, and at last he said with a show of great reluctance,

"I am really sorry, Mr. Harrington, that I shall have to break up this delightful meeting. But I have to meet one of the city missionaries in the Calton at eight, to call with him upon a poor old woman who needs some assistance. I got his note only this afternoon. But the shower is off, perhaps you will walk a bit of the way with me."

Yes, Harrington would do that with pleasure. So they left the house together and walked down Renfield Street, and round by St. George's Church into Buchanan Street; and as they passed the church, Mr. Groly looked up at the clock and quickened his pace a little. The open air had affected Harrington, and

he talked excitedly as they went along the street. So they got into Argyle Street; and Mr. Groly, while apparently listening to Harrington, kept a watchful eye on the opposite side of the street. They had got into Trongate and nearly as far as the Cross, before Mr. Groly, after a look of recognition at some one on the other side, which Harrington did not observe, slackened his pace. They had not walked much farther, before Harrington heard some one behind calling him by name. He turned and recognized his friend Mr. Tom Tottie of the *Globe* office, who was accompanied by a tall man with a sinister face and glaring eye, whom the reader would have had no difficulty in recognizing as Maginn.

"Well, good bye, Mr. Harrington," said Mr. Groly, when he saw that his companion was shaking hands with Mr. Tottie; "I shall just push on, as I am rather late. I shall see you to-morrow."

So they parted with a smile: and Mr. Groly went on. But he had no sooner got round the corner of Saltmarket, than he stopped to look anxiously behind. The three were still standing in a group; but, by and by, he saw Tottie take Harrington's arm, and the whole party walk towards the Cross. He watched them eagerly as they approached Glime's. They stopped under the blood-red lamp: only for a moment, and then passed in. Ha, ha!—the work was done! Mr. Groly turned, and with a curious smile playing on his face and twinkling in his close-set eyes, went home.

As the evening advanced, however, Mr. Groly became so anxious to know whether Maginn had suc-

ceeded in keeping Harrington in Glime's, that he put on his hat and waterproof coat and sallying forth into the dull dreary night that had closed in, went across to Harrington's lodgings.

Mrs. Harrington answered the door herself, Mrs. Bouster being unwell and in bed. Her face brightened at the sight of Mr. Groly; but when she found that he was alone, a startled look crossed her face, and she inquired eagerly where George was. All right, thought Mr. Groly, they have got him to stay.

"I thought he had been with you," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Well, he was till about half-past seven," said Mr. Groly, in a cheerful tone; "but I had to meet a city missionary in the Calton at eight, so we came a bit of the way together till a friend of his met him in the street; and so we parted."

Again that fearful look darted across her face.

"I thought he would have been here before now," resumed Mr. Groly, "and so, as I was passing near at any rate, on my way home, I called to get a book from him that he was speaking to me about. *Trench on the Study of Words*, I think, he called it."

"I think I know the book," said Mrs. Harrington; "at any rate, I can soon find it for you. Come in please, and take a seat."

"Well, it is hardly worth while," said Mr. Groly, at the same time stepping into the little parlour, "I never like to be out after ten, if I can help it."

Ah! what an exemplary man Mr. Groly was! and how cleverly he had given that wound!

The book was soon found, and Mr. Groly took it and cast a glance over a few of the page headings.

"You should have heard him talk on this subject to-night," he said, as he proceeded to put the book away into the pocket of his inner coat. "I never heard anything like it. You have reason to be proud of your son, Mrs. Harrington."

"He is a dear, noble boy," she replied, her face glowing suddenly with a mother's pride; "and so kind. He would do anything—make any sacrifice, for those he loves."

She spoke from the depths of her fond heart. She had forgotten all the darkness of past years; she remembered only the light.

A few words more were passed, and Mr. Groly, after a warm pressure of the hand, and a promise that he would be back to see them soon again, withdrew.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DEMON IS UNCHAINED.

Maginn had carried out his part of the infernal scheme quite as dexterously as Mr. Groly had done. He had succeeded in making a blind instrument of Mr. Tom Tottie, who, when he asked Harrington to go with them into Glime's, had no idea that he was aiding in a scheme for his destruction, or leading him into any harm at all. When they entered the бага-

telle room, where a game was going on, every eye was turned on Harrington. There was a grandeur about his aspect even yet, that filled the company with an awe of him. Mr. Rook, who had been adjusting his cue for a shot, paused, and followed Harrington with his eyes till he had taken a seat, and then resumed play. There was silence in the room for a few moments; but Harrington was in boisterous spirits, for the wine had mounted to his brain, and he began to talk with reckless volubility, wild flashes of wit escaping him now and then that set the company in a roar.

"By the way, what's become of Luney?" asked Mr. Tom Tottie, "I haven't seen him here this week or two."

"Won't be down till to-morrow at any rate," replied the youth in the Rob Roy tartan cravat, who was there, and who stayed in the same row as Mr. Luney. "There's a brother of his dead—a small chap he was. Kicked the bucket last week, and was buried yesterday. I was passing when the funeral started; and positively it was enough to give a fellow the blues to see the chap's mother and sisters, with their faces at the window, crying and wringing their hands, and all that, watching the hearse go round the corner. Very shabby turn-out the funeral was."

"I hope it'll leave Luney enough to pay his debts with—that's all," said Mr. Rook, in a slow, abstracted manner, as he drew back his cue and made a shot. "He owes me seven-and-sixpence.—Fourteen to me," he added, carelessly, to the fellow who was marking the scores. Mr. Rook then stood aside to make room

for the next player, taking another glance at Harrington as he did so.

Maginn sat with his leg thrown over a little table at the further corner of the room, and as he prepared to light his pipe, he kept his glaring eye stealthily on Harrington's face. He had ordered drink on the way in, and Jock came in with it now. He handed one glass to Mr. Tottie; another to Maginn, who paid; and at a nod from Maginn, he handed the remaining one to Harrington.

"What is this?" said Harrington.

"Your brandy, sir."

Harrington's colour changed for a moment, but no suspicion crossed his mind. He took the glass and set it on the corner of the mantel-piece beside him. The game went on, and so, at intervals, did the talk and fun.

There was one difficult shot that Rook had to play, and most of the company gathered round the board. Maginn sat still, smoking silently, and his evil eye kept a keen but furtive watch on Harrington. He saw him steal a glance several times at the glass that stood within reach of his hand, and at such moments those wild, dark eyes would light up as with the sudden outbreaks of long-suppressed and now fast re-kindling desire. Suddenly he saw him stretch out his hand, put the glass of brandy to his lips, and toss it off. Enough. A look of fiendish triumph flashed across the rugged features of Maginn. He drew over a spittoon with his foot, bent down and spat in it, and then tapped the ashes out of his pipe against his thumb nail. It was enough. The deed was done.

There were more games—Harrington taking part in some of them—and more drink after every game. A terrible change had come over Harrington's face. The bright intelligent look that usually illuminated every feature, was gone: and a dull, lurid light began to glow sullenly in his dark eyes. Once, when the end of a cue accidentally caught his watch-guard and nearly snapped it, he looked down at it, and his countenance changed. He turned his face to the wall, pressed his head convulsively between his hands, and drew himself up to his full height with stern look and compressed lips, as if struggling to overcome the demon-power that blinded and bewildered him. It was only for a moment, and then the lurid flames kindled in his eyes again, and he abandoned himself to wilder and fiercer excitement than before. At times he would bend over the board, and with his face near the rolling ball would follow it to its destination, and then laugh a maniac laugh, and sometimes whoop and yell, and toss his long arms into the air with a wildness that startled and even terrified the others—accustomed, as most of them were, to scenes of drunken violence and frenzy.

As eleven o'clock approached, the company dropped off one by one. Maginn waited till Harrington went out, and then rose and followed. The thoroughfare was thronged with motley groups of men and women, many of whom, reeking with the fumes of drink, had just been turned out of the closing public-houses. Harrington reeled heavily along through the crowd, met sometimes by a push back and a fierce oath from

some man, or still more hideous woman, against whom he had jostled. Presently, passing a set of rough-looking fellows who were themselves excited by drink, one of them gave him a violent hutch with his shoulder, that sent him reeling against another of the party.

"Haud aff," cried this other jeeringly, giving him a shove that sent him reeling back.

Harrington turned fiercely round and looked at him. His face was toward the light of a neighbouring lamp, and the man fell back before the fearful glare of those dark eyes. At this moment the man who had jostled him first came up behind, and bringing down his heavy fist on the top of Harrington's hat, drove it down over his eyes. There was a loud laugh. Maddened with drink and passion, Harrington tore off his hat, and, staggering up to his assailant, struck him a blow upon the face. A fierce scuffle ensued, and loud cries of "A fight! a fight! fair play!"

Ah, little Tiz, softly sleeping within sound of that murmuring sea, with its many voices, to which you and he have often sat and listened in the sweet days gone by, how little art thou dreaming of all this!

A crowd had gathered round the combatants in a trice, and Maginn, pushing to the centre, was in time to see a big ruffian get hold of Harrington by the throat and hurl him down amongst the people's feet on the hard, muddy causeway. He looked on with eager interest. Poor Harrington lay stunned and bleeding at the mouth. The man was attempting to get over and kick his prostrate antagonist, but there was a cry of "Police," and he was borne away hur-

riedly by his companions. Harrington, with his clothes and face bedaubed with mud, was got upon his feet—his hat (crushed out of shape among the people's feet) was stuck on his head, and in this dismal plight, he was taken in charge by Maginn.

"You'd a' been murdered if it hadn't been for me," growled Maginn, when he had got him out of the crowd.

Harrington made no reply. He was muttering fierce, incoherent threats, and turning half round, every other moment, to gesticulate wildly with his long arm, and defy the rabble that still followed him. Maginn, dragging him hurriedly along, turned into King Street. He stopped a little way down, and turning into a dark close, and up a still darker stair, he took his helpless charge into one of those low uncensured dens, where the scum and refuse of the public-house can turn in and drink on, if they please, till the cold morning dawns, and they are flung out, dead-drunk, like carcases, into the street.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOTHER AND SON.

Mrs. Harrington sat under the gas-light in the little parlour waiting patiently for her son's return. She had laid her sewing on the table, for her eyes ached with working at it so long. The night was far ad-

vanced now. The streets were all silent, but for the drip-dripping of the rain, which had fallen in occasional showers during the day, and was now drizzling dismally down into the vacant streets. So Mrs. Harrington saw, for she had gone for at least the twentieth time and drawn aside the blind a little bit, that she might peer out into the darkness. How black and dismal the street looked! The very lamp-lights looked bleared and hazy.

Hush! was that not a step?

No: all was silence, but the drip-dripping of the night rain. Mrs. Harrington dropped the blind with a weary sigh, and turned round into the dull room once more. Surely George would be home soon now. Who could that be, she wondered, that had met him and Mr. Groly, and had taken George away, and kept him all this time? None of those who had led him astray in London—oh, no, no! surely none of them. But that wild look of dread darted like a shadow across her face. Some old college companion it had been, no doubt; and George would be home by and by. How dull she felt without him! How dreary and desolate the house seemed! The very supper things on the table—they had lain there since nine o'clock—looked ominously silent and motionless. The salt-cellar, at the corner, had planted itself firmly on its small metal legs, and seemed to be listening in breathless silence for Harrington's footsteps. The big leathern portfolio slumbered on the side-table; and the books on the floor were all fast asleep. Mrs. Harrington moved about to keep off the dispiriting influence that every-

thing round her seemed to have. Ah! if George were only come, how everything would wake up into life and joy.

The old clock on the mantel-piece is gravely talking to itself all the time. It talks in a deep, earnest undertone, as when grave doctors leave the bedside of a man who is gasping and staring at death, and go into another room and sit close together and consult. The Original Seceders, too, are looking more grim and solemn than is their wont; and one of them, especially, is looking at Mrs. Harrington with a fixed, awful look, as if he knew that something dreadful was going to happen. How dismally the hours go by.

Hark! was that not a step? She stood and listened. Yes, it was. On it came—step, step, step, step—echoing along the silent street. George at last. Was it somewhat unlike his step? But it must be his. Mrs. Harrington set a chair for him at the table, as if that would help to make sure that this was to be he. The steps became more and more distinct. She paused in breathless eagerness. They must be at the close-door now. Had they stopt? No: they were still going on: they were past the door: they were already beginning to die away in the distance. She sighed wearily and her heart sank again.

Who could it be that had met her boy? The thought troubled her. What a pity it was that she had not asked Mr. Groly what like the person was. That might have helped her to guess. Where had George been taken to? O what she would have given to know where he was at this moment—to be assured

that her darling boy was only safe. He could not have been beguiled in any way into a—no, no! How cruel it was for her to think so of him. He would be home soon now: he might be nearer than she thought. She went over to the window again to look out. The streets were dark and vacant. The rain soaked down. The bleared lights floated on the river.

But the thought *would* come back, where could he be? And again in spite of all her efforts, that dreadful possibility would glide like a phantom into her brain.

The dull, slow, drowsy night crept on. Often and often the patient watcher crept to the window, and gently drew aside the blind, and peered out wistfully into the wet silent night. Still dreary and dark. The houses opposite were all wrapped in profound gloom, save one little window, high up, where the blind shone with a faint, dull, sickly light. She wondered who sat there. Was it some person waiting, like herself, for a dear one's return? Or was it some pale student poring silently over his books after all the others were a-bed—as her boy used to do sometimes in his old college days? Or was there some one lying sick there—or dying, or dead? How solemn the lamplights looked! How silent the street! How fearful the dark river! She listened, and could hear nothing but the drip-drip-dripping of the night rain, and the thunderous muffled clap of some steam forge, working on and on, and never stopping. She dropt the blind once more, and moved softly back to her chair, as if the least noise would have brought up a ghost. She sat down and tried to

resume her sewing, but her eyes ached sorely, and her poor heart ached sorely too. She laid down her work, and folded her hands, and her lips moved in silent prayer. She listened again. What a death-like silence there was in the room; save the awful measured sound of that old clock. O would it never stop that solemn, warning throb—throb!

Ah! what a start she got then! For the gas had suddenly leapt up with a shrill whistling sound, and then dropped again into silence. What could make it do that, she wondered. She sat in the solemn stillness, and thought. She thought of the bright days at Langside. How long, long past they seemed. And Walter was away on the Continent now—so far away! beyond all reach, as if he had been dead and gone for years. She thought of Oban too—of George's rambles with little Tiz—of all the kind friends there—of those delightful walks along the quiet shady roads. But how far distant they appeared, and not so much like reality as like the memory of some sweet dream that she had dreamt long, long ago.

Hush! was that not a step in the street below? There was a pause; and then distinctly enough she heard the sound of heavy irregular steps. Another pause, and then she heard the entrance door bang to with a noise like the report of a cannon. Mrs. Harrington rose hastily: her face got pale as death. She went out to the door, and stood behind it, listening and trembling violently. She thought she heard steps on the stair, but they were long of coming up. At last there was an abrupt step, and a

hand was laid heavily on the bell-handle. In a moment she had opened the door. God! what a sight was there!—and for her! Drenched with rain, covered with mud: his clothes disordered; his lips swollen and bleeding; his breath hot with the fumes of brandy, her son reeled heavily into the lobby.

O that wild look! wild and ghastly!—the look of a mother when her child has lost its footing on the brink of the precipice, and there is nothing but the foaming cataract below.

Her face was pale as death.

“George! my dear, dear boy!” she gasped, “oh, what is this?—tell me; tell me.”

Without a word of reply, muttering fiercely to himself, Harrington pushed her aside and staggered into the room. She followed him with quivering lip. She removed his shapeless hat, as he leaned heavily with his face against the wall. She brought a chair: she put her arms tenderly round him, imploring him to sit down.

“Keep off your hands!” he cried with sudden fierceness, wheeling himself round.

O that old clock! Was it fancy? or did it really give that wild, startling throb and stop?

He lifted his dark eyes and looked at her. God! what a look. How it scared her! how it filled her with wildest despair! She longed to throw her arms round her dear boy’s neck, to weep over him, to press him to her heart, to soothe him, to wash away the blood from his swollen lips, to watch over him night and day till he was well again. She yearned passionately

to do it. But that fierce glare forced her back. It was not her son—it was not one to whom she could appeal by the love he bore her, by the joyful past—that was glaring at her through those eyes. It was a something else—a fierce demon, that *knew her not*. It seemed as if, had she touched him at that moment, he would have torn her like a wild beast.

He sat down at last with a menacing look.

“Here! pull off these boots!” he said.

“Yes, my dear boy, I will, I will,” she said, soothingly, as she knelt down at his feet. She got them off with great difficulty, for they were soaked with wet: she brought his slippers, and put them tenderly on, and then entreated him to let her help him on to the sofa.

“Come, my dear boy,” she pleaded, “do come; I shall bring a sponge and bathe your lips, and then you will have a little supper, won’t you, dear George? I have kept it ready for you.”

He rose suddenly as if to go. The blood oozed from his discoloured lips. His head swayed, his dark eyes looked at her with a dull heavy glare. His brain appeared to be reeling.

“Stop,” he cried, as a sudden light flashed in his eyes, “you have some brandy in the house. You got some the other day. Bring it here.”

O that wild, wild look! How white her poor face grew in an agony of dread!

“Bring that brandy—quick,” cried Harrington, looking at her again with that fierce, terrible glare.

“No, no—no, no,” she cried piteously, “it was only

a little for Mrs. Bouster. A very little. Sit down on the sofa, do, my dear boy; do: I shall bring the sponge."

"Bring the brandy," he cried, stamping his foot; and when he saw that she still stood pleadingly, he threw her aside, and staggering towards the door, vowed with hoarse imprecations that he would find it himself or leave the house. She threw herself in his way, she strove to take his hands, she implored him, with tears running down her cheeks, not to do it.

"O George—my dear boy," she cried passionately, "don't take it—O, for my sake—for your own mother's sake—don't!"

He paused for a moment, turned, and fixed upon her—O such a look! "Who was it," he said fiercely, and with stinging emphasis, "that taught me to take it? Tell me that! Who was it that kindled this hell-fire within me?" and as he spoke he smote his breast. Great God! had he forgotten all else, and remembered only that!

"Tell me that!" he cried again with savage bitterness, shaking his long bony finger tauntingly in her face.

She turned ghastly pale; she put her hands to her face as if she would have fallen. But she heard his hand upon the door. She gave a faint cry; and hurrying after him, she clung with passionate earnestness to his arm.

"Back! woman!" he cried with terrific vehemence, clenching his hand and struggling to shake her off.

"O George! my dear, dear boy"—

"Back, will you!" he shrieked. His eyes were kindling with fiercer flames, and his mouth had begun to foam. But still she clung to him, and turned up her pale, streaming face towards his, and pled with passionate earnestness. He glared fiercely at her for a moment; then with a fierce curse hissing from between his teeth, he drew back his clenched hand, and struck her in the face with all his might. She fell back with a sudden gasp.

There was a silence as of death in the room. The poor mother lay senseless, felled by the hand of her only son! The blood trickled from her face upon the floor. Outside, the night rain fell silently into the vacant streets.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHICH IS NOT SO UNIMPORTANT AS IT LOOKS.

Glime's again. Harrington is sitting in the corner, with a wild, weird look upon his face, and his long, thin, bony hands grasping his knees. He has not been home since the night before. His limp neckerchief hangs loosely down upon the soiled and discoloured breast of his shirt; his face has not been washed that day; his hair is matted, and one or two frouzy locks of it straggle down across his haggard cheek. The gas is lighted, and four or five people are gathered round the board at play. Harrington, looking out at them through his bleared eyes, is scarcely conscious of

their presence. A giddiness has come over him; he sees them moving about as in a dim luminous haze, and their voices mingle confusedly with a strange singing in the air. He has been drinking and playing with Maginn during the afternoon and evening, and his money is all gone. He has a confused notion that he has been cheated. He tries to think how it was, but he cannot fix his thoughts, only the dim impression is there. Maginn, after looking at his watch, has just gone out. Harrington sits for a few moments with that wild weird-like look upon his face, and then rises and reels out after him. He has not had fair play, and he wants his money back. The myriad lights in the street are all swimming about; the lamp-posts and houses are coming in his way somehow, and the ground is heaving under him. But still he sees Maginn before him in the moving throng, passing the flaring shop-windows; and he follows him. Whither, and for how long, he does not know. Dimly, dreamily, by the light of a lamp in some narrow lane, he knows not where, he sees Maginn turn into a close. Lean here and look. Yes; that dark entry beyond the dim lamp-light—that was the place where he disappeared. He reaches it at last, and turns in. He finds himself on a dark winding stair, going up, stopping, going up again. The stair too, is heaving under him like a ship on the dark rolling sea. His head swims, and sinking down in the darkness, he falls asleep.

Dimly, as in a dream—and how long after, he knows not—he becomes conscious of a door opening a little farther down than where he lay, and of voices speaking

in a subdued tone. He hears one deep growling voice that he knows to be Maginn's, say—"Well, don't lose time, that's all. Let us drink to old Barnett's ghost with his own brass before the New Year comes in."

He hears another voice say, hastily, "Don't speak so loud, man," and then add, "I'll go a-head now, never fear. But we mustn't drive *too* fast, or we'll come worse speed in the end."

Stupid, bewildered, confused, as he is, Harrington recognizes the voice. It may be all a wild night-mare dream, or it may not; but the voice is the voice of Mr. Groly. The door is shut, there is the sound of steps retreating down the stairs, and Harrington sinks back into the world of giddiness and darkness once more.

He is in the wildering streets again; the streets, with their myriad dancing lights; how, he knows not—cares not. Wild thoughts are coursing through his brain. The thronging multitudes, with their Babel-voices, are surging round him. Demon-faces come and look into his eyes, and vanish again. The earth reels. The heavens are all kindling with flames.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WALTER GETS THE NEWS FROM HOME.

Walter Lorraine got down from the top of the Waterloo coach, at the door of the Hotel de l'Univers, Brussels. A glorious day the whole party on the

coach had had of it. Away in the morning, and back again in the afternoon, at a spanking pace, along the ten miles of sunny road, with a glorious sky above, and a beautiful country around, and a merry old English coachman on the box, with a hat that was old enough, and battered enough, to have been in the battle. Yo-ho! how he waved his whip and shook up his horses, to make a dashing display as they swept through some village, where the people came to their doors to look at them as they passed, and little white-headed, rosy-cheeked boys in their blue striped blouses, came running alongside for a while, tumbling over and over in the dust to win coppers and applause. A great day, too, they had had of it on the field. They had followed the old sergeant with his glazed hat, and white trousers, and heavy staff, and seen where Gordon and Picton fell, and where the old sergeant himself had lain bleeding in a ditch all the night after the battle, and where the Guards had made their famous charge, and where the Duke had stood when he shut up his telescope and said, "The day is ours." They had examined the trees round Hougomont, all torn and ragged with shot; and they had gone to the loop-holes in the garden wall, and looked in from the outside, and then gone inside and looked out, with the air of profound critics. They had written their names and drawn an accurate representation of the Duke's nose, with the Duke and horse attached, on the wall of the little chapel, which is white-washed every year for the purpose. They had got upon the coach again, carrying with them various relics, such as bits of Waterloo sod;

and chips from the garden wall; and French eagles all warranted genuine, but probably manufactured in Birmingham the year before. And now they were all back in tip-top spirits, and ravenous for dinner. And, of the whole party, no one had been so full of life and joviality as Walter. As he passed the hall table, he looked at the letters. There was only one for him, addressed in his father's hand.

"None from Harrington yet," said Walter to himself; "Ho, won't I give it him when I write!"

He went into the public-room and stretched himself on one of the sofas, that he might have the full enjoyment of all the news from home. He had already, in the course of his travels, received several letters from Oban, and was aware from these that nothing had been heard of Harrington since his visit; and that a letter, written by Mrs. Day in the name of little Tiz, asking him to come back again with his mother and see them all, had not even been acknowledged. That was strange: not like Harrington: but a pressure of work, thought Walter, may have driven the thing from his mind. But they were home now, as he saw by the postmark on his father's letter: so there would be news of Harrington at last.

And so there was. But, alas, alas! what news!

He had barely got down to the foot of the first page before he came upon the following:—

"You will be shocked to hear that since we saw him at Oban, Harrington has fallen into dissipated habits, and become a perfect wreck!"

Walter started from the cushion with a sudden

pallor in his face, and looked at these fearful words again. Breathlessly, hurriedly, he read on—

“I never knew any one come down so fast and so fearfully. He had gone into a public-house in Tron-gate somewhere with some acquaintances, and drunk to excess; and it is said that he has scarcely ever been sober since. His connection with the New Encyclopedia is at an end. He had gone to the office drunk, and grossly insulted one of the publishers. Dr. Pearson did his best to bring about a reconciliation, but in vain. We have kept all this most carefully from poor little Tiz, as the shock would be enough to kill her; and if Harrington gets over this soon, as we trust he may, she will never come to know anything of it at all. She is always talking about him, and asking why he is never coming; and we really don't know sometimes how to evade her questions without telling downright lies. It is all very painful and very terrible.”

Walter read all this in speechless horror. The suddenness and force of the blow had stupified him. He folded up the letter and went and shut himself in his room. He walked to and fro as in a fearful dream. He could not picture what had happened. He could not think of Harrington as anything else than the grand sublime soul he had ever been to him. But he remembered the wild look of dread that he had seen dart into poor Mrs. Harrington's face; he remembered the passionate earnestness with which she implored him to keep back her boy from the frightful abyss into which he had now plunged. He remembered all that,

and through that he realized vaguely the awfulness of what had happened.

He paced the room to and fro in bewilderment and pain. He cried to God to help that poor lone widow—to soothe and comfort her—to give her back her only son—to make Harrington to her and to them all what he had been before.

He felt calmer now, and read his father's letter over again. It was dated several days back, and had been lying at the *Poste restante*. Their next letters were to be addressed to Heidelberg, where it had been arranged that Walter should stay with a German tutor till November. Better news were perhaps awaiting him there.

When he reached Heidelberg, there were news, but things had not mended. Walter sat down and wrote a letter to Harrington, couched in most earnest and affectionate terms. Again and again he wrote; but he never heard more of his letters, and never got any reply.

At last, however, came the welcome news that Harrington had resumed work and abandoned his dissolute habits. This joyful announcement reached him in a long letter from Dr. Pearson, written apparently in the most exuberant spirits. But many weeks had not elapsed, before the sad news came that Harrington had fallen again, and was abandoning himself to even more frightful excesses than before. Week by week brought the same sad story. A severe winter was setting in; and it was believed that Harrington and his mother were suffering severely, but no one dared to offer

relief. All they had to live upon was the little that Harrington occasionally earned when he could be got to work. The proprietor of some American journal, with whom Dr. Pearson had considerable influence, had commissioned him to pay Harrington for any papers that he could be got to write. "But my own conviction is," wrote Mr. Lorraine, "that this American journal is all a myth, invented by the Doctor to admit of his supplying poor Mrs. Harrington with money now and then, without hurting her feelings or offending the pride of her son."

"What necessity there is for caution," continued his father, "you may judge from the following painful circumstance, which occurred only the other night. Dr. Pearson had gone up to Harrington's lodgings, to plead with him once more for the sake of his poor mother. Finding Mrs. Harrington alone, and in a state of absolute want, he prevailed upon her to accept, if only in loan, two sovereigns; which was all the money he had upon him at the time. How Harrington found this out, and what scene took place between him and his mother, we don't know; but that very night he came out to the Lodge the worse of liquor, and forced his way past old Betty, who tried to keep him back when she saw what state he was in. The Doctor, Miss Pearson, Miss Eleanor, and one or two friends, were all sitting in the parlour when Harrington burst in, maddened with drink, and in a paroxysm of indignation. He dashed the money down on the table at which the Doctor was sitting, and began to heap the foulest abuse on the man who had

taken *him*, he said, for a common pauper. You may imagine what a terrific scene it was. Miss Eleanor—poor girl—was nearly driven out of her wits with fright, and has not got over it yet."

Mr. Lorraine mentioned in the same letter that little Tiz had come to know something of Harrington's downfall, in spite of all the care that had been taken to conceal it from her; "and so much," he said, "has our poor little darling taken it to heart, that I don't know what will come of it, if this lasts much longer."

And now Walter got another long letter from Doctor Pearson, urging him to use his utmost influence with Harrington, and get him to think of the condition of his unfortunate mother.

"How that poor woman has lived through all this," wrote the Doctor, "God only knows. She will not leave him. She never breathes a word of complaint. I saw Everett, the editor of the *Globe*, yesterday. He says she has been up several times with articles by her son, but generally written out in her own hand, begging as much for them as he could give, and evidently in great distress. She always said that 'her boy was ailing'—she never, even by a word, confessed the sad truth. Everett has often been compelled to decline these articles altogether, from their being far behind date; and the poor lady, after she had lingered awhile, and sometimes come back after reaching the street, to point out their merits, and read, with quavering voice, the passages she thought might induce him to change his mind, would thank him kindly for not being angry with her, and then go away with a woe-begone look

that was inexpressibly painful; and sometimes, he believes, went round to all the newspaper offices in town, through the cold, sleety night, making the same application at each, and failing after all. This is sad, sad. God help her, poor woman! My sister has been up to remonstrate with her son, but in vain. Eleanor, too, pled very hard to be allowed to go with her aunt, and I daresay her way would have been more winning, but Harrington has become so reckless and violent, that we thought it better to dissuade her. Mr. Groly is using his utmost influence with Harrington; and I must say that the solicitude he has shown all along, and the trouble he has put himself to in this matter, have raised him very much in my esteem, and indeed in the esteem of us all. But Harrington was always fond of you; and I think you may be able to do him good."

Walter read all this with a sad heart; he thought over it; and in the earnest hope that he might be able to help in arresting Harrington in his terrible career, he made up his mind that he would go home forthwith. His term at Heidelberg was expiring; and the arrangement was that he should pass the rest of the winter at Paris. But he could bear this no longer; so he wrote at once to his friends in Paris, announcing the abandonment of his former plans. And that night when he implored divine counsel and aid, and asked a blessing on those who were seeking to reclaim his poor fallen brother, he did not omit the name of Mr. Groly. The week after found Walter on his way back to Scotland.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. GROLY TRIUMPHANT.

In the meantime, a very important event had occurred at the Lodge. Mr. Groly, so soon as he found the way clear, had begun to press his suit with redoubled vigour, but at the same time with consummate craft and sagacity. He chuckled very much in private over the skill with which he had not only put Harrington out of his way, but had converted the poor fellow's ruin into a further means of advancing himself in the esteem of Dr. Pearson and Eleanor, by the deep solicitude he professed, and acted as if he felt, for the victim of his own infernal machinations. He continued to press his suit, not so much directly as through Miss Pearson, who, in the full conviction that she was doing the very best thing she could to secure her niece's happiness, steadily urged Mr. Groly's suit, and let Mr. Groly know with what success. At last, everything seemed to be in a state of maturity; and Mr. Groly left the Lodge one night with a tacit understanding between him and Miss Pearson that as he was to meet Dr. Pearson in town on some business next day, he would accompany the Doctor home, and if circumstances were favourable, would propose to Eleanor in the course of the evening. No such arrangement was formally made or even expressed, but it was well enough understood between the two.

Accordingly, that very night, Miss Pearson so

arranged that she could have a talk with her niece alone, and prepare her finally for accepting Mr. Groly's offer next day. She laid out some work for herself and Eleanor that kept them up to a later hour than usual. The Doctor had gone away to his room for the night, and Eleanor, as was her custom, had gone with him to see that everything was nice and comfortable for him there, and to put her arms round his neck and kiss him, and bid him good night. She had come back to the parlour again, beside her aunt, and having at length finished her work, was standing looking pensively into the fire.

O Walter, I do not wonder at thy passionate love and adoration for that girl—so timid in her loveliness—so graceful in every movement—so divinely fair and beautiful!

But surely it was cruel in Miss Pearson to break in upon that dreamy reverie into which Eleanor had fallen, and to bring that frightened look into her face by speaking about Mr. Groly. The poor girl's mind had long been forced into familiarity with the idea of marrying Mr. Groly, nevertheless it was with a fearful start that she heard her aunt tell her, that from something that had fallen from Mr. Groly's lips, she rather thought he meant to propose next day.

Miss Pearson looked at the blanched and terror-stricken face of her niece half in annoyance and half in alarm. Then she began to soothe her by saying how delightful it must be to see the way of her duty so plain as in this case it was; and how pleasant it would be for the Doctor and her to see Eleanor happily

and comfortably settled with such an one as Mr. Groly; and how sweet a reflection this would be to Eleanor when the Doctor and she were both dead and gone.

Still the poor terror-stricken girl could say nothing, and her agitation was something unutterably painful to witness.

Miss Pearson, you love your niece: I know you do. Open your eyes then—quick!—and look at her. Do you not see how convulsively those delicate little hands are clasped together? Do you not see that poor quivering lip—that last, passionate, despairing look? Do you not see—do you not understand what it all means? No: I see you don't. Then, earthly hope, farewell! And may the God of heaven help thee, poor, trembling, helpless girl!

"I submit to this, my dear Eleanor," said Miss Pearson with a laboured sigh, as she looked up at her niece; "it pains me; but I shall do my best to bear it. I know your heart, my dear, and I know you don't mean to pain me; but I do entreat you, hide this from your poor uncle. After all he has done for you—after all the love he has shown for you; and when his heart is now set upon your happiness; I really don't know—I don't like to think—how he would feel if he saw all this."

Miss Pearson, is that all true? Have you really got the length of deceiving yourself as completely as you have deceived your brother and your niece? Do you really not know how he would feel? You may not be aware how often of late, sitting by the fire in his own room, your brother has had to use the big,

red handkerchief to wipe his eyes when he thought of his dear little Nelly going away from him? But are you not aware, Miss Pearson, that if the Doctor had any suspicion of the undue influences that have been brought to bear upon that poor girl by Mr. Groly and you, he would put an end to this iniquitous proceeding on the spot, and give you—my well-meaning but officious lady—such a rating as he has not given anybody for many a day, and would take your friend Mr. Abraham Groly by the cuff of the neck, the very next time he made his appearance, and kick him neck and crop out of the house? If you don't know all that, you might know it. But you have followed your own course, and those last words of yours have completed your work. When Mr. Groly comes he will find the way all clear. But Heaven forgive you, Miss Pearson, for what you have done.

Bewildered, terrified, blinded with tears, Eleanor could say nothing. Whenever Miss Pearson stopt, she put her things hastily aside, went and shut herself up in her own room, and throwing herself on the couch, fell a-crying as if her poor heart would break.

Miss Pearson's force of character, and the deference paid to her opinions by everybody who frequented the house, had given her an almost absolute power over the timid and confiding girl under her charge. Eleanor had sometimes acted otherwise than her aunt desired, but, in such cases, she generally felt disposed to acknowledge to herself that she had acted wrongly. Her aunt had taught her to respect Mr. Groly, and she did respect him. If she had always felt, in some

unaccountable way, a repugnance to him, she was sure that the fault lay in her and not in him. She did not feel as if she could be happy as his wife; she instinctively recoiled with a shudder from the very thought; but her aunt had said she would be happy with him, and her aunt knew best. Eleanor had never entertained a doubt as to the sincerity of Mr. Groly's piety: to have done so when her aunt and Dr. Daidlaw spoke of him as they did, would have seemed to her impious.

And there was something else—must it be told?—that made her shrink from Mr. Groly's advances. It was a feeling that she hardly dared to confess to herself—that brought a hot blush, as of shame, into her face, and made her tremble as if it were a sin. Yet there it was in her poor heart, striving to make its voice heard, though Eleanor strove to subdue it, and cried bitterly because she had to do so, and then as bitterly because she could not. And there she lay on the couch, sobbing and crying as if her poor, aching heart would break.

When she thought of refusing to do what her aunt told her was a solemn duty, and what her kind, dear, indulgent uncle wanted her so much to do, and would feel so much happiness at her doing, the tears came hot and fast; and poor Eleanor thought she must be very wicked and ungrateful, and wished that she were dead; and then shuddered and cried at the wish.

At last, flinging herself upon her knees, she clasped her hands, and looking up with streaming eyes to heaven, prayed God to pardon her wicked thoughts, and do with her as he thought right.

Pray on, poor, timorous, aching-hearted girl, pour thy sorrows freely into His ear, and trust thy case to Him. Fear not but He will answer thy prayers—not, perhaps, as thou thinkest, but in his own way, which thou wilt find now or hereafter to be the best.

She had not been long upon her knees before a calm came over her. She seemed to have got strength now for her terrible duty; and, nerved for that noblest but saddest of all self-sacrifices—one, alas! which women are too often called upon to make—the sacrifice of heart and life for love of others and for the sake of duty—Eleanor put herself in order, and after waiting a little time longer, to compose herself, went softly into her aunt's room. Miss Pearson, who was just preparing to undress, looked anxiously at her niece, and took her hand kindly. Eleanor kissed her, and told her that she had found strength, and that she hoped her uncle and she would never have cause to think her ungrateful. While yet she spoke, a sudden tremor, as if the floodgates of her heart had given way again, almost overpowered her; but with a painful effort she checked her feelings, and felt calm once more. The manifest gratification and delight of Miss Pearson served very much to strengthen her, and assure her that she was in the way of duty, and with this feeling she went away to her own room for the night. But a long, long, heart-breaking night it was to her, poor girl: and when she went down to the breakfast-table in the morning, unrefreshed, she did not wonder that her uncle, when he looked up from the morning paper to get her kiss, took a second look

at her through his double eye-glasses, and asked her if she was quite well. But she remembered her aunt's words, and smiled as cheerfully as she could, and said that her head had been a little painful, but it would be quite well by and by. True enough: her head ached, and her poor heart ached too.

The fatal day wore slowly by. The Doctor went into town according to appointment. Miss Pearson was unusually kind, and did all she could to make Eleanor cheerful and happy. But the poor girl moved about as in a dream, feeling as if life had suddenly lost all its joy. How slowly and drearily the day went by! She wished the evening were come; she wished it were over. So much did this wish grow upon her, that it was almost with a feeling of relief that she saw her uncle and Mr. Groly make their appearance at last at the garden gate. She thought if the terrible ordeal were once past, she could resign herself more tranquilly to her fate.

She received Mr. Groly with an earnestness that was most unusual—she followed him with her eyes—she looked with a strange fear and solicitude into his face, not averting her gaze, as she had been wont to do when he looked at her, but gazing on as if under a spell. Mr. Groly was not slow to mark the change, and divine its meaning.

“Ha! ha!” he thought, with fiendish exultation, “I have her now.”

It was Eleanor's turn at the tea-table that night, and she attended to her duties with a self-possession that surprised herself. It might be a calmness such

as seems to come upon the martyr when his doom is irrevocably fixed, and he is already in sight of the stake. She moved about all the evening as if in a dream. She remembered afterwards of finding herself in the room alone with Mr. Groly, she did not know how, and of his coming up to where she was sitting, and saying something, she scarce knew what, though she sat listening with calmness. She remembered noticing that he wore a plain curb watch chain, and that it seemed very tight. She remembered of his pressing some question upon her, and asking her again and again: and of her looking up into his close-set, squinting eyes, in which a strange light was twinkling; and of his saying something about silence being consent, and about looking on the thing as settled. She remembered, also, of feeling Mr. Groly's lips upon her hand, and then upon her cheek; and of his arms being drawn round her, making her flesh creep as at the touch of a serpent. She remembered finding the others in the room again, she did not know how long after, and all moving about like figures in a dream; and of Mr. Groly speaking loudly, and smiling very much, and laughing, and everybody seeming happy but herself, who had no feeling at all, but sat looking at the others in a numb and vacant state. She remembered going up afterwards to her room, for the night, and turning over the leaves in her Bible without seeing the print. She could not connect her remembrances, and even these few came back like parts of a wild, terrible, nightmare dream.

Before another day was gone by, it got wind—

through whose secret agency and for what purpose the reader will easily guess—that Eleanor Pearson and Mr. Groly were engaged. And when young lady friends came eagerly and asked poor Eleanor in secret whether the happy news were true, she neither said Yea nor Nay.

CHAPTER XXX.

WALTER SETS OUT IN QUEST OF HIS FRIEND.

It was a cold wintry forenoon when Walter reached home, having travelled by the night mail from London. They were all glad to see him again; and his father told him it was the first time little Tiz had smiled with her old smile, for many days. She was quieter than she used to be: ah! very quiet: and the old woe-gone look came oftener into her little blind face; and she would creep down at the corner of the fireside, and sit still for a long while at a time, with her head turned a little way aside, as if she were listening to that far-off sound.

The only fresh news of Harrington was, that he and his mother had left Mrs. Bouster's, and gone no one knew whither. Walter's anxiety was so great, that he set out that very evening to try and discover what had become of them. As he was putting on his top-coat, little Tiz, who had groped her way after him into the lobby, said to him in an earnest whisper,—

“You'll bring him back with you, dear Walter—

won't you? O, say, Yes. Tell him to come. Tell him little Tiz is waiting for him."

Walter went away with a heavy, anxious heart. He went round by the Lodge first, just to shake hands and see if Dr. Pearson could give him any further information. Strange feelings agitated his breast as he turned in at the well-known gate. He had heard only an hour or two before of Eleanor being engaged to Mr. Groly, and of their marriage having been arranged to take place in spring. The news had come like a death-knell to all his fondest hopes, and deepened the gloom which the terrible fate of poor Harrington had thrown over his soul. But these great sorrows were calling into exercise the grander elements of Walter's character. As he passed up through the garden to the Lodge door, there was a dignity about his mien and a sublime sorrow in his look, that gave him a very different appearance from what he had when he walked up there nervously by the side of Harrington, on the occasion of his friend's first visit to the Lodge. The Pearsons welcomed him with unaffected cordiality. Even Eleanor, whose cheek seemed very pale, met him with a kinder though sadder look, and sat listening with silent eagerness to what he and the Doctor had to say to each other about Harrington. The Doctor had been able to learn nothing more about him, but rather thought that he and his mother had left town.

When Walter got into the city, he directed his steps to Mrs. Bouster's. The night had set in dark and cold. As he drew near the place, he thought of that bright summer evening when the carriage stopped there, and

Harrington had come down to carry up little Tiz in his arms. The big door closed behind him with a sullen boom. When he reached the top of the stairs, where the gas-jet was blazing again with its shrill singing sound, Mrs. Bouster answered the door. She curtsied when she saw who it was, and in answer to Walter's eager inquiries, said she didn't know where the Harringtons had gone, but a boy had been sent up the week before, to say where she was to send any letter that might come for him. She took him into the kitchen: and brought down a crumpled bit of paper from the corner of a shelf, on which Walter found an address hastily pencilled in that well-known hand. Having taken a note of it, he took his leave; looking back, as he left the kitchen, at the old parlour door, and wondering whether the room was much changed from what it used to be, and what the old clock was saying now.

The streets were filling fast as he went along, for it was Saturday night.

"If this be an office, I fear it will be shut by this time," thought Walter, as he stopped for a moment under one of the lamps on the jail bridge, to look again at the address, which directed him to some place near the Cross. However, he hurried forward, and passing the gaudily-painted and brilliantly-lighted stalls opposite the sombre Court-house, he pressed into the Salt-market.

The street swarmed with people, pouring hither and thither like a vast eddying sea. Knots of villanous-looking men, conversing in under-tones, and eyeing the

passers-by—groups of young men and women, bandying low jests, amid shouts of giddy laughter—impeded the throughfare; and round and past them poured the motley, never-ending crowd. The street lamps and the brilliant lights in the shop-windows flared, and here and there a huckster's torch swaying to and fro, threw its strong fitful gleams of light upon the passers-by. The tramp and shuffling of a thousand feet—shouts, jeers, screams, and oaths, all mingling in one deafening medley—voices emerging into distinctness, and then lost in the chaos—costermongers crying their wares—miserable ballad-singers, surrounded by groups of squalid listeners—drunken wretches reeling through the crowd, mingling loud oaths and foul language with snatches of Bacchanalian songs—one antiquated man, standing close to the kerbstone, squeezing a melancholy ghost of a jig out of an asthmatic set of Irish pipes, no one paying the least attention. Such were the sights and sounds that bewildered Walter Lorraine as he threaded his way through the loud-buzzing, rough-jostling, motley, surging throng.

As he approached the Cross, Walter began to look for the numbers on the shop-windows and walls, to see that he did not pass the place of which he was in quest. He must be close upon it now—three doors farther on, and he should be at it. A public-house! Surely this could not be the place. There must be some mistake. And yet there was the number plain enough between the two doors. Backing into the street where the throng was less dense, Walter looked into the shop. A roaring trade was doing within.

Two shopmen in their shirt-sleeves and white aprons standing behind the broad polished counter, with its glittering pump-handles, and its background of huge emblazoned casks, were serving out liquor as fast as fast could be. The people that thronged the outside of the counter, contrasted fearfully with the gaudy splendours of the shop. There were groups of great hulking fellows, wrangling and swearing at the pitch of their voices—mechanics with grim, unshaven faces—filthy women with limp, bedraggled skirts, and half-naked children in their arms—brazen-faced, husky-voiced wenches, hideous in their gaudy dresses—poor girls too, whom Walter's heart ached to see there, with the traces of innocence and beauty yet lingering on their faces. A tattered sot, reeling against him with a curse, recalled him to a sense of his business. He passed on a few paces. The next door seemed to be connected with the public-house, and over it there hung a blood-red lamp, with the words in clear relief, "Billiards—Bagatelle." There must be some mistake. Walter went on a few paces farther, and disentangling himself from the jostling multitude, stepped into a dimly-lighted ironmongery, where he found, sitting by a gaslight in the gloom, a little old man, who was rasping something with a small file.

Walter showed him the paper, and asked him where that place was, hoping that he had made some mistake.

The old man looked at the paper carefully through his spectacles.

"Glime's. Ay, that's the whisky-paylis here," said

the old man, peering up into Walter's face, and motioning with his hand towards the adjoining public-house.

Sick at heart and full of apprehension, Walter thanked the old man and went back to the public-house door. He paused there, hesitating for a moment, and then passed in. A Babel of discordant sounds rose from the filthy and tumultuous throng in which he found himself; and from far-receding passages, dim with the sulphurous haze of innumerable lights, came every now and then, screams of idiotic laughter, or the noise of fierce dispute.

A showily-dressed barmaid, with a cast in her eye, seeing Walter looking about him with an inquiring but somewhat bewildered air, approached the part of the counter nearest him, and with a glance towards the passage leading to the back part of the shop, asked if he would step in.

"No, I thank you," said Walter, "I have merely come to ask about a friend who, I was told, might be heard of here—there may be some mistake—Harrington is his name?"

"O, I know Mr. Harrington very well," said the barmaid with a coquettish toss of her head. "Are you a friend of his, sir?"

"I am," replied Walter. "But he has left the lodgings he was in when I saw him last; and I was directed here."

"If you will wait a minute, sir," said the barmaid with a curious look at him, "I'll bring Mr Glime."

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH WALTER GIVES MR. GLIME A BIT OF HIS MIND, AND SEARCHES OUT AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN A STRANGE PLACE.

The girl disappeared into the bar-room, and presently returned with a big, bloated man, who after a look at Walter, said in as suave a manner as he could command, "Gled to see you, sir—(cough)—jist come this way." So saying, he waddled back into the bar, followed by Walter.

"Sit doon, sir," said Mr. Glime, endeavouring to clear his husky voice, as he shut the door; "you're a freend of Mr. Harrington's, I learn."

Walter replied that he was: whereupon Mr. Glime nodded, and said, "I'm a freend o' his too," as if this announcement should put them both on the most friendly footing with one another. As Walter did not appear to see the matter in this light, Mr. Glime, who seemed to be taking stock of Walter's appearance, proceeded—

"He's a jaynius, you (cough)—yon chap—a rale jaynius, and a very excellent young man, sir—least-ways when he (cough) taks care o' himsel'."

Walter thought within himself, that if poor Harrington had taken care of himself, his excellence would not have been so familiar to Mr. Glime.

"You can give me his address, I suppose?" said Walter.

"Weel, I doot it," returned Glime, bringing a fat pocket-book out of a drawer behind him, and proceeding to turn over the papers in it. "But it's like eneuch he'll be lookin' doon in a day or twa, an' I can get it frae him."

"Is there no way in which you could get it for me to-night?" asked Walter, with increasing anxiety.

"Let me see—let me see," returned Glime, who was still abstractedly turning over the papers. "You'd ha' been sure to find him here on Setturday nicht a while sin'. He used to come verra raig'ler. And I had so (cough)—so high an opinion o' him, that even efter he went aff the stracht a bit, and rin oot o' siller, I aloo'd him to rin a gey lang bill here."

Mr. Glime had brought out a slip of paper from his pocket-book by this time, and after a fit of coughing that attacked him was over, he resumed—

"But if there's no freen' that'll len' him a helpin' han'"—the rascal turned his small gray eyes upon Walter—"I'm afraid it'll be a deed loss to me. This is the principal pairt o't—no verra much to mony folk, but it fa's hard on me that loses sic a dale in the same way."

Glime, as he spoke, handed the slip of paper across to Walter.

It was an I O U for fifteen shillings, and was signed "George Harrington." Ah! too well Walter knew that hand.

"Here," added Glime, who had marked hopefully the sorrowful look with which Walter was contemplating the I O U, "here's twa'r three pawn-tickets

that, as a favour to a freend, I gi'ed him some brandy for; and I'll be willin' to let you hae them for a consideration—a *quid pro quo*, ye ken."

Walter examined the tickets and found that two were for clothes, another for a watch, a third for a brooch—he wondered, with a sad heart, if it could be the brooch with Harrington's likeness and hair in it, that Mrs. Harrington had shown him with so much pride. He looked at the remaining ticket. Worse and worse! It was one for "a gold mounted hair-guard"—too evidently the last fond gift of little Tiz. Alas! had Harrington sold that too,—and for drink!

"They could easy lie here," said Glime, whose cunning eye had been watching Walter's face, "but as you're a freend o' his, a've nae objection to let ye hae them, tho' it be at a loss, in case Mr. Harrington may want ony o' the things in this cauld weather."

"In fac'," continued Glime, following up the last suggestion, which he saw had told powerfully on Walter, "his mither was here nae langer sine than yesterday, beggin' back a ticket for an auld coat and a shawl that the pawnbroker had lent auchteenpence on. She beggit if I wad gie her baith the tickets for claes; but when she couldna get that, as it's no very likely she wad, she said she wadna ask the ticket for her ain things, if I wad only gie her that wan for her boy's top-coat, as he had naethin' else to put on"—and Glime, not noticing the look that was kindling in Walter's face, jerked his thumb carelessly towards one of the tickets that lay on the table.

"And you wouldn't give it her?" exclaimed Walter, with sudden indignation.

Glime stared at him in amazement.

"You wouldn't give it her!" repeated Walter, with increasing vehemence, "when that poor lady and her son may be perishing in the cold for want of their clothes!"

"An' why, I wad like to ken, should I gie her't?" retorted Glime rudely. "Am I first to gie value, and mair than value in liquor, for thay tickets, and then gie them back for naethin'? A profitable way o' doin' business that!" and Glime broke into a husky taunting laugh.

"Ruffian!" cried Walter, rising to his feet, his eyes flashing with uncontrollable indignation, "heartless ruffian—to your face! You can see one of the noblest youths in the city come to this infamous den of yours, and drink away his talents, his goodness, his reputation, his happiness—and never try, by a single word, to save him! You can pocket his money when you see him drinking himself and his poor mother down to beggary and starvation; you can find it in your heart to give him drink for the money he has borrowed on his very clothes; and when you have pocketed his last sixpence—when you have fattened yourself, like a vampire as you are, upon his very life-blood, and now see him and his poor mother starving with cold, you can refuse to let her have back a ticket for even so much clothing as a miserable broker would lend no more than eighteen-pence upon! Shame on you!—pitiless—monster!"

He hurled these last words at Glime with savage vehemence. Walter was not easily roused, but when roused, his wrath was something tremendous.

"Curse your impudence!" said Glime, turning crimson with rage, "If you gie me ony mair o' your jaw, I'll bring in my man, and hae you kicked oot into the street."

"Bring in whom you like," said Walter, clenching his powerful fists, and drawing himself up to his full height, "If your man, or any other man that's had to do with this inhuman conduct, dares to lay a finger on me, I'll leave him less like a man than I found him. See if I don't."

He strode up and down the bar-room for a few moments like a caged lion, and then by a powerful effort, quelling his indignation, he turned to Glime abruptly, and said, pointing to the tickets on the table—

"How much do you want for these? I'm going."

"What would you say, my fine fallow," replied Glime, tauntingly, "if I wadna let ye hae them at all?"

"I should say you were a fool. I suppose if these articles can't be got back, others can be got in their place."

Glime, in whom passion and greed of gain had been striving for the mastery, no sooner saw his hopes of making a profit out of the pawn-tickets endangered, than he pocketed his affronts with no very good grace, and named the sum.

"And, as your freend's a guid customer," he said with a hideous leer, "I'll likely hae anither lot frae

him in twa'r three days—ha, ha!—so if you can mend your manners, and look in as you're gaun by, I may gie ye them a wee cheaper."

"Wretch!" said Walter, with a look of unutterable loathing, as he threw down the money on the table, "there, and may the curse of"—he checked himself, and added in a tone of stern solemnity—"No, I had forgotten myself. God help you! If this be a specimen of your business, you have curses enough upon your head without mine."

So saying, Walter Lorraine took up the tickets, and followed by a low jeering laugh from Glime, strode out into the shop, and was soon in the thronging streets once more.

His sadness and apprehension returned now with double force. To remain in suspense and inaction till Monday, when he did not know in what state poor Harrington and his mother were, was something terrible even to think of. If he could only have got the clothes, that he was now able to redeem, sent to them, it would have been some relief; for if that hideous rascal had not been telling lies, they were in want even of the commonest necessities.

"I shall go and see where the pawnshop is—and perhaps get out poor little Tiz's gift"—he said to himself. "That will be always one thing done."

He stopped at a shop-window for a moment to look at the pawnbroker's address on one of the tickets, and then passed on.

He was soon standing in front of another flaring spirit-shop just under the big, dingy pawn-office, of

which he was in search, but it was some time before he discovered the proper entrance. It was a narrow, dark close a little way down, to admit apparently of people sneaking in unobserved. He hung about for a minute or two, hesitating whether or not to go in. He was not much encouraged by the look of the people he saw passing in and out. Most of them were dirty, slip-shod women with bundles under their shawls; or rough, half-intoxicated men providing themselves no doubt with the means of buying more drink—for Walter saw that they, and indeed almost all that emerged from the gloomy close, turned at once into the adjoining spirit-shop. Once there slunk into the close a thievish-looking scoundrel, who had evidently been about no good. Then there came a well-dressed boyish-like youth, not much accustomed yet, as Walter could see, to this sort of work; and he stood for a few seconds, pretending to be reading the theatre bill that hung at the side of the public-house door, but glancing about him all the while; and when he was satisfied that no familiar eye was upon him, hurried into the close. Then came a man with a shameless, gaudily-dressed woman on his arm, and disengaging his arm, he slipped into the close, while the woman stood at the entrance awaiting his return. While Walter was still looking and hesitating, he was very much astonished to see emerge from the close Dr. Daidlaw's new missionary. This gentleman was scarcely less astonished to see Walter, but on learning his errand, and finding that he was unacquainted with pawnbroking transactions, he volunteered to go back with him.

"I have frequently to do jobs of this sort," he said, "redeeming the clothes of some of the poor creatures amongst whom I labour. I have just been up renewing some tickets for a poor man in my district, who has been brought to beggary by a drunken wife."

"These accursed places!" exclaimed the missionary with bitterness in his tone, as he stood beside Walter in the street; and looked up at the huge dingy tenement. "You have no idea, Mr. Lorraine, what depths of misery and destitution they open the way to, by the facilities they give for turning everything a man has or can lay his hands on, into money. Here's the case of this woman that has brought me here. What could her husband do? He might keep his earnings from her; but so long as he left a blanket on his bed or a rag on his children's backs, she could bring it here while he was away at work, and get money for it to drink."

"Ay, there they stand, in natural proximity!" he continued, pointing with his finger—"the pawnshop and the public-house—playing fast into each other's hands—two parts of one gigantic system that is doing more than all other evils put together, to drag the masses down into beggary and crime, and baffle every effort to raise them up again. But if we wait here longer we shall be too late. This is the hour for closing. Follow me, please."

So saying, the missionary led the way into the close and up a dirty stair, to a passage flanked on one side by a row of narrow wooden doors. He opened one of them and they both passed in. They were now in a

small dingy compartment, with a high wooden partition on each side, designed to conceal the customers from one another—an arrangement which Walter could easily understand would be welcome to most of the characters he had seen enter. The compartment looked across the counter into a gloomy warehouse, fitted up with gigantic racks, that were literally crammed from floor to ceiling with bundles of bed and body clothes. The whole place had a repulsive, disreputable air about it, that suggested vividly the squalor and wretchedness of the thousands of homes from which these multitudinous piles had been brought.

Walter looked about him with his mind full of gloomy and sad thoughts. And this was the place where Harrington had come and pawned those things. Had he stood in this compartment? How had he looked—how had he felt—when he parted with the keepsake he had got from little Tiz? Was it that coarse, overdressed clerk at the desk over there, who had written out this ticket?

While they were waiting till their turn came to be attended to, the missionary directed Walter's attention to the crowded racks.

"What tales of unknown suffering and beastly excess these bundles could tell!" he exclaimed in a low earnest voice. "There cannot be less than six or seven thousand bundles of clothes in this place, yet this place is only one of scores that flourish on the drunkenness and improvidence of Glasgow alone. You will scarcely credit it when I tell you that nine-tenths of all the money borrowed on these things has gone directly

or indirectly for drink. There are coats and shirts there by the dozen, Mr. Lorraine, that drunken men and women have stripped off in the next close, and pawned to get more whisky: blankets there by the hundred pawned by drunken wives and mothers in the very midst of this piercing winter. You have no idea, sir, what drunken women will do. I have seen them actually strip their dead and pawn the grave-clothes for drink. And even that's not the worst—for, thank God, the corpse can suffer no more. But I have seen mothers go into closes, in cold, sleety nights, and strip their own babies rather than want the drink. Look at yon little scarlet frock hanging from the rope, and that little paletot! I fear some poor little child is shivering at this moment for want of it."

He stopped, for the pawnbroker's assistant now stood before them, and picked up the ticket which Walter had laid on the counter. The well-known hair-guard was soon brought. How strange it seemed to find it in such a place, and see little Tiz's hair in that man's hands! Walter paid back the loan with interest, and following the missionary, was soon in the crowded street again.

They went the length of the bridge together, and then parted; and Walter heavy at heart, disappointed in his errand, and full of vague and anxious fears, directed his steps towards home.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WALTER RESUMES HIS SEARCH.

Sunday came, and passed drearily. Town and country muffled in a thick choking fog. The frost becoming more and more intense. Little Tiz had to stay at home all day, and sat crouching on a hassock close by the fireside, looking so diminutive, with a tartan shawl of Mrs. Day's over her, to keep her warm. She sat silent, with that thoughtful, old-fashioned look upon her face.

But when Walter went up to his own room after tea, little Tiz groped her way after him, with her light little step, and asked him if he would let her sit with him. So he drew his arm-chair to the fire, and took his little sister on his knee while he read. She sat thinking awhile, and then turned her little blind face up towards his, and said—

“You'll be sure to find him to morrow—won't you—Walter? And you'll bring him home with you? Tell him that we're waiting for him—wearying for him all the day; and I know he'll come.”

“For he told me,” resumed the child, in the same plaintive voice, “that he would do anything in all the world for his little Tiz. And I know he would: he was always so kind to me. When he took me away with him to the wood on the long summer days, he used to say to me, ‘You're not weary, are you, Tiz? But I was never weary. I could walk far far with

George and never tire a bit. And he used to carry me over all the rough places, and gather sweet flowers for me, and get bindweed and wreath it round my head. And then he would take me on his knee, and say he would do anything for little Tiz; and if ever I wanted him to do anything, I had only to ask him. So you'll tell him that I'm waiting for him to come again—won't you, Walter?—and I'm sure he'll come."

And when Walter stroked her little curls and told her he would do as she said, the child resumed her former attitude, with that old-fashioned look upon her face. But every little while she would turn her head and put the same question to him again.

The cold was so intense that they had prayers at an unusually early hour that evening, that they might all get off to bed.

Monday morning broke, slowly and sullenly, in the midst of the densest fog that any one in the place remembered to have seen. The windows were thickly incrustated with frost, and even when the boys breathed upon the glass, and made clear spots to look out through, nothing could be seen but the thick gray fog moving close to the window. All through the day there was a gloom about the house that was indescribably oppressive.

News came in, soon after breakfast, that the driver of a mail-gig on one of the northern roads had been frozen to death in his seat the day before: and that a poor boy had been found dead in a close in Bridge-gate that morning, with his wee frost-bitten feet thrust for warmth into his bonnet. Walter thought

with a heavy heart that perhaps the blankets that should have kept that poor little fellow warm were amongst those he had seen piled up in the glutted pawnshop. But Harrington and his mother—where were they in this fearful weather, and how provided? The question was mooted again and again at Langside Hall that day, with anxious looks. Walter's apprehensions became intolerable: and early in the afternoon he muffled himself well up, and sallied forth once more on his sorrowful errand.

The fog was so dense that though he had travelled the road hundreds of times, he felt himself at a loss now and then, and almost thought he should have missed his way. In the city the fog was even thicker and more oppressive. Carts and omnibuses loomed out of it like shadows, passed, and were speedily enveloped in it again. Gaslights had been burning in the shops all day. The street-lamps were lit, and showed like lurid spots in the thick fog. The night was closing in prematurely.

Walter made the best of his way to the *Globe* office, Mr. Everett having promised Dr. Pearson that he would find out for him, if he could, where Harrington and his mother had gone. It was fortunate that Walter went. He found Mr. Everett alone in the editor's room, and on introducing himself and announcing his errand, was startled with the information that Mrs. Harrington had been there that very morning.

"Shivering all over, poor creature, with cold," said Mr. Everett, feelingly. "So thinly clad, and so emaciated, too, it was really painful to see her."

"Did she say anything about Harrington—about her son?" asked Walter, hurriedly.

"She said he was poorly—not able to be here himself. You know what that means, I suppose."

Ah, yes! he knew too well.

"He'll be the death of her," said Mr. Everett, solemnly, "if he goes on like this much longer."

"But surely, surely something can be done," said Walter, earnestly; "did you find out where they had gone?"

"I did with some difficulty," replied Mr. Everett, picking up a file that stood at the other side of his desk, and turning over some of the papers that were stuck upon it; "she seemed reluctant to tell me: but I told her I should need the address lest I might have to send a boy up with any communication for her son, for I promised to take an article from him to-night if he could write me one. Not that the article, even if it comes, will be of any use to me," continued Mr. Everett, as he slipped one of the papers off the file, and replaced the others, "for what she has brought of late have been things written out by herself, from old rough jottings of Mr. Harrington's, and though she does her best, poor creature, you can easily understand that such papers are not what we want here. But out of very charity, I told her I should take and pay for anything she could let me have this afternoon. I thought she would have been here before now. However, you can tell her if you are going there, that one of my subs will be here till ten, or later; and that he has got instructions about it."

"Somewhere in High Street the place seems to be," said Mr. Everett, looking at the paper and then handing it to Walter.

With the paper in his pocket, and his muffler drawn up over his chin, for the frost was intense, Walter was soon in the thick, dark, foggy streets once more.

Despite the sad picture given him by Mr. Everett—despite the biting frost and thickening fog, Walter felt a certain lightening of his spirits as he pushed forward at a rapid pace towards the High Street. He would now, at all events, see poor Harrington and his mother—he would learn the worst—he would be able to give them any immediate relief they might require—he would be able to exert himself on their behalf in any way that promised most success. He pictured to himself as he hurried along, the sight that awaited him. He pictured Harrington, after a night's dissipation, lying in bed with perhaps a wet cloth on his aching brow—perhaps dictating to his mother as best he could, the paper for Mr. Everett. Walter had even made up his mind what he was to say and do. He was to hurry straight into the room directly the door was opened, and cry in a jovial tone:—

"Hollo, my old boy, how are you?" just as if he had never heard anything wrong about him at all, and had found him in the same way as he left him. And Mrs. Harrington's face would brighten up at the sight of him—Walter knew it would—and Harrington, after a momentary embarrassment, would be fairly overcome by the cheery voice of his old friend, and

would grasp his hand, and say in his old grand voice, "God bless you, Walter; it does me good to see you." And Walter was forthwith to begin talking merrily about the jolly days of old, till he made Harrington quite cheery; and then he meant (in some mysterious and furtive manner, that was to be determined by circumstances), to give money to the servant, or the woman that kept the house, or whoever was at hand, and send her to buy ham, and eggs, and coffee, and all sorts of things, and bring in a fine hot supper, and they were all three to draw in round the table, and have a regular jolly evening of it, and Mrs. Harrington would look twenty years younger before he left, and Harrington would be back to his literary work, and back to Langside Hall, and back to the Lodge, before he knew what he was about.

Cheering himself with this pleasant prospect, Walter turned into the High Street, opposite the old College, that stood grim and silent, muffled in the dense, icy fog.

He stopped and looked at the numbers where they could be seen, and at last found the place. It was a dark close, leading away back he knew not where. He went into several of the adjoining shops to make inquiries. The druggist had never heard the name: the ham and provision dealer didn't think there was any one called Harrington that stayed up that close—he wouldn't be positive, but he didn't think there was. The grocer, who was serving some poor shivering customers over the counter, seemed, at first, to know as little as the others.

"Stop," he said, reflecting for a moment, "is she a delicate, leddy-like person?"

Yes; Walter said she was.

"Wully," cried the grocer, to a man who was scooping sugar out of a cask, in the back part of the shop, "do you ken the name o' the leddy that wis here this mornin' askin a bit o' wrappin' paper that wad dae for writin' on?"

No: the man couldn't tell.

"Ye bide up the close, Mistress M'Tavish," said the grocer to an old crone who was standing at the counter close by Walter, waiting her turn to be served, "is there ony folk o' the name o' Harrington in your land?"

The old crone was so deaf that the grocer had to bend over the counter and repeat his question in a louder voice.

"Ay, ay," said the old crone, shaking her palsied head, "up in the garret. A leddy and a young lad, and och, och! an awfa' lad he is."

"That's the first stair on your left han', goin' up the closs," said the grocer, turning respectfully to Walter; "and the tap landing."

Walter was soon in the close. It was a dark, gloomy place—so dark, that when he found the stair, he had to grope his way slowly up with both hands. Suddenly his hand coming upon something in the darkness, made him start.

"Is there a Mr. Harrington staying up here, do you know?" asked Walter, rather to determine the nature of the object than for the sake of information.

A low, croaking voice made some answer, but Walter could not make out what it was. Up he went—slowly, cautiously, groping his way—till he reached the top. After feeling a while with his hands, he came upon the latch of a door. He knocked and waited, but there was no answer. He knocked again—he knocked a third time more loudly, but in vain. After he had felt along the wall to make sure that there was no other door, he knocked once more, feeling a strange nervousness creeping over him at the very sound of his own knocking in that awful, eerie place. Still no response.

Walter put his hand upon the latch, and the door yielded to his pressure. There was the sudden sound of a cat scampering back across a wooden flooring, and when Walter peered in, he could see two green shining eyes gleaming on him out of the darkness.

He listened for a few moments, but there was no sound.

“Is there any one here?” he said, in a loud voice.

Not a whisper in reply. The dark house was silent as the grave.

“If there’s any one here, let him speak,” he said again, and paused.

No reply. Not a hush. Still the same awful, death-like silence. Those green, glistening eyes were still upon him.

Looking to the side, Walter could dimly discern what seemed to be a half-open door. Stepping fearfully into the dark passage, he pushed the room-door open with his hand, and looked in. He started: when,

between him and the dim, slatey-coloured window, he saw the form of a human head and shoulders.

He felt a cold thrill quivering up through his flesh, and his hair began to stir.

"Who's there?" he said, in a fearful whisper.

Still no reply. No motion. Yet there, distinctly visible between him and the window, a human form—the form of a woman—was sitting.

A wild thought struck suddenly to Walter's heart. He entered with fearful, hesitating steps, and coming up to where the human form was sitting, laid his trembling hand upon its arm.

Stiff—stiff—and cold!

Walter bent down to see the face. He peered into it with strained eyeballs. He tried to make it out in the darkness. With a wild gasp, he started back—his hands upon his head. It was—it was—*her* face!

Gasping with horror, he rushed out to the head of the dark stair, and cried with a wild voice—

"Ho-ho! ho-ho! a light! a light! Death here!"

He almost reeled down the stair. A door had opened. There were voices—lights: and almost before he knew of it, he was back into the dread room again, with a motley and rapidly augmenting group of men and women.

O merciful Heaven! the sight! At the table in that cold, icy room—a pen frozen in her hand—her face thin, blue, and ghastly—her glassy eyes turned aside and fixed—her mouth contracted into a grin of pain—sat the mother of George Harrington!

Her left arm rested stiffly on the old, big, leathern

portfolio that Walter knew so well. Her fingers were bent in, and rigid, as if they had been grasping something. In front of her, lay a half-finished article which she had been attempting to write on a few slips of the coarse white paper begged from the grocer that morning.

"Run for a doctor—quick! quick!" gasped Walter, taking up the cold stiff hand, and rubbing it violently between his own. "And you," he said, turning with passionate earnestness to some women who were pressing into the room, "bring blankets, hot water—anything warm! And quick—for God's sake!"

Too late, Walter; too late!

The doctor made his appearance—the people making way for him on the crowded stairhead: the room was cleared: the doctor took the cold wrist in his hand, and put his head down beside that fixed, livid face. A long breathless pause; and then he looked up and shook his head.

"No, no: don't say it!" cried Walter. "Not dead!"

"Stone dead!" said the doctor, and dropped the stiff, lifeless limb upon the table.

They laid her on a wretched pallet in the corner of the room, and tried every means to restore animation—Walter giving his help in everything with trembling eagerness—but all in vain. The spark of life had fled.

She had died in that cold, empty garret, with no human face beside—no kindly voice to soothe her dying spirit, or breathe one word of blessed hope into her ear.

She appeared to have drawn the rude table near the fireplace for the sake of heat, for a few black cinders lay carefully raked together in the cold, rusty grate. She had sat there, striving to guide the pen with her poor, benumbed fingers, while the deadly chill was creeping to her heart, and the film of death was gathering over her eyes. Long and hard she had striven, poor soul, as could be seen from the cramped and broken writing. Ah, Lord, what a mother's love was there! She had laboured on in a last despairing hope that she might be able to earn enough to purchase food and fire, and have this poor, miserable home warm, and cheery, and comfortable, for her boy—when he returned from amongst the drunken revellers whose society he preferred to hers. But the chill had reached her heart at last, and the film of death had blinded her eyes that she could see no more.

And so she died: without one kind word from him over whom she had yearned, those many, many years, with all the unutterable fondness of a mother's heart—for whose sake she had cheerfully sacrificed every other earthly joy and hope—whose genius had been the pride of her life, whose glory she had exulted in, whose griefs she had ever hastened to soothe. She died, without one last token of love from him whom she had followed in sunshine and in storm—whom she had gone down with into poverty and disgrace—never breathing one word of complaint, never upbraiding him for his neglect, never turned away by his cruelty; but ever seeking by her gentleness and love to win him back into the good way again.

One last kiss from him—one fond word—one loving smile, would have more than repaid her for it all. It would have filled her poor, dreary, desolate heart with sunshine and gladness: it would have brought a sweet smile into her face, even in that last dark hour.

But such had not been granted her—and so she died. All her trials, her joys and sorrows, her hopes and fears, were over now. The smile that used, in brighter days, to play like sunshine on that sweet, gentle face had fled away for ever. And there she lay—cold, stiff, dead!—with her glazed eyeballs turned aside and fixed, and that ghastly grin upon her face!

Walter and the doctor were still bending over the body, which had been stretched on a blanket on the floor; several women who had been helping to get hot bottles applied to the feet and armpits of the corpse, were in the room; and the doorway was again blocked up by people, chiefly women and boys, who were gazing eagerly in, and occasionally exchanging a word or two in frightened whispers. Such was the state of things, when a commotion took place outside, and the whisper spread like wildfire that the young man was on the stair, and was forcing his way up. The words were scarcely uttered when a wild, unearthly cry rose outside.

"It's he!—it's Harrington!"—cried Walter, turning pale as death. "Keep him back—keep him back, for God's sake! till she's removed!"

He had scarcely thrown the end of the blanket over the body, when that wild cry rose again, but this time

close to the door. The commotion outside had increased; the people in the doorway looked back, and fell tumultuously aside; and in a moment, one like a maniac burst into the room.

Walter staggered back as at the sight of a ghost, Haggard and thin, tags of frost upon his dark, dishevelled hair, his lips black, his eyes rolling in blood, his long bony arms flung wildly into the air!—great Heaven, was that George Harrington!

He glared round at the forms and faces dimly discernible by the light of the oil-lamp that had been placed on the table. Suddenly he started, with his head in an attitude of keen attention—

“Ha! there they come!” he exclaimed, with a sudden cry of terror. “Hush! don’t you hear the naked feet pattering up the stairs. Keep them out!—keep them out! Shut the door!”

He slammed the door, and crushed himself against it to keep it shut—his fingers clenched—great beads of perspiration bursting from his brow—and his whole face distorted into an expression of agonizing fear. Every one in the room turned pale—the doctor excepted. He was accustomed to such sights, and, telling Walter to conceal the body as much as possible, he pressed his hand upon the door as if helping Harrington to keep it shut.

“Don’t be afraid,” he said, coolly. “We’re too many for them, if they *do* get in.” After a pause, he added, affecting to listen—“Hearken! they’re past—they’re away—they’ve missed you!”

The ruse was successful. Harrington’s terror abated

and leaving the door, he reeled towards the middle of the room.

"He is in delirium," said the doctor, whispering to Walter, "I don't think he sees us. Wait with him, while I take the body into the other place. Just help me up with it. Now—quick—open the door."

Hastily wrapping the blanket round the lifeless form, the doctor, with Walter's help, got it raised in his arms, and made with it to the door. Suddenly, the corner of the blanket slipped down, and the ghastly head of the corpse, with its glazed eyes and grinning mouth, rose into view. Harrington's eye caught it. He glared wildly at it for a moment. He pressed his hands upon his fiery eyes and looked again. It was gone: and the door was shut.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE NIGHT GROWS DARKER.

A dark-visaged woman, with unkempt hair, standing near the dimly burning lamp, caught Harrington's eye. He glared at her for several moments, and bending forward, stretched out his long arm as if to touch her head. The woman, terrified by his wild, maniac look and gesture, shrunk back. Harrington pawed the air in front of her face, with his long, bony fingers, and then passed his hand across his brow.

"Phantom faces—phantom faces," he said in a deep

whisper, as he rolled his bloodshot eyes round the room. "How they come and go."

"George—my dear George!" said Walter, laying his hand with passionate earnestness on Harrington's arm.

Harrington gazed into his eyes for a moment, but did not seem to know him; and then looked wildly over his shoulder towards the door, as if dreading the reappearance of that ghastly apparition in the blanket.

"My dear George!" cried Walter, "don't you know me?—your old friend, Walter?"

"Phantom faces—phantom faces," said Harrington, in the same deep whisper as before, and rolling his eyes around.

Suddenly looking into the dark corner, he gave a wild start, and clutching Walter's arm, gasped "What's there?"

Appalled by his look and tone—which were terrible beyond description—the people in the room, though they could see nothing, retreated hastily to the door. Another moment, and Harrington with a wild shriek sprung back to the wall.

"O God! drag them off—tear them off!" he screamed, striking wildly out into vacancy, and contorting his body in a manner frightful to behold, as if deadly snakes were twining themselves in endless convolutions round his limbs, and he were struggling frantically to shake them off. Shriek followed shriek in quick succession, and the people in the room, pale with fright, rushed out into the passage. Walter could do nothing. The movements of the madman were too frantic to be controlled.

His wild cries brought the doctor hastily into the room.

"Oh, doctor!" cried Walter, almost gasping, "what on earth can we do? This is awful!"

"We can do nothing," replied the doctor; "he is in delirium tremens. No human power could control him just now. If we tried, it would only make him worse. We must let him exhaust himself. He cannot go on like this for many minutes."

Harrington all the while—with his eyes nearly bursting from their sockets, and his face streaming with perspiration, was struggling frantically with his invisible foes—more than once dashing himself on the ground, and rolling over and over, twisting his body like a man in mortal agony.

The doctor was right. It could not last. Very soon there came the final paroxysm, and Harrington, panting from his superhuman exertion, and drenched with perspiration, staggered into a corner and fell.

"Now," said the doctor, who had cleared the house and drawn the bar across the outer door, and was proceeding to cover the prostrate form with the blanket that lay upon the wretched pallet, "he will rest awhile. I'll go now and fetch a nurse who will light a fire, and attend to him, and see the body laid out, and do anything else that's needed. She lives in the next stair. I won't be long. You're not afraid to be left alone with him for a few minutes, are you?"

Walter assured him that he was not.

"I have left the body in the other room," said the doctor, lowering his voice to a whisper, as he glanced

down at the prostrate form. "There is a light on the shelf. You had better bar the door after me, or some of these people may come in again."

Walter followed the doctor to the door, and when he had seen him out, secured it after him.

It was only now when he sat down again in the dimly-lighted room, on the chair from which the corpse had been lifted only a little while before, that he began to feel the horrors of his position. He looked round the cold, black, desolate room. Had he been down in the silent ghostly catacombs, he could not have felt more awfully separated from the living world. And here he was, shut up alone with a madman and a corpse. How long and awful the moments seemed. The body! Walter felt his flesh creep as he thought of it, and seemed to see that ghastly head appear again. He glanced nervously towards the door. He had left it a little open. He wished he had shut it, and yet he did not like to move. The doctor had said there was a lamp standing on the shelf. Walter wondered what the corpse looked like in the dim gloating light. Was the ghastly head covered again or not? He started: for the cat had suddenly begun scratching somewhere in the dark passage. How slowly the minutes went by! When would the doctor be back?

And now, looking down into the corner, he got another fright when he saw the blanket begin to move, and Harrington's head raised from under it. The bloodshot eyes turned slowly round with a wild stare and looked at him.

"George! George!" said Walter, bending towards him, and whispering fearfully in spite of himself. But there was no response—no sign even of recognition, and the eyes moved round with the same awful look, and stared towards the door.

It was an inexpressible relief, though it startled him at first, when a loud knocking at the outer door announced the return of the doctor. The doctor was soon followed by an elderly and taciturn woman with a bundle in her hand. They got Harrington laid upon the wretched pallet, but he kept tossing to and fro, starting wildly at times, and uttering sudden cries.

"If he goes on like this," said the doctor solemnly turning to Walter—"being so much wasted already, and being, as I can see, of a highly nervous temperament, I should be afraid ——"

Walter looked with fearful earnestness into the doctor's face. He knew what he meant to say: and leaning on the table he pressed his trembling hands upon his brow.

"Three or four days will determine it," said the doctor, "if he lives so long. Five at the very most. If he could only sleep, he might be himself again to-morrow. But whether he does or not"—the doctor lowered his voice to a whisper—"you should get the body removed or buried as quickly as possible. It will be safer for him not to see it. It might drive him mad."

"I shall go home and see what is to be done at once," said Walter.

Arrangements were soon made, and Walter, leaving

that chamber of horrors, hurried home in a cab. It seemed as if whole days and weeks of agony and terror had passed since he had walked these cold, dark, foggy streets, an hour before.

It would only be painful to follow Walter and describe how his look, the moment he entered the sitting-room at home, told them all that something terrible had happened—how the house was soon filled with lamentation—how the old man and Walter drove back that night to see the cold, stiff corpse laid out, and to look sorrowfully at the maniac as he raved and tossed on his wretched pallet; and to leave with the nurse the blankets, and food, and cordials, that Mrs. Day had hastily put up. It would only be painful to tell how the news was received next morning at the Lodge, and how both there and at Langside Hall many a choking sob, and many a piteous inarticulate prayer that reached no ear but One, might have told how deep was the mourning of those kind hearts for her who was gone, and their anxiety for him who was now trembling between life and a ghastly death. Nor need I tell how poor little Tiz cried and cried as if her little heart would break, and how the old wobegone look never left her little blind face; and how anxiously she waited and listened for the return of any one who had been in town, to hear what news: and how, kneeling night and morning at the old man's knee to say her prayers, she put in, with earnest quavering voice—when she came to the part about her friends—a prayer for dear George, that the Lord would save him and make him good again.

The reader will also excuse me for not describing particularly how Mr. Groly, the evening after the dreadful news had been received, made his appearance at the Lodge with a face to suit the occasion; and how, more than once, he applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and turned his face away, to let it be understood that his emotions were overpowering him.

Neither shall I attempt to describe the terrible hours that passed in that garret where Harrington lay raving; and with what pale, anxious faces, his friends watched him as he reeled nearer and nearer to the brink of the awful gulf. Two days and nights had passed, but sleep had never closed those bloodshot eyes; and the doctor, when he came in, the third night, looked grave and shook his head.

In fear and sadness unutterable, Walter sat up by the bedside through all that night, and watched. The delirium seemed to be approaching its height. Every look and movement of the patient showed the torment he was suffering. At one time he appeared to be seeing faces glaring at him from the walls and roof: at another to be feeling loathsome reptiles crawling over him; at another his eyes rolled and his limbs quaked terribly.

Three or four times in the course of the night, Harrington turned that awful look again towards the door. To see his eyes turning slowly round—the red eyeballs contrasting so horribly with the white sodden face—and to see his earnest look, as if his giddy spirit had paused for a moment to think whether that ghastly sight had been a phantom or a reality—was

something indescribably appalling. Once too, he roused Walter with a wild start, by crying out suddenly—

“Mother! mother! a light!” The lamp was standing within a few feet of him, on the table: but he seemed to be unable to see it. And again he cried out, but more shrilly than before—

“Mother! mother! a light.” Walter felt his flesh creep with horror, and he could not help looking fearfully behind him, as if half expecting to see the apparition of that figure in the blanket, with the ghastly head looking out of it, come gliding in at the door.

But it lay in the next room confined. And even that piteous cry from her boy, could waken the dull, lifeless ear no more.

Again and again he called for a light. Suddenly, in the dark, he seemed to feel himself slipping down some horrible abyss, for he clutched the bed-clothes in an agony of fear, and sent up shriek after shriek, that rung out into the night like the shrieks of the damned. At length, utterly exhausted and covered with perspiration, the wretched sufferer fell back in bed, only to be startled again before long by some phantom more frightful than the last. So terrible was the spectacle that Walter himself, after each paroxysm was over, experienced a sense of complete exhaustion. Again and again, as he looked, he wondered if reason had fled for ever from those staring eyes, and if that could be the dew of death that was beginning to show itself upon the livid face. A shuddering seized him at the thought.

Next forenoon the funeral took place. A room had been engaged in the flat below, where Dr. Daidlaw, and Dr. Pearson, and the rest of the small company met, so as not to disturb the patient; and there devotional exercises—according to the custom in Scotland—were engaged in. Harrington, who had been muttering and raving to himself all the morning, paused when, on a sudden, he became conscious of unusual sounds proceeding from the other room. He started up into a sitting posture and listened. There was the sound of persons speaking in earnest whispers: then the sound of shuffling steps in the passage and on the stairs, as of something heavy being carried out. Then the sound of the outer door being softly closed. He listened, but all was again still: and rolling his eyes wildly round the room, he lay back in the bed again! Could he have known what it was that had just been carried out! Could he have guessed what those carriages had stopped for in the street below! Could he have known that as he lay raving there they were carrying his mother's body to the grave!

Next day there were indications of a change. Now and then there came to the patient, short intervals of consciousness: but when they came, he turned sullenly towards the wall and refused to speak. Only once, when the nurse was with him alone, he turned, and looked at her, and asked her who she was, and where his mother had gone. She said that the young gentleman—Mr. Lorraine—would be able to tell him.

"Ah yes," he muttered, "I understand. Yes: she'll no doubt—be more—comfortable there."

O Harrington! if thou didst but know how cruel, cruel, are these words.

A heaviness came gradually over him, and early in the afternoon he fell into a profound sleep. Walter waited for an hour or two, and then finding that the sleep continued unbroken, he left and went home.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CRISIS.

During those four days, little Tiz had never ceased begging of Walter, when she found him alone, to take her to see Harrington.

"For you know," she would say, earnestly, "he used to love me so much. And he said he would do anything in the world for his little Tiz."

When Walter got home that afternoon, leaving Harrington in his deep sleep, little Tiz renewed her entreaties. And in the evening she came groping her way into his study, and begged again, taking hold of his coat and turning up her little blind face piteously towards him. Much as Walter doubted the prudence of exposing her to the risk of a shock that might be too much for so fragile a child, little Tiz had laid it so much to heart, that he spoke to his father and Mrs. Day; and after some grave consultation, it was thought as well to let her go.

When little Tiz got the joyful news, her face brightened as it had not brightened for many a day; and

she went to bed happy. She could scarce sleep for thinking of it; and twice through the night, when the whole house was wrapped in profound slumber, she rose and stole softly into Mrs. Day's room to awake her, and ask if the morning was nearly come.

It came at last, and early in the forenoon Walter and little Tiz, accompanied by Mrs. Day, drove into town. To avoid attracting attention, the carriage was left at the corner of College Street, Mrs. Day remaining in it, while Walter, throwing a cloak round little Tiz, for the snow was falling fast, took her in his arms, and walked down to the close. A knot of gossiping women, standing at the entrance, made way for him, and looked wonderingly after him as he strode in with his strange burden and turned up the narrow, winding stair. Tiz sat in his arm, trembling with strange emotions, her little head bent in an attitude of earnest attention. The nurse, when she opened the door in answer to Walter's knock, looked curiously at the little child.

"How is he now?" asked Walter, in a low, earnest tone.

"H'sh!" said the nurse, holding up her finger with a glance towards the room door; "he's up."

"Up!"

"Ay, up, and his claes on," whispered the nurse, "he wakened about twa hours sin'. But he sleepit the hale nicht, lyin' as still as a stane."

"Does he seem better?" asked Walter earnestly. By this time he had passed, followed by the nurse, into the bare room opposite the one where Harrington was.

"Oo ay," replied the nurse, "he's fair oot o' the delirian tremers noo. But he's awfu' glum and surly. And yon black een o' his—eh my!" exclaimed she, with a shrug of her shoulders, "hoo they glower into a body! He askit efter his mither a wee while sin', and lookit at me; an' I raily thought he wis seein' through an' through me. But I put aff the question as weel's I could. He thinks you've been and taen her awa to your ain hoose. He's awfu' wild at ye."

Walter left little Tiz in charge of the nurse, and stepped to the door of the other room. He knocked, but getting no reply, he looked in.

Crouching over the miserable fire—his face, now that he was up, looking even thinner and more haggard than it did the night before—sat George Harrington. An old coat, white at the seams and glazed at the cuffs, was buttoned up to his throat, as if to protect him from the chilly draughts that pervaded the wretched apartment. Full of pity for his old friend, now so utterly miserable and forlorn, Walter stepped in, and closed the door behind him.

Harrington turned sharply round at the noise, and looked at him. A flush, it might be of shame—it looked more like defiance—kindled in his face. He compressed his thin lips, and fixed his dark eyes on Walter with an expression almost of ferocity.

"Well, George," said Walter bravely, smiling as best he could, "how do you feel this morning?"

Harrington looked at him with the same fixed scowl, deigning no reply.

"My dear George," said Walter, who felt rather put out by this reception, "I am sorry to find you in this state."

"Harrington is my name, sir!" said Harrington, with a sudden fierceness that startled him. "What have you to do with this or any other state I may be in? That seems to me my business, not yours."

"I have nothing more to do with it than this," returned Walter sadly, "that as an old friend I am sorry for you, George, and would like to give you any assistance in my power."

"I want none of your assistance," retorted Harrington. "And if you have come from Pearson with any more of his pitiful gratuities—there's the window, you can fling them out. I want none of them. There's my answer. Now, go: leave me!"

Walter restrained himself by a powerful effort.

"George," he said—"or Mr. Harrington, if you wish it—"

"Will you go?" cried Harrington.

"I cannot go, George, till I have"—

"Good heaven!" cried Harrington fiercely, rising to his feet, though his shrunken limbs seemed scarce able to support him—"is it not enough that I should bear the torments of this hell alone? Is it not enough that the men who made capital out of me so long as they could, should leave me now to die in this hole like a dog? Is it not enough that you who call yourself a 'friend' should have induced my mother to abandon me in sickness and poverty? Is that not enough for you, that you must now force your way

into my rooms, and cast up my poverty in my face! If I choose to be poor, what is that to you? Go home and tell my mother that she can stay where she is—that she need not trouble herself more about me. Tell her,” said Harrington, shaking his long quivering finger towards a bottle that Walter now for the first time noticed, with a start, on the bed, “tell her that I have brandy here that she didn’t know of. Tell her that I shall drink it to-night, and be dead in the morning.”

“Ay, tell her,” cried Harrington, as he shook back his twining hair, as he had used to do in grander days—“tell her that the end is near with me—that the horses are shaken up now—that they are galloping down hill—down, down, with the devil’s lash upon them—ha! ha!—ha! ha!”

The maniac look—the terrific vehemence with which these words were uttered, made Walter almost recoil with affright.

“George! George! stop for goodness’ sake!” cried Walter. “Think, oh, think, where this dreadful career must end!”

“It ends in hell,” said Harrington, his eyes kindling with terrific fire—“hot, burning hell, where the worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched. That’s where it ends. I know it. I see it. I’m going down with my eyes wide open, and who’s to blame? Tell me that, you that study theology. God brought me into this world without my consent. God gave me appetites and passions, not of my choosing; and these appetites and passions are hurrying me now to the

hell God made for me. Ha, ha! there's a kind father—there's a 'beneficent Creator' for you!"

Harrington drew himself proudly up—the ghost of his former self—and passed his long skeleton fingers across his brow.

"What are you—Lorraine? What am I?" he said again sternly, and with sharp emphasis. "Victims of inexorable law. The stone is made to sink, the cork to swim. You are made to rise to heaven: I to go down to hell. It is my destiny—fixed as the past is fixed. Resistless fate impels me. I cannot stop. I cannot go back. But I'll tell you, Lorraine, what I can do. I can quicken my pace—with *that!*" and Harrington flung back his hand and pointed again to the bottle that lay upon the bed. "Brandy—charged with alcohol—hot and strong! It leaps like fire through the veins, it nerves the heart, it hurries one faster down the steep to the brink—and then, over we go—ha, ha!—down, down, into the deep unfathomable darkness!"

So he went on, with fierce defiance in his tone, and that terrific splendour flashing like dark lightning from his eyes. Walter stood before him with firm, compressed lips, hoping to see the storm abate. He saw the meaning of it all. He could see that conscience was stinging like a scorpion in Harrington's breast; he could see that all this frenzy was the impotent and defiant rage of one who has brought himself to ruin by his own excesses, and is trying to throw upon his Maker the blame that he feels bitterly to be his own.

He was still speaking when the door opened slowly

—and lo! groping her way in, with a look of unutterable sadness on her face, came little Tiz.

There was a moment's pause.

"Keep back, Tiz, keep back, for any sake!" cried Walter, in sudden fear.

But Harrington had started back, as if he had seen an apparition. He stood with his head clasped between his hands, looking intently at her, as she came groping her way into the room.

"My God!" he exclaimed at length, in a deep whisper, "is it little Tiz?"

The very sound of the name not uttered for so long, seemed to bring back with it a thousand fond associations, for even while he looked at her, his eye became softer.

"George, dear George," said the blind child earnestly, "let me hear your voice—as you used to speak. You haven't forgotten your little Tiz?" She stretched out her tiny arms, just as she used to do in old days when she wanted him to take her up. Harrington stood like one under a spell. Wild shadows came and went in his face. Unutterable emotions were struggling for the mastery within him. He looked steadfastly on the pale, thin face of the little child he used to love so well—ah, paler and thinner than it used to be—and as he looked his lip trembled and his eyes began to grow dim. She could not see his haggard face, his poor attire, the meanness and desolation of the place. And there she stood holding up her tiny arms in supplication. Harrington sat down, without a word, and took her reverently in his arms; and

when she laid her little head upon his breast, and tried to put her tiny arms round his neck, as she had used to do, he was fairly overcome. Folding her tenderly to his bosom, he bent his head over her, and burst into tears. They fell fast—those sacred drops—gushing from the floodgates of a heart long hardened with obdurate pride. They fell silently—those sacred drops—tokens of penitence—signs of the awakening once more of the better nature within him. Walter looked on with a bursting heart and thanked God for the blessed change. And now, the utter wretchedness and desolation of the place—the wan, pinched look of poor Harrington—the bodily and mental torments he had undergone—the terrible trial that yet awaited him—all came up vividly before Walter's mind, and made him yearn over his old friend with a more passionate solicitude than he had ever felt before.

In the meantime, little Tiz, raising her head a little from where it lay, said in a soft whisper—

“You won't take any more of that wicked drink that has done all this? Tell me you won't, George. You know you told me you would do anything for little Tiz, if I only asked you. Oh, tell me, George, that you will never, never taste it again.”

There was a long pause. Harrington said nothing, but he drew the child closer to his heart.

“And you'll come out and stay with us—won't you, dear George?—and we shall all be so happy. I've got a little vase to be ready for the primroses when they come out; and you'll come and take me to the wood, won't you, and gather them for me? They had

always the sweetest smell, the ones you gathered. And I'll sit on the mossy stone where we used to sit, and I'll sing to you as long, as long as you like. It isn't quite the time yet, but papa says the thrushes will be singing in the garden before many weeks, and I'm listening for them every morning. For the spring is going to come early this year—papa told me. So you'll come, George, and stay with us—won't you?—and we shall all be so happy."

The little thing nestled in his bosom again, and turned up her head to listen. "You must come and hear the big shell," she said again. "It's not singing now as it used to do at all. It's got to sing so sadly. But you'll come and hear it. And you will tell me stories, and we'll wait till the flowers come out. They'll be out very soon now. For spring, you know, is coming very early this year."

Ay, little one, so it is to thee! Bright and early thy spring is coming.

There was another pause, the child listening intently. Harrington still held his arms round her, as if she were the only link between him and the joy he had lost, and after which he had begun to yearn again.

"I prayed to the dear Lord last night," said the child softly. "It was after Walter and nurse were away. And I had scarcely done, when I heard that music far, far up, that I sometimes hear in the still nights; and a sweet sound came down into the room, as if to tell me that my prayer was answered, and you were going to be good once more. And you will, dear George, won't you? You'll ask God to pardon all

that's past, for Jesus' sake: and he won't refuse. He can't refuse his only Son, you know, that came to die just for that. And so you'll be good, George; and you'll never taste the drink again that has kept you away so long, and done all the harm."

Harrington's dark eyes dwelt with a strange awe upon the little blind face, on which a light, that was not the light of earth, was playing.

When she ceased, he set her gently down: rose, threw up the window as far as it would go, took up the bottle of brandy that lay on the bed, and with one swing of his long arm sent it flying out.

It struck the opposite wall, and was shivered into a thousand fragments. Harrington closed the window and turned round.

"Walter—Tiz—my own Tiz," he said, in a voice checked at every other word by his intense emotion, "there goes—the last—drop—of drink—that I shall ever handle. So help me—Almighty God!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

LIFE IN DEATH.

And now the shock was to come. The terrible disclosure would have to be made, Walter did not know how soon: but he was anxious that little Tiz should be away. So he told her that she had better drive home with Mrs Day, and George and he would be out by and by. The child clung to Harrington as

if she could not bear to be separated from him, even for so short a time. It was so arranged, however, and Harrington took up little Tiz in his arms to carry her down stairs himself: but light as the little burden was, the poor fellow was now unequal to the task; and after getting with great difficulty the length of the stairhead, he had to pass little Tiz into the strong arms of Walter, and give her a parting kiss and let her go.

When Walter had seen her safely into the carriage, and communicated to Mrs. Day, in a few words, the result of the strange interview that had just taken place, he saw the carriage start on the way home, and then retraced his steps.

As he mounted the narrow, winding stair, he felt a trembling come over him. He felt that the crisis was come. He felt that many minutes could not elapse before poor Harrington must come to know the awful event that had happened. Alas! to think that after all he had suffered, the worst was yet to come!

All unconscious of the terrific shock that awaited him, Harrington, the moment Walter came into the room again, grasped both his hands fervently in his.

"O Walter!" he said, with deep emotion, "my true, noble friend. God bless you! God bless you! Can you ever forgive me for all this?"

Walter trembled all the more. He could not speak. He could only wring his friend's hands.

"O Walter," resumed Harrington in the same broken voice, "I feel joy once more. Joy that I have not felt for long. I think the dawn is brightening again,

Walter. There may be a bright day yet for me and for dear mother. This will be a glad day for her. I know it will. It will gladden her poor heart to hear of this. O Walter!" said the poor fellow, with uncontrollable emotion, "there's no mother in all the world like mine—so kind, so gentle, so loving, so self-denying, so patient. And I so heartless—O so heartless and cruel!—that should have been most kind. And yet she has borne all and said nothing. God bless her!—my dear, dear mother!"

He stopped. Emotion checked his utterance.

He passed his hand across his eyes, and set a chair for Walter close by the fire.

"You will go and see her first, Walter," he resumed. "You will tell her all. Tell her how I long to make amends for the past. Tell her that I shall devote my life to making her happy. God knows I will, as no son has ever done before."

"I wish she were here," he resumed. "I am so eager to see her face once more—to see her smile as she used to smile. For do you know," he said, with a change of tone, "I have been haunted all these days and nights by a horrible apparition"—

Walter felt that the moment was at hand.

"I thought I saw a man carrying something out at that door there, in a blanket, when suddenly the blanket slipped, and what should appear—it makes my blood curdle even to think of it now—but *her* head, with a ghastly grin upon the livid face, and the eyes"—

Harrington stopped suddenly. For, looking at

Walter, he saw him put his hand to his head, and turn away—absolutely quaking with an emotion that announced too plainly that the vision had been a dread reality.

Harrington looked at him for a moment fearfully, breathlessly—his eyes opening wider—and suddenly, with a wild gasp, he sprung back as from a hideous apparition.

“Don’t—don’t say it!—don’t!—don’t!!” he cried, his voice rising at the last into a shriek of wildest agony and dread.

Walter’s face was pale as death. He dropped upon his knee, crying in a broken voice, “God help him! God help him!”

Harrington saw the look—heard the tone—caught the dreadful meaning; and with one moan of unutterable woe, he threw up his long arms and fell upon the floor.

The fall startled Walter. He snatched up a jug of water that stood on the chimney-piece, and splashed some on the thin, death-like face. After a while Harrington came to himself, turned up his head as it lay on Walter’s lap, and heavily opened his eyes. But oh, that look of cold, dull, dreary, desolate despair. By and by, with his friend’s help, he staggered slowly to his feet.

“Walter—Walter,” he gasped almost inaudibly, and with an effort so painful as to bring tears into Walter’s eyes—“le—leave”—he could say no more. Walter knew what he meant. He wrung his hands fervently; he helped him into a chair, and silently withdrew,

closing the door after him. He went into the other room; where the nurse sat on a stool before the fire, sewing. Walter sat with his head bent down upon his hand; and his heart rose silently to Heaven in frequent and earnest prayers.

Sometimes he listened anxiously for some sound from the other room: but there was a silence as of death, save now and then a low, dreary moan, inconceivably mournful. What were the agonies of that awful hour, no human tongue can ever tell. But at last the other door opened, and a voice that might have come from the dead, called Walter by name. He went in with a feeling of awe. Harrington stood there—his countenance changed—in his dark eyes a woe, sublime in its infinite depth and awfulness—over his pale face a shadow as from the invisible world, that was never again to pass away.

He took Walter's hands: he wrung them with unutterable feeling. So soon as he could speak he said,

"I shall meet her again, Walter—in heaven. I shall live as she would have me live. In God's strength I will. And I shall meet her there—my poor, dear mother: I shall see her on earth again no more—no more for ever. O God—O God!"

He shook in an agony of suppressed emotion.

"O Walter," he said, "now I know what it is to deserve infinite punishment—to need that the very Son of God should die for me. I am blind—blind and ignorant. But I hear her voice calling to me from the skies: and little Tiz shall lead me there—yes, yes, she is the angel that God has sent to lead me

there. I know it now. It was that that drew my heart to her when I saw her first. But I did not know it then. It was hidden from me. And O Walter, I thank God for such a friend as you are—as you have ever been—as you will be, Walter—won't you—despite all that has passed?"

"My dear George!" said Walter, overcome by his emotions, "let me call you brother."

"God bless you, Walter,—my brother in Christ Jesus."

They threw their arms round each other, and wept. And so old things passed away, and all things became new.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH THE DAY BEGINS TO DAWN.

Harrington felt so deeply the degradation into which he had brought himself by his excesses, that he gently, but resolutely, declined the pressing invitation which he got to remove at once to Langside Hall, where he could have all the attention that his shattered state of health required.

"No, Walter," he would say earnestly, "don't ask me, please. Let me try by a new life to earn again the respect that I have forfeited. God knows how I feel your kindness. But do not ask me now."

Walter appreciated the motives by which his friend was actuated. He saw how that poor bereaved soul

yearned after solitude; and he felt that in the meantime solitude might be best. He could not bear, however, to see Harrington remain in that wretched, desolate garret, with all its frightful associations. Away he went direct to Mrs. Bouster's; and finding her rooms still vacant, he re-engaged them at once, and arranged with Mrs. Bouster about getting them made snug and comfortable as speedily as possible. The second day after, he had the pleasure of announcing to Harrington that his old rooms were all ready for him, and that a cab was waiting at the door. How the poor fellow grasped Walter's hand, and tried in vain to express his thanks, need not be told. But when he had taken farewell of that chamber of horrors, and had reached Mrs. Bouster's, with his old portfolio and the little bundle of things that made up all his earthly possessions: and when he found the little parlour neat and cozy, with a cheery fire burning in the grate, the old Dutch clock ticking away on the mantel-piece, and the Original Seceders looking down from the wall; and when he saw lying on the table, waiting for him, the little brooch with the revolving centre that he had got made for his mother the year before, and the hair-guard that little Tiz had given him,—he sat down on the old rheumatic sofa, covered his face with his hands, and wept.

Harrington had written, the day before, to Dr. Pearson, imploring him, and his sister, and niece, to forgive the past; and if they could not do that, and could never again look on him as a friend, at least to believe that his penitence was sincere, and that

he would never forget the kindness they had shown him in days gone by. Miss Pearson's mind had just been skilfully operated upon by Mr. Groly, who did not relish the idea of Harrington's reappearance at the Lodge. That grim lady accordingly shook her head in a doubtful manner, and said they had better wait and see, and that, at any rate, she could not think of admitting the young man into the house again, after what had passed. The Doctor, on the other hand, charged with an earnest message from Eleanor, and with his own heart overflowing with kindness and joy, came hurrying into town, and having been in secret communication with Walter all the time, made his appearance in Mrs. Bouster's parlour a few hours after Harrington's return to it. The good-hearted Doctor grasped Harrington's hands, and nearly shook his arms out of joint in the enthusiasm of the moment, assuring him all the while of his unaltered friendship. But when he saw the pallid face and shrunken form, and the deep shadow that had come into those dark, solemn eyes, and was never to depart again, he went over to the window, and said, in a rather husky voice, that the view from it was very fine; and he blew his nose with his big, red handkerchief, in a loud, invigorating manner, and took a pinch out of his gold snuff-box, and said it was very strong snuff that; which it certainly must have been, for when the good old Doctor returned to the fireside, there were tears in his eyes.

Walter now, at Harrington's request, took him to

see the grave of his mother. She had been buried in the Lorraines' own burying-ground, which lies on that eastern brow of the Necropolis that catches the first beams of the rising sun. As the two young men walked, slow and sad, through the gloomy city of the dead, the upright tombstones, capped and fringed with snow, stood like ghosts in their winding-sheets, watching them in grim silence as they passed.

"This is the place," said Walter under his breath, as he stopped before a small square plot. "She lies at the side there, just before you."

He felt the arm that lay in his vibrate with a sudden tremor, and when he glanced at Harrington, he saw that a deathly paleness had come into his face, and that his eyes were fixed with an awful look upon his mother's tomb.

He paused awhile, and then, with a delicate regard to the feelings that were too deep even for sympathy, he gently released the arm of his friend, and went away for a while, passing to and fro along the walks. Every little while, however, he found himself looking back to the spot he had left; and there Harrington stood, with his eyes upon his mother's grave, and in the same attitude, save that his hands were clasped. What memories came flowing back into his mind, of the days and years that he and his mother had spent together—of all their old plans, and hopes, and fears, and disappointments, over now for ever—what remorse and desolation he felt, Walter could only vaguely guess. When he went back to his friend at last, he stood awhile beside him before Harrington became

conscious of his presence. Then, suddenly, with a short convulsive gasp, he turned from the grave, and putting his arm in Walter's, walked slowly and silently down the hill, with his eyes upon the ground.

Mr. Everett was sitting in his private room at the *Globe* office next day, when a knock came to the door, and there entered a pale, thin, emaciated youth, in an old, thread-bare surtout, that was buttoned up to the throat. But there was a something in his large, expressive eye, that promised better things.

"Mr. Harrington," said the editor, rising and holding out his hand; "though I cannot compliment you on your looks, I am glad to see you back."

Harrington took the seat to which Mr. Everett motioned him; and, after a few words had been passed on general topics, he told him that he was anxious if possible to secure some regular literary employment.

Mr. Everett knew pretty well the life that Harrington had been leading, and though respect for the feelings of poor Mrs. Harrington had prevented him from speaking out his mind during his interviews with her, he was not disposed to disguise his sentiments now: Accordingly, so soon as Harrington told him what he had come to seek, Mr. Everett pushed back the corner of his chair to bring himself more face to face with his visitor.

"Mr. Harrington," he said, "I shall speak plainly. I admire your talents: I have never had on my staff one who could write a better article than you can. But talent without steadiness is of little use to you, and of none to me. When I made an engagement

with you last June, I paid you liberally, on the understanding that you were to send me two articles a week. I need not remind you that you failed to do that. Your papers came in so irregularly as, really, to be of very little use to me. Our engagement was renewed, and again broken through in consequence of your dissipated habits. Now, Mr. Harrington, I need not tell you that this will not do with me. I am always ready to pay you for an occasional article, but I cannot pay you at the same rate as I would were you a regular contributor, and I cannot expect you to be that so long as your present habits continue."

"Call them my past habits," said Harrington with respectful firmness. "They are finally abandoned. I have entered, sir, on a new course of conduct, to which, with God's help, I am determined henceforth to adhere."

There was an indescribable power about Harrington's voice and manner; and when he uttered the words—"To which I am determined henceforth to adhere," the firmness and decision of his tone carried with it the conviction that no power on earth could ever cause him to swerve from his purpose. Mr. Everett's doubts were at once removed. "Mr. Harrington," he said, rising and extending his hand, "let me congratulate you. Let me assure you that you will never repent this resolution. I shall only be too glad to secure your services."

An arrangement was entered into on the spot, and Harrington resumed his work next day. He wrought on day by day, with a braver heart and a nobler hope

—living ever as he knew that *she* would have him live. The old portfolio grew more corpulent than ever. Books began to gather in the room again. The old Dutch clock looked on approvingly, and talked very busily in an under-tone to itself, except when it paused to sneeze out the hour, as it had used to do. Little Tiz, too, was up to see him as often as the carriage was in town, unless the frost was very keen. And so soon as Walter made his appearance with the child, Harrington would rise from his work, and sitting down by the fireside, would take her fondly on his knee. If Walter had anything else to do in town, he would leave little Tiz with him till he returned. And there Harrington and the little child would talk and talk; and sometimes she would sing one of the songs he used to love; and she was never there but she brought some more of heaven's light into his soul. At the close of the year, Walter "passed his trials," as the saying is, and was licensed as a preacher of the gospel. Little Tiz said to Harrington that surely now when Walter would have to be so often away from home, he would come and see them. "After the New Year comes in, you will come—won't you, George?" she said.

And Harrington replied, "Yes: when the New Year comes in—by and by I shall go."

It was during one of the first of those visits to Harrington's lodgings that Walter told him, with as cheery a countenance as he could command, about Eleanor's approaching marriage with Mr. Groly. Harrington seemed much surprised, and looked keenly at Walter and then into the fire; and Walter thought he saw a

look of disappointment darken his face. He wondered if Harrington had really loved Eleanor. Harrington said nothing that could indicate such a thing; but certainly he did not evince much pleasure at the news.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHICH BODES ILL TO SOMEBODY.

Soon after the New Year came in, Harrington kept his promise. He went out and spent an afternoon and evening at Langside Hall, and great rejoicings there were at seeing him there again. One or two special friends were there in the evening. Mr. Groly was one of them. Dr. Pearson also came, bringing with him the veritable American publisher concerning whose existence, otherwise than as a myth, Mr. Lorraine had once expressed his doubts to Walter. It turned out afterwards that Mr. Lorraine's suspicions were to some extent correct, inasmuch as Dr. Pearson had got no commission from America at all, but had paid for Harrington's articles himself, and kept them in his desk. But the American publisher was an unmistakable reality, and if he had never sent for articles from Harrington before, it seemed not improbable that he would do so now, for he listened with marked interest to Harrington's conversation, and appeared to be very much struck with his versatile and magnificent powers.

"By the way, Doctor," said Mr. Lorraine, speaking down the supper-table to Dr. Pearson, "I think I have heard you mention a friend of yours of the name of Barnett, in Bengal."

"Very likely," replied the Doctor carelessly, "he was a great friend of my brother the Colonel's. In fact, my brother saved his life in the Sikh war."

If you had been in the room, and watching at the time that Mr. Lorraine spoke, you might have seen Mr. Groly start slightly and prick his ears at the mention of Barnett's name. You might also, perhaps, have noticed that the name caught Harrington's ear, and seemed to be exciting some speculation in his mind.

"Because," said Mr. Lorraine, when the Doctor ceased, "I saw an advertisement in the *Times* some days ago, asking if any one could give information about this Mr. Barnett's will."

"I can't for one," said the Doctor, who was carving a fowl. "There's a nice slice off the breast for you, Mrs. Day. No; I believe Barnett had made some money; but he was murdered in the mutiny; and I don't know who got it, I'm sure. Did you say a wing, Master Tom? There you are."

Mr. Groly, endeavouring to look as unconcerned as possible, had turned his anxious lurking eye upon Mr. Lorraine, and was now taking a furtive glance along the table. Had Harrington been on the same side with himself, he would probably not have thought it worth while looking round to see him. But he was on the opposite side at Mr. Lorraine's left hand, and

Mr. Groly, taking a casual glance at him in passing started as at the shock of a galvanic battery when he saw those dark eagle eyes fixed with unmistakable meaning upon him. His nerves trembled. The tell-tale blood rushed for a moment into his face. He coughed, however, to conceal his confusion, and dropping his eyes to his plate, he resumed eating with an air of as much nonchalance as he could assume. But his uneasiness was difficult to conceal. A hundred times in the course of the evening his lurking eyes stole a glance at Harrington, and once or twice again he found those dark orbs fixed upon him.

If you could have looked into Mrs. Bouster's little parlour late that night, you would have seen Harrington sitting before the fire, with his brows knit in keen thought. Once he got up, and paced the room—

"I thought it had all been a dream till I heard the name again to-night," he muttered to himself, "Where could that place have been? Let me see. A lane—a dark stair." He shook his head, and commenced walking up and down the room.

"Let me see," he said, stopping. "This Barnett's life was saved by Colonel Pearson. Barnett made money. Naturally he would leave some of it—if he had no wife or family he might leave all of it—to the man who saved his life. If he did, the colonel being now dead, the money would fall to his daughter here—and when she marries, to her husband—namely, Mr. Groly."

"Namely, Mr. Groly," repeated Harrington with a

nod. "Whereupon, Mr. Groly will be able to drink to Barnett's ghost with Barnett's money. So far, I see."

He paced the room awhile and stopped again.

"Yes—that other man has been in India. It struck me that he must have been. Those phrases of his were Indian phrases—nowhere current here. *He*, therefore, might have been there at the time of the mutiny, may have found this missing will, and may have brought it to Mr. Groly."

He sat down again before the fire, and the same look of keen thought came into his face.

"I must get to the bottom of this," he said, rising suddenly again. "There is villany at work. That much I see. And if I can only rescue that noble girl from the grasp of this designing hypocrite, it will be one good act in a wasted life. Mr. Groly hasn't that girl's love. Not he. It's a better man than he, if I'm not mistaken—my true friend, Walter."

At the very time when Harrington was sitting before the fire with his brows knit in keen thought, Maginn and Groly, in that den in the far recesses of the Calton, were engaged in close and excited consultation.

Groly, with a face expressive of nervous apprehension, was moving up and down the dim chamber with his soft, cat-like steps. Maginn stood glaring at him.

"What can he know?—what can he know?" said Maginn fiercely.

"That's more than I can tell," replied Mr. Groly, nervously, "but something he does know; that's cer

tain. There's something astir, Maginn. There's something under that advertisement."

"What's under it, you booby?" growled Maginn, who was evidently not very easy in his own mind in spite of his assumed confidence. "Isn't it natural for Barnett's friends in this country, if he has any, to want to know if he left them anything; and as the will wasn't found, isn't it natural for them to think that if there's any chance of hearing about it now, it's by advertising in the papers. If they'd had any clue to where the will was, depend upon it they wouldn't have gone and advertised."

"No, no; you're right," said Mr. Groly, eager to believe that all might yet be safe.

"But it's one thing to want the will, and it's another thing to get it," resumed Maginn. "Nobody knows that I ever saw it. Nobody knows that you ever saw it. So we've only got to keep mum, that's all, and let this pass."

"But that confounded fellow has found something out," said Mr. Groly in a tremulous voice, as he recalled the look that Harrington had fixed upon him. "I'm as certain of that, Maginn, as I am that you're standing there before me. I saw it in his eyes."

"Poh, you lily-livered cur!" said Maginn, "you're always taking fright."

"Fright or no fright," retorted Mr. Groly, "he's found something out. And what's more," he added bitterly, as he stopped in front of his uncle and shook his trembling finger in his face, "if that fellow once gets upon our track—take note, I say it—he'll be on

us like a thunder-clap before we know what we're about."

"There's two can play at thunder-claps," growled Maginn with a menacing look. "Leave that to me. You drive ahead; that's what you've got to do. Confound your lazy-bones, can't you trump up some excuse, and marry the girl right off. Then we're safe, both of us; and Barnett's will 'll turn up fast enough without any outlay for advertisements. See you take precious care of it in the meantime."

"Trust me for that," said Mr. Groly; and added, lowering his voice to a whisper, as a malignant smile crossed his face, "I've got it in an out-of-the-way corner, where nobody would think of looking. But if anything turns up to spoil the game, I'll burn it. Hanged if I don't. If we can't have the money, Maginn, they won't."

* * * * *

It was not many nights after when the two villains met again. Groly, whose face was very pale, secured the door carefully, and looked at his uncle.

"Maginn," he said in a low voice, as he went over with his cat-like step, "there's mischief brewing. Read that." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a letter and handed it over.

Maginn, alarmed by Groly's look, got up hastily, snatched the letter from his hand, and holding it near the light began to read it with his glaring eye. Groly watched him with quivering lip.

It was a letter from Spaven to the following effect:—
"Be on your guard. Some people have been busy

making inquiries about you and Maginn in all the old kens. Nobody could tell who they were. If there's anything got out about—you know what—tell me and be quick. I should clear out of this directly."

"Who the devil can these be?" said Maginn, changing colour visibly, as he crushed the letter in his hand.

"I know who one of them is," replied Mr. Groly. He paused, looking into Maginn's face, and added with bitter emphasis—"That infernal Harrington!"

Maginn burst out with a hideous oath.

"He's been in London these two days," said Mr. Groly; "I only came to know it this afternoon. There's something up, depend upon it."

"And the wedding," said Maginn, excitedly—"what about it?"

"I've got the time cut down. It's to come on to morrow-fortnight."

"Well now, look here—look here," said Maginn, clenching his huge fist, "if that fellow comes in the way now"—Maginn uttered a frightful oath—"there'll be murder before I'm done with it. There will. And it'll be no half-murder this time like the one"—

"H'sh!" said Mr. Groly turning pale with fright, and putting up his hand suddenly as if to stop Maginn's mouth. "Don't roar like that, you madman! You don't know what ears may be within hearing!"

"It's all the same," growled Maginn in a lower tone, but with unabated fierceness. "I'll do it. I'll tear the throat out of him."

He made a fierce clutch in the air, and shook his

fist with terrific vehemence, while his eye blazed with a demon glare.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IN WHICH ONE BIRD IS FOUND TO HAVE FLOWN, AND ANOTHER TO HAVE BEEN CAGED; AND DR. PEARSON GETS A STARTLING SURPRISE.

There was a great stir in the Lodge, making preparations for the rapidly approaching marriage. The drawing-room had been converted into a dressmaking establishment; ribbons and patterns lay strewn about, snowy piles of muslin lay like evening clouds on the couches and chairs; and three dressmakers were hard at work amongst them from breakfast-time till evening. A milliner was permanently established in one of the back bed-rooms. Even the Doctor's room was invaded by an army of band-boxes, and other foreign-looking articles, for which no other place could be found. The parlour-table also, after every meal, was cleared for action, and was immediately covered with curiously shaped pieces of linen and newspaper, over which Miss Pearson—her nose rather blue with the cold, and her breast all bristling with pins—could be seen at almost any hour of the day, snip-snipping away with a large pair of scissors.

"And really you must excuse us for having no tidy place to take you into," said Miss Pearson to Captain

M'Foodle, when he called one forenoon, "for we are over head and ears in work. The marriage is to take place to morrow-fortnight—six weeks sooner than was at first arranged—as Mr. Groly finds that he will have to go to Paris on business within three weeks; and as he has to be there for a couple of months or so, he was very anxious that the marriage should take place first, that he might take Eleanor with him to Paris, and make that part of their wedding jaunt."

The Captain thought it was "a virry good awangement—aw, virry!" And when Eleanor came in, so lovely but so pale, the Captain, teasing out his whiskers with his jewelled fingers, began to quiz her about being in such a hurry. The poor girl tried to smile, but oh! what a faint ghost of a smile it was, and how rapidly it vanished, leaving her cheek still paler than before.

One morning, that gave no premonitions of the memorable events of the day, the Doctor, as he sat finishing breakfast, told Eleanor to look and see if the postman was in sight yet.

Mr. Groly was to have spent the previous evening with them, but he had never come, nor had he sent any message.

"There's sure to be a note from him this morning," said the Doctor, when Eleanor told him that the postman was just at the gate. But the letters came in, and there was none from Mr. Groly.

"It's strange," said Miss Pearson.

"Very strange," said the Doctor.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him," said Miss

Pearson. "He certainly hasn't been looking so well for some days back. I think he must be troubled with bile at times."

Yes, Miss Pearson, bile—and something worse.

"Here's a note from Harrington," said the Doctor who had been opening the other letters. "Been in London. I heard as much from young Lorraine the other day. He's back, and wants particularly to see me."

"I think," he added, when he had glanced over the other letters, "I shall go in and see if Mr. Groly is well. I can return by Harrington's."

The Doctor took the 'bus into town, and directed his steps to Mr. Groly's. On coming within sight of Mr. Groly's windows, he saw, as he thought, Mr. Groly's face at one of them, and waved a hearty good morning two or three times, but without eliciting any acknowledgment: the reason whereof was abundantly manifest when, on coming nearer, and beginning to cross the street, the Doctor perceived that the individual at the window was not Mr. Groly at all, but a policeman. Wondering very much what Mr. Groly could be doing with a policeman in his parlour, the Doctor rang the door-bell.

His astonishment was certainly not diminished when the servant informed him that Mr. Groly had disappeared the previous night—that three policemen had been in searching the house—that her mistress had gone down to the Police Office with two of them—and that the third had been left in the parlour. The Doctor hurried in, in great excitement, and demanded

an explanation of all this from the policeman, who was extremely cool and laconic, and replied that all he knew about the matter was, that he had orders to remain in charge and see that nothing was touched till the superintendent returned.

The Doctor, whose alarm was rapidly increasing, immediately posted off to Mr. Groly's office in Virginia Street. There he found a youth with a consumptive-looking moustache, whom the reader might have recognized as Mr. James Luney. Mr. Luney was standing with his back to the office fire, eating a twopenny veal pie, which—immediately on seeing the door open—he slipped hastily into his pocket. Mr. Luney looked mysterious, but could give, or would give, no satisfactory information. He had opened the office at the usual time, and had been waiting for three mortal hours, but Mr. Groly had never made his appearance. He opined that something was up; for the office, when he came in, looked as if it had been entered during the night.

"There's the private office just as I found it," said Mr. Luney, as he threw open an inner door.

The state of the room certainly justified Mr. Luney's suspicions. The safe was open, the books and papers were scattered on the floor, and ashes, apparently of burnt paper, lay on the hearth.

The Doctor was amazed and confounded. He didn't know what to do, or where to turn. After waiting awhile he bethought himself of Harrington's note, and wondered whether it could have anything to do with all this. He hurried across to Mrs.

Bouster's, and as he mounted the stair, met a policeman coming down.

"Policemen here too!" exclaimed the Doctor, "what in the world can this mean?"

Harrington was sitting at a table with a great book before him, but so soon as he saw the Doctor he rose and held out his hand.

"I say, Harrington," said the Doctor, excitedly, grasping the proffered hand, and panting with his rapid walking and excitement, "do you know what's become of our friend Groly?"

"Our *friend* Groly!" repeated Harrington, solemnly; "God grant us few such friends!"

"How—what—what do you mean?" stammered the Doctor. "Anything wrong?"

"This much wrong," replied Harrington. "That the man whom you have called a friend—whom you have treated like a son—whom you were unsuspectingly about to give your niece to in marriage—is found out to be a hypocrite, a knave, and a robber."

"Mr. Groly a—robber!" gasped the Doctor, laying his hand on the arm of the sofa as if he would have fallen. "Impossible. There's some mistake. There *must* be some mistake. Where is he?"

"Gone," said Harrington, "off last night: it is thought to Liverpool, and detectives are on his track. The officers came from London last night with the warrants: but he had got the alarm somehow and escaped. His accomplice, a ruffian of the name of Maginn, was tracked to a den in the Calton, and captured this morning with great difficulty. So soon

as he heard the officers in the passage he dropped himself from the window into the street, and ran. He was intercepted and brought to bay, but fought like a tiger, and nearly brained two constables before he could be captured. Some murderous weapons were found in his house—bought only yesterday—but for what purpose is not known. The officer who brought me word is only gone a minute ago.”

“Detectives—accomplice—murderous weapons—knave—robber!” exclaimed the Doctor, nearly gasping, as he wiped the perspiration nervously from his brow. “Mr. Groly, too—a man that I had the most unlimited confidence in—the man that was to have—good Heaven! this is fearful—terrible!”

When the Doctor had recovered sufficiently from his horror and amazement, and had breathlessly recounted the startling events of the morning, Harrington got him to sit down, and proceeded to narrate how the infernal scheme of Mr. Groly had been discovered and so opportunely baffled. How Harrington's dark eye flashed at times as he described the scoundrel's villany; how the Doctor looked—how at times he could not keep his seat from excitement, and how he burst out every few moments with some expression of astonishment or indignation—the reader must imagine for himself, while I give, as nearly as possible, the remarkable statement made by Harrington.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SHOWS HOW THE TRAIL WAS FOLLOWED UP BY A KEEN EYE: AND ACCOUNTS FOR THE SUDDEN CHANGES DESCRIBED IN THE LAST CHAPTER.

Harrington told the Doctor, first of all, the words he had heard pass between Groly and Maginn, on the dark stair; and how the incident at the Lorraine's supper-table, had led him to suspect, (1st) that Barnett had made a will, bequeathing money to Colonel Pearson and his heirs; (2d) that this man Maginn had got possession of that will; (3d) that he had entered into some arrangements with Mr. Groly, to secure the money by marrying the heiress.

"I proceeded," said Harrington, "to make investigation. I went to the Exchange, looked up the advertisement, and answered it,—requesting the advertiser to communicate with me immediately. He did so. Singleby was his name. He had managed Barnett's estate for many years, and had expected to be remembered in Barnett's will. He was told by the agents that Barnett, so far as they knew, had died intestate. Singleby felt sure that Barnett had made a will, and thought that if by any chance it had escaped the flames when the Sepoys set fire to Barnett's bungalow, an advertisement might bring it to light.

"I went to London and saw Singleby. He knew Maginn, who had been in Barnett's service at the time

of the mutiny. This favoured the supposition of Maginn having got possession of the will. But we were going on mere hypothesis. There was no direct evidence that Maginn had the will—no direct evidence that such a will even existed. I made further inquiries of Singleby, in hopes of finding a cue. He remembered hearing Maginn describe some low places in London which he used to frequent. I searched these out, pushed my inquiries in every direction, and found traces both of Groly and Maginn—found that Maginn was Mr. Groly's uncle, and heard of one Spaven, who had been intimate with them both. This man lived in one of the low lanes off Whitechapel, where I was warned that it might be dangerous to venture alone. Accordingly, on getting positive information as to his quarters, I took a police officer with me. When we entered the place, and Spaven saw the officer, he changed colour. I said to him, 'I have something to speak to you about, but I am quite willing that we should be alone.' He led me into another room, trembling very much, as I could see. I looked full at him, and said, 'I speak to you alone first, because I have no wish to bring you within the grasp of the law, if the ends of justice can be served without it.' He turned pale as I spoke. I paused awhile, for I felt that success depended very much on the man's fears. I then said, 'James Spaven, you know Groly and Maginn.' He turned as white as that bit of paper, so soon as their names were mentioned, and was altogether in a state of more abject terror than I had expected. I then said—'The vil-

lany of these men is in course of discovery. I put it to you—Will you make a full private confession to me of what you know, or must I take the same course with you as with them?’ He asked in a whisper, jerking his thumb towards the place where we had left the officer, if I would let him off provided he confessed. I said, ‘If your confession be full and true, I shall take away the officer with me, and allow you to make your escape if you can.’ He looked at the door, and then in a low voice began, to my astonishment, to make a disclosure about some atrocious assault and robbery perpetrated by Maginn and Groly, to which *he* also had been accessory. It was the robbery of a savings’-bank in Islington. The man Maginn had nearly murdered the cashier with a bludgeon. I noted down everything that Spaven said, thinking at first that this crime was to connect itself, in the end, with my inquiries; but what was my surprise to find, when he finished, that the two things had no connection, and that the man had been surprised into the confession, by mistake, of a crime perpetrated by Maginn, Groly, and himself, several years before, and which had remained undiscovered. Inasmuch, however, as it stamped Groly as a villain, it was of importance; and without betraying any surprise, I proceeded to ask the man plainly what he knew of Barnett’s will. He stared, and evidently had never so much as heard the name. He confessed, however, that he had been in communication with Groly a few weeks before; and from what he said of it, I was led to suspect that I myself, for reasons which I can only guess at, have been the vic-

aim of this scoundrel Groly's machinations. Let that, however, pass.

"On leaving Spaven I took the trouble to make inquiries, and found not only that the robbery and murderous assault which he described had really taken place, but that two innocent men had been labouring ever since under the suspicion of having had to do with it, and had suffered in reputation and position in consequence. I therefore thought it my duty to put the facts I had so unexpectedly elicited into the hands of the police. The result has been what I told you. Warrants came last night for the apprehension of both Groly and Maginn. Maginn is taken, and detectives are on Groly's track.

"The only additional information I had got from Spaven that directly affected my inquiries, was that Maginn and Groly had not stayed in London since the time of the Indian mutiny. I therefore returned to Glasgow at once, and proceeded to devise a plan for getting possession of the will, which I was now perfectly satisfied in my own mind Maginn or Groly had. My fear was that Groly, if he saw that his scheme was baffled, would destroy the document, partly from malice, and partly to protect himself from the consequences of its discovery in his possession. And thus, in two minutes, your niece's title to the money, which was legally hers, would be destroyed. I saw, therefore, that the matter could not be put into a lawyer's hands, and that if the deed was to be recovered at all, it must be by some private device of my own; I found in fact that I must fight the villain with his own

weapons. After a careful study of all the circumstances, I thought it most likely that the deed was concealed in Groly's office. I know the clerk—a young man of the name of Luney, who had become attached to me. I spoke to him privately. I told him as much as I deemed necessary about the missing will. He searched for it, but in vain. However, there was a little square pane high up in the wall, between Groly's private office and a small lumber room, and Luney found that by getting up on the lumber, and scratching a clear spot on the pane, he could see into Groly's room. We completed our arrangements. I went into the Exchange at the hour Groly spent there, and speaking to him, as if casually, I used some vague expressions that I knew would startle him with a suspicion that the document had been found. I expected that his apprehensions would drive him to the place of its concealment to satisfy himself that it was safe. I then sat down to a paper, and on looking up a moment after, saw that he had disappeared. There was a detective in plain clothes, however, waiting to mark where he went, in case I had been mistaken as to the place of concealment. Unaware that he was watched, Groly hurried to his office, shut himself up in his private room, and hastily pulling down some old ledgers from a dusty shelf, which he had cunningly thought was the last place where any one was likely to look, either by accident or by design, he half opened a particular one, and peered anxiously under the cover. With an air of great relief, he closed it again, carefully re-arranged

the books on the dusty shelf, and endeavoured to obliterate all traces of their having been moved. Luney, who had gone to his post the moment the door of the private room was shut, saw all this, and so soon as Groly had gone out again, he secured the document, taking the precaution of putting in its place a paper somewhat like it in appearance. Which paper, I have no doubt, was the one which Mr. Groly (judging from what you saw in his private room), has reduced to ashes! The document itself is a regularly attested will, bequeathing to Colonel Pearson and his heirs upwards of £30,000. Here it is, Doctor, and may God grant with it much joy to your niece and to you all."

As he uttered the last words, Harrington drew from his pocket the identical paper which the reader saw Maginn, in the first chapter of this book, hand over to Mr. Groly, and laid it down on the table before the astonished Doctor.

The overwhelming emotions that agitated the Doctor during the course of this strange recital—and how at its close, without so much as looking at the document, he rose and grasped Harrington's hands, and, in a broken voice, blessed him for saving his Nelly—for saving them all—from deepest mortification and disgrace,—I need not describe. Nor what a tremendous excitement the news caused when the Doctor carried it home. How Eleanor, trembling with conflicting emotions, hurried to her room, and clasped her hands and cried, and scarce knew what to do—unspeakably thankful for her escape, and yet pitying the wicked man, and praying God to

forgive him. How the news came upon Miss Pearson like a thunderbolt. How, so soon as she could speak, she declared loudly that it was untrue—that it was incredible—that it was utterly impossible. Then how, on getting past that stage, she began to upbraid Harrington, as if instead of the discoverer, he had been the author of all the mischief: and then to upbraid the Doctor. By night she had got the length of bitterly upbraiding Mr. Groly—which was better. And what was best of all, after a night of painful and serious reflection, she began to upbraid herself. She was thoroughly humbled. Regret at the part she had been led to play, chagrin at having been so thoroughly hoodwinked, indignation at the rascality of Mr. Groly, sincere thankfulness at Eleanor's narrow escape—took possession of her by turns. Without expressing her penitence in words, she showed it very clearly in the unusual kindness and solicitude with which she treated Eleanor and the Doctor.

"John," she said, at dinner that day, "we are deeply indebted to Mr. Harrington."

The Doctor dropped his spoon, and looked at her with a curious expression of astonishment.

"And I think," resumed Miss Pearson, "the least thing we can do is to go in—all of us—and tell him so."

"Sarah!" cried the Doctor, rising hastily and throwing his table-napkin aside, "give me your hand. You're a—Sarah, you're a—you're a brick!" said the Doctor with enthusiasm.

That very evening a cab pulled up at Mrs. Bouster's,

and out of it got the Doctor, Miss Pearson, and Eleanor. Another minute and they were in Mrs. Boustler's lobby, which was all unaccustomed to so much delicate rustling of silks. The Doctor tapped at the little parlour door, and in answer to the response from within, opened it.

"Yo-ho!" cried the Doctor, in a loud, exhilarating tone, "here we are!" He stepped inside, and ushered in the ladies.

Harrington, hard at work with his books and portfolio before him, rose to welcome the Doctor; but when he saw the ladies he started, and a flush as of shame suffused his face. But the jubilant tone of the Doctor, and the warm greeting of his sister, and the soft shower of kindest words and looks that followed, restored him.

"And I have your forgiveness for all that is past?" he said, taking Miss Pearson's hand when she had done speaking.

Yes: indeed he had.

"And yours?" he said earnestly, taking the delicate hand of her niece.

"Oh yes, ten times over," she replied, in her soft, timid voice. "Don't mention it again, pray; it is all forgotten."

As she spoke, she returned the kindly pressure of his hand, and as she looked up at him, a tear sprang into her soft blue eye. It might be gratitude for what he had done to save her: it might be joy to see him as he was, once more: it might be the sympathetic sadness of her pure heart when she saw that sublime

shadow that now dwelt in his dark eyes. It might be any, or all these emotions together, that brought that tear into her beautiful eye: but there it was: and Harrington, loving her as he might have loved a sister, said "Thank you—thank you—God bless you!" and pressed her hand again.

They were all very happy. And the Dutch clock upon the mantel-piece, looking slyly at the pretty girl as she sat upon the sofa, chuckled in the most incredible manner. The Original Seceders, too, on the wall above, were all peeping furtively at her in silent admiration. The Pearsons did not leave till they had got Harrington to promise that he would give them the pleasure of his society at the Lodge again, as often as he possibly could. A promise which Harrington joyfully kept. Two days afterwards the intelligence came that Mr. Abraham Groly had been captured.

CHAPTER XL.

DESCRIBES AN IMPORTANT TRANSACTION, IN WHICH
WALTER AND ELEANOR ARE THE PRINCIPAL PARTIES
CONCERNED.

It was now found that Mr. Groly, while in pursuit of larger game, had not neglected to bag as many of the smaller sort as opportunity allowed. It was found that he had left unpaid a considerable sum of money that he had borrowed on the security of Dr. Daidlaw

and Captain M'Foodle. Also, that he had left a large number of shopkeepers' accounts standing against him. Also, that he had left with his landlady an interesting memento of his sojourn with her in the shape of a long unsettled bill; and had taken in return, as a souvenir of her, as many silver spoons and other small articles of value as he had had time to lay hands on, during his hasty preparations for flight. It was also found—but not till some time after—that the subscriptions for the Hongkong and other missions had become beautifully less in course of transmission through Mr. Groly's hands.

Dr. Daidlaw's astonishment and mortification, on being informed of the true character of his "convert," were extreme. That a man who professed such piety and religious zeal should turn out to be a scoundrel, would have been of itself sufficiently surprising; but that a man who had carefully read and pondered *Babylon the Great*, should all the while be acting as Mr. Groly had done, indicated an amount of depravity for which even the Doctor, with his profound knowledge of human nature, was altogether unprepared.

Walter Lorraine had been away at the pleasant country parish of Merrilee, preaching his first sermon as a licentiate of the Church. When he returned he was astounded to hear of the exciting events that had taken place during his few days' absence; and when he got the details of the infernal scheme, of which Eleanor was to have been the victim, he doubled up his fists, and clenched his teeth in a most unministerial-like fashion; and there is very little doubt upon

my own mind, that if he could have laid hands on Mr. Abraham Groly at that moment, he would very soon have had that scoundrel howling like a whipped cur.

Walter's indignation at Groly's knavery—his joy at Eleanor's escape—his exultation at the triumph of Harrington over the devilry of Groly and Maginn—possessed his mind for some time before he came seriously to think of what effect this change might have upon his own relations to Eleanor. But he came to that at last, and when he did, the hope that had been crushed by the report of Eleanor's engagement, revived with all its yearnings, and his love burned more passionately than ever. He longed eagerly to know what Eleanor's state of mind was; but he did not like to make direct inquiries. He had heard it said at the dinner-table more than once, as a very curious and unaccountable thing, that Eleanor Pearson looked healthier and happier since Mr. Groly's disappearance than before. Walter began to wonder whether it could possibly be that Eleanor had never loved Groly at all. If not, whom did she love? Could it be Harrington? If he could only know that for certain, it would be some relief. But this suspense was becoming intolerable.

As he was returning home one day, he passed the earthy-looking gardener, who was standing in the avenue in confidential conversation with old Betty. Walter stopped, and inquired after Dr. Pearson. The Doctor was quite well.

"And Miss Pearson?" Also quite well.

"And Miss Eleanor?" he asked, with as much unconcern as he could assume.

"We wis jist haein' a chat about her, Maister Walter, when ye cam' up," said Betty, with a curious, sly look at the gardener; "I'm gled to say she's blyther noo than she's been for a year and mair. She feels a wee lonely, though, I dar'say."

As Betty uttered these last words, which she did in a very suggestive tone, Walter happened to look at the gardener. That individual's face was, in general, rather inexpressive, and at no time animated by great vivacity; but when he caught Walter's eye, he looked steadily at him, and gave a slow elaborate wink with his left eye. Not an impertinent wink, by any means. On the contrary, a respectful wink; but a wink of profound significance. It filled Walter's breast with tumultuous emotion, as if by magic. Altogether it was a singular, mysterious wink! Walter thought of it all that afternoon: he made as many comments upon it in his diary as an astronomer might make on the appearance of a new and splendid comet. It was still in his thoughts when he went to bed; and in all his dreams that night, whatever time, place, or characters they might represent, John was sure to come in at some stage or other, and look at Walter, and make that singular wink. And when he did, Walter's whole being tingled with a strange, ethereal joy.

The result was that he made up his mind next morning, to go and call at the Pearsons without further delay. He went in the afternoon. How his heart beat as he entered the sacred garden—as he rang the bell.

He thought he heard a tremulous rustling as of a silk dress; and just as Betty opened the door, he got one glimpse—so brief, so thrilling, so tantalizing!—of the skirts of Eleanor's dress as she disappeared at the turn of the staircase. Alas! alas! was she still to shun him as before? would she never allow him even so much of her society as she allowed to others? Why did she dislike him so? It was hard—too hard—after all these years of deep, true love.

The Doctor was in town—would not be back till night; but Miss Pearson was there, and she received Walter with much heartiness, and seemed delighted at getting a fresh listener to her indignant invectives against Mr. Groly. Walter sat, sometimes listening to what Miss Pearson was saying, sometimes wondering where Eleanor was, and what it was that kept her away.

Miss Pearson had such a great deal to say, that it was close upon tea-time before she had half relieved her mind: so she invited Walter to stay to tea, which Walter, with a wild thrill of exultation which he found it difficult to conceal, consented to do. Now, at any rate, he would see Eleanor—speak to her, hear her speak—have her for a time nearly all to himself! The thought was almost too much for him. He felt as if he were passing into a delicious dream.

Betty brought in the tea-things, and immediately behind her came Eleanor—oh! so ravishingly beautiful, so graceful, so deliciously coy! Walter felt himself thrilling all over from the points of his fingers to the very crown of his head. The room seemed to

vanish, Betty seemed to vanish, Miss Pearson might have been talking Dutch for all Walter knew of what she was saying: he had no eyes, no thoughts, for any one but Eleanor. He remembers seeing her hand tremble as she made out the tea, and his wondering whether it could be owing to the weight of the silver teapot. He remembers filling up the teapot again from the silver kettle, and pouring away till it run over, because he had forgotten himself, and was admiring that beautiful armand white delicate fingers. He remembers handing over his cup a great many times for more sugar, that his hand might be near hers, and that he might have the better chance of getting one glance from those soft blue radiant eyes: and he thinks that Miss Pearson looked at him more than once in surprise, and asked him if he had stirred his tea; but he is not prepared to take oath to that effect.

After tea, to Walter's unspeakable delight, Eleanor did not go away. She sat at a little table near the fire copying an engraving, and no doubt listening to the animated conversation between Miss Pearson and Walter. Walter spoke as he had never spoken before in his life. He felt that. He didn't know how it was, but anecdote, and narrative, and joke, and repartee came free and fast, till he was absolutely amazed at himself. He was sure he saw Eleanor steal a look at him now and then: he knew it by the thrill that went all through him; and at every such time his inspiration increased. Suddenly Betty came in, and told Miss Pearson that "the manny had come aboot the repairs."

Miss Pearson at once got up, and begging Walter to excuse her for a little, left the room. It was so sudden—so unexpected, that Walter felt a giddiness come over him. Alone with Eleanor! alone with her whom he had loved with so deep, so pure, so devoted, so passionate a love! alone with her now for the first time! He saw that Eleanor changed colour directly her aunt got up to leave the room. She made a movement as if she would have hastened after her. But the opportunity was past, and she sat still: but Walter saw that her pencil began to tremble. What to do! what to say! Walter's whole soul was in a state of ecstatic tumult and bewilderment. He dared not say what he yearned and passionately longed to say: and yet he could think of nothing else to say. He almost thought she knew what was passing in his mind: she evidently knew that his eyes were fixed upon her, for she could not conceal her agitation. Suddenly, as if in timorous fear, she took up a portfolio that lay beside her and said, handing it to him, "Have you seen the Art-Union engravings for this year?"

"I have, Eleanor," he said. What a tale his utterance of her name told! He took the portfolio nevertheless. It was worth its weight in gold only to get it from her hand. He turned over the leaves, but his eyes lingered on Eleanor's face. She was stooping again, pencil in hand, over her drawing. A sigh—a sudden half-suppressed sigh—escaped him before he was aware. Eleanor grew suddenly pale. She hurried to the piano, and said, in a frightened tone, "Have you heard this piece?"

She played—trembling violently. She went wrong every now and then. Walter knew it. He saw her frightened look. He saw her bosom fluttering with tremulous emotion. He felt as if he were doing something cruel, and yet he could not help it. He was in for it now.

He stood behind her, waiting till she should finish the piece. He felt giddy. His heart beat so fast and loud that he thought she must hear it. She seemed to know what he was waiting for. She must have known it; for no sooner had she got to the end, than without a moment's rest she began it once more, as if hoping eagerly that her aunt would be back before she got through it again. It was a desperate expedient. Walter felt that she could not repeat it. He waited, trembling violently all over. A large gooseberry seemed to have got into his throat, and to be struggling frantically to get up. The last note was played, and Eleanor stopped. Now or never. Walter laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder, and said, "Eleanor!"

She started. She shrunk timidly aside. Her large blue eyes—oh, those eyes, world of poetry and romance!—turned on him for a moment with a frightened look, then glanced towards the door, while her colour came and went.

"Eleanor," said Walter, with passionate earnestness, after a desperate attempt to swallow the gooseberry, "don't be afraid; don't be angry. You may forbid me ever to come into your presence again; but I cannot keep silence now. You know what I mean,

Eleanor. I have loved you—O! passionately, devotedly! loved you as I never loved any one before, and never can love any one again. Eleanor! dear, sweet Eleanor!”—Walter was waxing desperate, he saw it was death or victory now—“do not turn away. Hear me at least. I have loved you, dearly, devotedly, unutterably; for four years and more, thinking of you, dreaming of you, doting on you—hoping against hope that some time you might think of me. One little word, one smile, would have made me happy, and yet you never gave it me. I bore it in silence. I thought you loved another. I need not say whom. But he is gone in disgrace, and yet you do not repine. I can endure suspense no longer. I cannot work. I have no happiness—I *can* have none till I know my fate. Say, Eleanor, may I hope?”

She trembled as if she would have fallen. She turned her head half towards him, and then away again. Her colour came and went.

“My own dear Eleanor!” said Walter, his earnestness still increasing, “I love you—I adore you—what more can I say? what more can I do? O, if you love another, tell me so. I shall not interfere. Before Heaven I say it. To know that you love another, that you are loved in return—that, even that, would be better than this torment of uncertainty. But O! Eleanor, if—if you love me—if you *can* love me—if in the years to come I may cherish this dearest hope of my life, give me one word, one smile, and I am happy.”

He held her hand in his. It trembled violently. He drew her nearer. She trembled still more, but did not resist; and at last, the young sweet girl, who had long in secret loved Walter with all the ardour of a pure, innocent heart, unable longer to resist the impulse of her nature, abandoned herself to his passionate embrace, and hid her face in his bosom.

Bewildered, ravished, his whole being thrilling with an ecstasy never felt before, Walter folded the beautiful girl in his arms. He bent his head down over her curls; he abandoned himself to the extravagance of his joy: and the long-concealed, long-cherished love of two pure hearts rushed together in that one rapturous embrace.

* * * * *

Miss Pearson, after lengthened consultations, had settled with the "manny" who had come about the repairs: and having done so she returned to the parlour. She thought, as she turned the handle of the door, that she heard a hurried whisper, and the quick rustling as of a silk dress: but her ears may have deceived her, for, on entering, she found Eleanor bending over the music-stand, and Walter, with his back to her, staring up at one of the portraits on the wall. By the time Miss Pearson had resumed her seat, she found that Eleanor had slipped away.

"That was my grandmother," said Miss Pearson glancing at the painting, as she picked up the piece of work she had left on the table before leaving the room.

Walter immediately became conscious that the portrait on which his eyes had been vacantly fixed, repre-

sented an old lady with a hooked nose, a bouquet in her hand and a curtain at her back.

"Your grandmother!" cried Walter with an enthusiasm that took Miss Pearson by surprise. "Is it possible? what a sublime cast of countenance that is! Those eyes! those lips! that—that—nose!"

Then Walter looked out at the window and admired the wintry view. Then he went round and bent over Miss Pearson, and put his hand affectionately on her shoulder and looked at her work, and said it was wonderful, and wanted to see how it was done. At last the Doctor came and they were all very merry; and Walter said he would like to see the Doctor alone for a little, and Miss Pearson didn't know what it was about, only when they returned they were ten times merrier than before.

CHAPTER XLI

SHORT—BUT SWEET TO SOME OF THOSE CONCERNED.

The overtures of Walter Lorraine, and the probability of their early consummation in marriage, did not long remain a secret. Miss Pearson disclosed the affair confidentially to Betty, who disclosed it confidentially to the servants of the next house, who in their turn, and in an equally confidential manner, disclosed

it to all the servants in the neighbourhood, and these to their mistresses, and these to their husbands and all the friends that called, till it was just as well known throughout Shawlands and Langside as if Walter Lorraine had sent a man round with a bell to proclaim it publicly. The news gave universal satisfaction; for both families were much beloved.

It would be interesting to know, if that were possible, how often Walter called at the Doctor's house within the next month, and the various hours at which he did so. From his diary it would appear that breakfast-time had not struck him as being too early, and that half-past eleven at night had not presented itself to his mind as being at all too late. A person unacquainted with the circumstances, and looking over the entries made about this time, would probably come to the conclusion that the writer had his board and lodging at the Doctor's—occasionally going up to see the folks at his own house. The Doctor, who was very fond of Walter, liked this exceedingly. Nothing pleased him better, of an evening, than to get up tremendous controversies with him on points of doctrine, and occasionally vary the proceedings by getting Eleanor and him together and quizzing them till he drove poor Eleanor out of the room.

But it must be confessed that Miss Pearson, with all her fondness for Walter, began to look upon him as a standing nuisance, and privately to think that the sooner the wedding took place so as to get him out of the road the better. And really it was very trying. If there ever was a day on which there was just cold

meat enough for themselves three, on that day, to a dead certainty, Walter would come and stay to dinner, and ten to one Harrington would be with him. Of all this, Walter was in delightful ignorance. He seemed to think, if he thought about it at all, that rooms dusted and put themselves in order during the night, and that dinners grew in the kitchen like diurnal vegetables, and had only to be ordered in at five o'clock. The probability, however, is that he thought nothing at all about it, and very little about anything else but Eleanor.

She was the same timid, blushing girl as ever; and in company, her delicate instinct made her still shrink from Walter; but when he got her alone in the cozy parlour, she did not forbid him to sit beside her on the sofa, and slip his arm round her waist and whisper sweet things in her ear. Was it to be expected—was it possible that in these delicious moments he should ever dream that Miss Pearson was in the next room, chafing at her inability to give that front parlour a “redding up,” or was in the kitchen interrogating Betty as to whether she had heard Mr. Lorraine drop any remark that would indicate an intention to go away before dinner!

CHAPTER XLII.

WHEREIN THE SILVER CORD IS LOOSED.

There was one cloud in the bright sky, and that was the rapidly increasing weakness of little Tiz. A deeper, more unutterable tenderness came into Harrington's dark eyes now, when they dwelt upon her little, pale, blind face. She was watched with growing uneasiness by every one at Langside Hall : and the fond solicitude with which the old man would take her on his knee when he sat down in the easy chair at the fireside, and would look at her, and then gaze for a long time into the ruddy fire, and then suddenly draw her closer to him, showed his fear that the little child was soon to be taken away from him.

The love between little Tiz and Harrington grew more and more tender. She was always on the watch for him on the evenings when he had promised to be with them, and would grope her way to the door to meet him, and would sit on his knee listening with that strange, old-fashioned look, to his conversations with the grown-up people, and her face would suddenly brighten with the old smile whenever he spoke to her or drew his arm more closely round her. She was never weary when she was alone with him, of planning the long walks they should take when the spring came round, and of the rambles and sails they would have when they all went to Oban again ; and how they two

would go down and sit on the sunny shore and listen to the rippling of the sea. "And you'll tell me all the old stories again," she would say, "for I'm never weary of them." Then she would turn up the side of her head in her strange wistful way, and ask him if the snow wasn't away yet, and how many days it would be before the flowers began to come out, and the birds began to sing.

But Harrington saw too well that little Tiz was not to be long with him now; and a tear came into his eye when he thought that they two would never ramble along the old roads again.

Alas! weaker and weaker. For a week and more, the nurse had been told to keep a fire on in her room, and let her lie in bed till after breakfast; and now Walter had to carry her down the stairs from her little room to the cozy parlour, where she sat in the corner of the sofa, and seldom cared to stir all day. And often when Walter was carrying her down, he would think sadly of the days gone by, when she used to be up bright and early, and singing through the house like a lark. She did not care much about her toys now, and was fond of hearing Mrs. Day read to her out of the Bible, the stories of Joseph and Daniel, and little Samuel, and particularly the sayings and doings of Jesus. And at times she would ask strange questions, that made Mrs. Day look wonderingly at her, and then look round at the others, and shake her head.

Walter was away preaching at Merrilee again, and a crush of work had kept Harrington busily employed at home for three or four days, when suddenly one

morning Tiz became worse, and swooned away while Mrs. Day and the nurse were carrying her down stairs. The doctor was sent for at once. He came, and waited nearly an hour before the child came out of her death-like trance, and then he told Mrs. Day and the nurse what they were to do; and after that, he and Mr. Lorraine were shut together for a while in the library, and when they were going down stairs the doctor said he would return in the afternoon.

They watched by the bedside of little Tiz. Now and then she spoke in a very soft low tone, but appeared to be wandering in her mind. She wanted so much to see Harrington, that a messenger was sent in early in the evening to bring him out. She often asked why Walter wasn't there, and when they reminded her that he was away at Merrilee, she said, "Oh yes, I remember," and then a minute after she seemed to forget, and asked why Walter wasn't there.

Harrington was hard at work in the little parlour when the message was brought that Mr. Lorraine's carriage was waiting at the door to take him out to Langside, as Tiz had become suddenly worse. The old Dutch clock seemed to pause and listen, while the message was being delivered. Harrington turned pale; and without a word he got ready and drove off.

When he reached Langside Hall, he was shown into the library, where a fire was burning and the gas was turned low. There was a strange silence in the house; now and then a slight creaking overhead as of some one crossing the floor on tiptoe, and sometimes the rustling of a silk dress on the stairs. By and by the

door opened, and Mrs. Day came in, looking very downcast.

"Ah!" she said, "the doctor has just been here, and he says there is no hope. Our poor little Tiz is going to be taken away." The good lady put her handkerchief to her face and sobbed aloud. After a while she continued, "She has been wanting very much to see you, Mr. Harrington; she has often been asking, since we sent, if you had come. She has just fallen into another of those swoons, but the doctor says she will likely come out of it by and by. He has gone on to see another patient in Shawlands and will be back presently. The Pearsons have been here. They're just gone a little while ago. Perhaps we had better go up now."

"You have no idea," she continued as they ascended the stairs together, "what strange fancies she has. A little before I went down to you she said she heard the sound of the sea when it flows. She was sure that it was very near. She made me go to the window to look."

They reached the door of the sick-room, and stepped softly in. There, on a little bed, lay the dying child. Not much changed. A little thinner and paler perhaps, but not much. She was propped up on pillows, her small thin hand lying out on the coverlet. Old Mr. Lorraine stood near the foot of the bed looking wistfully into the face of his child. When Harrington entered, he pressed his hand with emotion.

"She has just fallen into one of those dreamy sleeps," said the old man in a whisper, "but the doctor says

she will rally awhile yet. You are not pressed for time, I hope, Mr. Harrington?"

Time? No; he could wait all night, for that matter.

"I have telegraphed for Walter," continued the old man; "I hope he may be here in time."

He was going to add something more, when little Tiz moved her head and began to whisper. The old man bent down over her and listened. There was a pause and then she said, still in a whisper, but more distinctly—"Flowing, flowing on, never stopping night or day. He told me it had been so for long, long, before papa was born." Another pause and she turned her head still more as if to listen to that distant sound.

"Papa!" she said, at length, "Is that you?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Is it raining, papa?" The old man said it was not.

"I hear a rustling sound like rain-drops among the leaves."

"There is no sound," said the old man, "the night is calm and still."

"Strange!" said the child, and turned away her head. There was a long pause. Harrington stood beside, with quivering lip and a tear in his dark eye.

"Is George come?" she said by and by.

"Yes: he is here."

The child's face brightened as of old.

"Papa," she said, in a lower whisper, "will you go away for a little while and leave me alone with him—just a little while?" The old man beckoned Harrington

to the bedside, and then retired with Mrs. Day into the next room.

"Well, George," she said, "I'm going away."

"O, my little Tiz," said Harrington, as he pressed her hand to his quivering lips, "what shall I do when you are gone? You've been the joy of my life, Tiz."

"You'll become a great and a good man, George," replied the child. "They're all saying that, and I know you will. But you'll not forget your little Tiz, nor the pleasant days we've spent together."

He kissed her fondly; he could not speak.

"And now I'm going," she said with a soft smile—"going away up to glory. And I wanted to see you alone, to ask if there's any message you would like me to take to your mamma."

A strange awe came into Harrington's face. He seemed to feel as if the heavens were opening close above.

"I'm going to tell her that you've grown so good again," said the child; "and that you've put away the drink that did such harm, and are never going to taste it again."

"Yes, yes: tell her that;" said Harrington, with deep emotion. "And oh, Tiz, ask her to forgive me. Tell her how I loved her—how I think of her, day and night—how the thought of her keeps me in the right way. And tell her, Tiz, that I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it was little Tiz who brought me to his feet."

She smiled a radiant smile; and a light from heaven was playing on her face.

"Yes, George, I'll tell her. And we'll talk about you, and look for your coming to us. I've been thinking about it; and I'm going to ask the angels to bring me down to the golden gate that's nearest to the earth, and I'll sing there every night the songs you used to like the best. And perhaps you'll hear me sometimes. And every night I'll sing there, till the happy time when you come and join us."

She was going to say something more, but her mind seemed to wander again, and she sank back on the pillow.

Harrington waited a few moments, and then went softly into the next room, and told them that he thought she had fallen asleep again. They came in and gathered round the bed. They waited awhile, but she seemed unconscious of their presence. All of a sudden, as if a sound had struck her ear, she turned round her head and cried, "O, there's the birds come again at last!"

She tried to clap her little hands, but she was too weak now even for that.

"Don't you hear them, George? Papa, don't you hear them? O how sweet it is to hear the birds once more. I thought I'd have to go away without. Hush! how far away the sound is! It's surely coming from the woods."

Ah, no, little Tiz; it comes from far beyond the woods. It's the far-off sound that you've been listening for so long.

The little face grew dim and vacant again. The spirit had gone back to loosen the last cord that con-

fined it in its dark little prison-house, and to trim its wings for flight.

"She will awaken presently," said the old man, passing his hand fondly over that of his child. They stood waiting in silence.

There, on the mantel-piece, as Harrington saw, stood the vase that Tiz had got to be ready for the spring flowers. There, near it, lay the big shell that she had brought to let him hear the song of, on that first happy night. How long ago that looked, and like a dream! What would he not give now to bring back that time, and have little Tiz sitting once more upon his knee.

A creaking sound was heard on the stair, and the doctor came in.

"She is sleeping again, doctor," said the old man, "but she will awaken presently."

The doctor stopped and looked at the child's face, and then, with a sorrowful glance at Mr. Lorraine, advanced and took up the child's hand in his. He held it for a few seconds, and laid it softly down.

"She is dead!" said the doctor.

Dead! ay, dead, and the spirit of the little child has followed that sound to heaven.

* * * * *

And so, in the family burying-ground, another grave was opened. A little, light coffin it was that was lowered into it: and the old man, and Walter, and Harrington, with tears in their eyes, and a thousand fond memories of the little child in their hearts, stood by and heard the earth rattle on the coffin, and saw

the grave filled up. And there she lies, buried on that eastern slope of the hill; and in the clear still mornings, before the city has wakened into life, the first beams of the rising sun fall on little Tiz's grave.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHICH BEGINS THE WINDING UP.

Little more remains to be told. Walter Lorraine was called to Merrilee; and he got it arranged that so soon as he was settled there, he should come and take his sweet Eleanor with him to his pretty country manse, to be the joy and sunshine of his future life. To Harrington a new and brilliant career was unexpectedly opened by an invitation that came to him from the American publisher, accompanied by the most handsome offers. New hopes were kindled within him. Already in secret he had felt an earnest solicitude to get away from the scene of his degradation; and the thought of being able to go with new and higher resolves, and begin life again in the New World, could not fail to present itself in glorious colours to a spirit like his. Few ties remained to bind him to his native land. His mother was gone. His little Tiz was gone. Walter was about to go away to his new sphere and take Eleanor with him. Harrington, therefore, accepted the invitation from

America, and was only waiting now to witness the happy union of two whom he loved, with the fond pure love of a brother.

Groly and Maginn were tried for the bank robbery in London, were found guilty, and condemned to penal servitude—Groly for seven, and Maginn for fourteen years.

Mr. James Luney, in whom Harrington and Dr. Pearson had interested themselves, had gladly accepted the offer of a situation in Mr. Lorraine's counting-house, where he was proving himself an industrious and useful clerk; and under the influence of a kind master and kind friends, was reforming his ways and becoming a comfort and support to his mother and sisters.

Meantime, the winter snows had melted away, and the earth was brightening with another spring, and the birds that little Tiz had longed so much to hear, were singing in the green woods again. The black-birds and thrushes came in the early morning, and sang their shrill songs under the window of little Tiz's room. But the little room was vacant now. The linnet came and warbled in the sycamore tree: the little robin hopped about the garden-seat, and cocked its little head, and looked this way and that, with its black, bead-like eyes: and the two sparrows came and sat on the sunny window-sill above, and looked gravely down, and then turned their little heads towards one another, and seemed to wonder where the little child had gone. And one still evening, in the soft twilight, the mellow voice of the cuckoo rose in the

far-off woods, and called long for the little child, but she was there no longer to reply.

The summer came, and the time for Walter's marriage and for Harrington's departure were close at hand. One beautiful afternoon, Harrington rambled away alone to have a last look at the places so much endeared to him by the memory of little Tiz. He wandered along the banks of the silvery Cart, thinking of the days that were gone. Here was the stony place where he used to take the little child in his arms and carry her. Yonder was the old wall where she sometimes sat and sang to him, while he went and gathered the flowers she liked. And when, far up in the wood, he came to the place where they used to end their walks, there was the mossy stone, and there the silver-tinkling fall, that was singing its music as of old; but sadder now, perhaps. And still the solemn woods rose up on every side, and the soft blue sky smiled through the leafy branches. The crumbling castle stood as of old, like an ancient sentinel, and the birds came, and sang from the tops of sunny trees, just as they used to do when he sat there the year before and Tiz was on his knee.

Harrington sat down on the big mossy stone, and as he listened to the old familiar sounds, and thought of her whose voice had been the sweetest sound of all to him, he bowed his head and wept. "Not for ever," he said, "no, my little Tiz, we shall meet again. We shall meet at the golden gate. We shall yet dwell together with the Lord."

CHAPTER XLIV.

FAREWELL.

The marriage-day came at last, bright with a thousand hopes. Never had the Lodge presented so gay and stirring a spectacle before. Even the little marble boy in front of the window shared in the general enthusiasm, and blew the sparkling shower of water up into the sunny air with unusual vivacity. The "old wife" on the chimney-top was dancing jigs with the amorous summer breeze all the time, only stopping for a minute now and then to take breath and look down at the handsome carriage and pair that stood at the gate waiting for the happy couple. But how shall I describe the brilliant company assembled in the drawing-room to witness the marriage-ceremony:—the bebies of young ladies, blushing in the consciousness of their own loveliness, and all in such a delicious twitter, looking so fairy-like in their white muslins and streaming ribbons; the jolly Doctor, in his ample snow-white vest, on which his double-eyeglass hung sparkling; Miss Pearson, with a more genial smile on her sharp features than had ever been seen there before; Dr. Daidlaw, in his neckcloth of snowy whiteness; Captain McFoodle, redolent of musk and sparkling with jewellery; Mrs. Day, smiling to herself as she thought that the next wedding she would see would be her own—for Mrs. Day (as I may mention confidentially to the

reader) had yielded to the solicitations of the fascinating grocer in the village, and was to become Mrs. Spiggles within two months. Tom and Charlie, too, smart as new pins; Geordie Staggs, of bolster and piratical celebrity; Mr. Jack Milliken, with his tight shirt-collar and finger-ring, and a delicate down beginning to be faintly perceptible upon his upper lip, over which Mr. Milliken was constantly passing his fore and middle fingers with a graceful curling motion, but whether to impress the fact of its existence upon the minds of the company, or to satisfy himself that it was still there, did not appear. Imagination must also picture the marriage scene itself. Walter with his fine face and stately form; Eleanor, so peerless in her beauty, trembling all over as she put her little hand timidly in his; Harrington, with his heroic cast of countenance, standing by the side of his friend.

When the ceremony and the kissing and shaking of hands were all over, Walter got Eleanor and Harrington drawn quietly for a moment into the parlour, for they were not to see Harrington again.

"And so we must part at last, dear Harrington," said Walter, grasping the hands of his old friend. "But we shall meet again. You will come back to the old country and see us—promise that you will—and come and stay at the manse with my own dear Eleanor and me."

"I will—I will," said Harrington, with deep emotion.

Walter looked at Eleanor, into whose eyes the tears were coming fast. He saw that she could not speak.

"She wanted to tell you," said Walter, "that as long, as long as she lives, Harrington, she will never forget what you have done for her. It's not the money—it's the love, it's the goodness. You have saved her—you have saved her to me. We shall never, never forget your noble conduct.—There: they are calling for us. Let me see you kiss each other before we go."

Harrington looked into the eyes of the beautiful girl who stood trembling before him, bent down and kissed her.

"Farewell—farewell—my brother, my sister," said Harrington, his voice trembling with intense emotion, as he took a hand of each and pressed them in his own; "Think of me when I am far away. May Heaven's sunshine be on your home. God bless you! farewell."

In a few minutes more Walter was in the carriage with his lovely bride nestling by his side. Away they went at a spanking pace, followed by many a kind look, and hearty cheer, and by the prayers of some whose feelings were too deep for utterance.

Next day was the one on which Harrington had to take his departure. The early morning found him standing all alone by the graves of his mother and little Tiz. He had seen the last of Walter and Eleanor; he had paid his last visit at Langside Hall; he had bidden farewell, with a broken voice, to the good, kind-hearted Doctor; and now he had come to take the last look at the silent graves of those two whom he had loved best in all the world.

He had been thinking of his mother's love. He had been thinking of a thousand joys and sorrows, long,

long forgotten, that he had shared with her, who had died as she had lived—for him! He had been thinking too, of the little child whose wee, blind face he would see brightening at his approach no more, nor ever again feel her soft tiny arms about his neck. He had been thinking of all the bygone days over which the love of these two streamed like a golden light: the pleasant time when they all met in his little parlour, and the evening sunshine came streaming in: the days at Oban too—the sunny glens, the quiet country church, the sea with its many voices, the sail round Kerrera, the song that the child had sung to the echoing hills in the days that could return no more.

Such had been his thoughts; and as he stood there, all alone, looking at their graves for the last time, that mournful shadow darkened in his face.

He was still musing, when suddenly the glorious sun, breaking through the clouds in the eastern sky, poured his bright radiance over the hill. Harrington lifted up his dark eyes, into which a new splendour had burst, and lo! the thousand polished tomb-stones and shivered columns were flashing back the light of the glorious orb.

“Thank God for that sign!” he said; “it is the symbol of the brighter day that is yet to dawn, when the dead shall rise again.”

He paused and looked down upon the great city that lay stretched out beneath him, covered with a thin blue haze, out of which he could see rising into the clear sunshine, the old College tower with its gilded clock, telling him of days gone by. And round him, far as

his eye could reach, all bathed in the beautiful morning sunshine, lay the fair country he was about to leave, perhaps to return to no more.

"But the same sun," he said, with a smile, "will shine upon me where I go. Ay, all the world over, one sun—one God! And as the dark side of the earth is ever rolling round into the light, so we, dwelling in this night of Time, are moving round into the sunshine of everlasting day!"

A bunch of primroses was growing in the square plot at his feet. They were the flowers he was to have gathered for the little child: and they were growing on her grave! He stooped, plucked one of them, and put it to his lips.

"My little Tiz!" he said. "Mother! farewell. We shall all meet in heaven, never to part again."

Before another week was gone, George Harrington was far on his way across the broad Atlantic.

ONE HUNDRED GUINEA PRIZE TALE.

Sixth Thousand.

Just Published, in a Handsome Post 8vo Volume, Price 3s. 6d., Post Free,

RACHEL NOBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY BRUCE EDWARDS.

Being the Temperance Tale for which the Prize of One Hundred Guineas was unanimously awarded by the Adjudicators.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Morning Journal says—"We congratulate the League on this addition to temperance literature. It is a capital tale."

The Citizen says—"This, the last prize tale of the Scottish Temperance League, is, on the whole, about the best of this class of literature that we have seen."

The Dundee Advertiser says—"One of those personal narratives that cannot fail to prove attractive. It is told in a piquant and racy style."

The London Weekly Review says—"The writer is evidently a lady possessing very superior talents. Whilst the book is of a large size, the reader will not lack interest as he ponders its pages. The subjects treated are well marked out, and not over-drawn in illustration, as many books of a similar kind. The language is of the choicest order."

The Kendal Mercury says—"It is a clear, graphic, and interesting story, which every one would be the better of reading."

The Scarborough Mercury says—"Written in a vigorous and somewhat humorous style. It ought to be in the hands of every Christian philanthropist."

The Doncaster Chronicle says—"Every page of the work gives evidence of a large acquaintance with the world and human nature."

The Nottingham Review says—"Things are plainly stated, and the arguments very rarely pushed beyond moderate limits. It is altogether the best temperance story we have read."

The Stirling Gazette says—"It is an admirably executed performance. It is a faithful representation of what is daily taking place in every town and parish throughout the country."

The Portadown News says—"A book we can heartily recommend, and its circulation cannot fail to further the cause it advocates."

The Domestic Messenger says—"One of the best temperance tales ever published."

The British Mother's Magazine says—"A well-written spirit-stirring story, which every one who begins is sure to finish, and wish there were a second volume."

The Kilmarnock Post says—"It is about as perfect a work of the kind as has appeared."

GLASGOW: SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

NEW WORK BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Tenth Thousand.

Just Published, Price in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Limp Cloth, 1s. 3d.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s., Post Free,

RETRIBUTION.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR,

Author of "Burnish Family," "Drift," &c.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The *Weekly Record* says—"It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate the Temperance public on this really valuable addition to the admirable works of fiction on the Temperance question."

The *Literary Times* says—"A well considered and soundly written tale."

The *Carlisle Examiner* says—"Its moral is invaluable as it is vividly presented."

The *British Mother's Journal* says—"The tale is fully as interesting, and the object is much nobler than in many of the most popular stories of the day. Such works as this, freely circulated, must produce a most happy influence."

The *Quiver* says—"A deeply interesting story, and one which is not only excellent from a temperance point of view, but for its literary merits."

The *Kendal Mercury* says—"A very excellent little book, worthy of the pure pen that produced it."

The *Northern Ensign* says—"This is an excellent temperance tale. The story is well told, and has many important moral lessons."

The *Border Advertiser* says—"The plot is of exceedingly skilful device, and ably wrought out, so that the story is of absorbing interest."

The *Nairnshire Telegraph* says—"Has merits entirely its own. The plot is well constructed, and the interest is sustained throughout. This is the best temperance tale we have read."

The *Kelso Chronicle* says—"This is sure to be an exceedingly popular volume. It is very cleverly written, in a remarkably racy and popular style, with great variety of character, abundance of mysterious plots and cross purposes, and very graphic descriptions of the many striking and sometimes appalling scenes into which the reader is conducted."

The *Ayr Advertiser* says—"From the liveliness of the style, knowledge of character, and interest of the situations it displays, cannot fail to enjoy a similar popularity."

The *Christian Herald* says—"Every part of this work is replete with sound instruction—every individual character is faithfully portrayed. True to nature are the pictures the gifted authoress has presented to us, which, we trust, will prove useful to all who read this work."

GLASGOW: SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

CENTENARY EDITION
OF
THE GLOAMING OF LIFE.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED,

Price, in Illuminated Cloth Boards, 2s. 6d.

THE GLOAMING OF LIFE.

BY
REV ALEX. WALLACE, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY

SIX FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVINGS FROM DESIGNS BY

SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.,
Queen's Limner for Scotland;

R. HERDMAN, R.S.A., | J. B. M'DONALD, A.R.S.A.,
HUGH CAMERON, R.S.A., | GEORGE HAY, A.R.S.,

AND

J. DENOVAN ADAM.

GLASGOW:
SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE,
108 HOPE STREET.

29th Thousand.

Crown 8vo, in Paper Covers, price 11.; Post Free, 11. 1d.; Post 8vo, Fine Paper, in Cloth Boards, Price 21., Post Free.

£250 Prize Tale.

BY THE TRENT.

By Mrs. Oldham, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

22nd Thousand.

Price, in Paper Covers, 11.; in Cloth Boards, 21.,
Post Free.

£105 Prize Tale.

RACHEL NOBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

By Bruce Edwards, Author of "Blind Pitts."

234th Thousand.

Price, in Paper Covers, 11.; in Cloth Boards, 21.,
Post Free.

£100 Prize Tale.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "The Channings," "Oswald Cray," &c.

59th Thousand.

Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Cloth Boards, 11., Post Free.

£50 Prize Tale.

BURNISH FAMILY.

By Mrs. Balfour, Author of "Morning Dew-drops," "Drift," &c.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(2)

Thirty-eighth Thousand.

Post 8vo, in Paper Covers, Price 1s, Post Free; Post 8vo, Fine Paper, in Cloth Boards, with a Portrait of the Author, 3s., Post Free.

Alcohol: its Place and Power

By James Miller, F.R.S.E., F.R.C.S.E.,

Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen for Scotland, Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c.

Thirtieth Thousand.

*Fcap 8vo, in Paper Covers, Price 6d.; in Cloth Boards, 1s., Post Free.
Post 8vo, on Fine Paper, in Cloth Boards, Price 3s., Post Free.*

Nephalism the True Temperance Of Scripture, Science, and Experience.

By James Miller, F.R.S.E., F.R.C.S.E.,

Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen for Scotland, Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c.

Thirteenth Thousand.

Price in Paper Covers, 1s.; Cloth Boards, 1s. 6s

Scripture Testimony against Intoxicating Wine.

By the Rev. William Ritchie, D.D., Dunse.

Thirteenth Thousand.

*Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Cloth Boards, 1s.,
Post Free.*

Our National Vice.

By the Rev. William Reid, D.D., Edinburgh.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(3)

Price in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

Sketches of Life and Character.

Illustrated with a Profusion of Wood Engravings.

*By Rev. Alexander Wallace, D.D., Glasgow, Author of
"The Desert and the Holy Land," &c.*

Thirty-fourth Thousand.

Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Cloth Boards, 1s., Post Free.

The City: its Sins and Sorrows.

*By the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., Edinburgh,
Editor of "Sunday Magazine;" Author of "Plea for Ragged Schools,"
"The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c.*

Price, in Illustrated Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s.

Queensford.

By Bruce Edwards, Author of "Rachel Noble's Experience."

*Price, in Paper Cover, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

Sydney Martin; or, Time Will Tell.

By Mrs. Wilson.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(4)

Eighty-third Thousand, & price, in Cloth Boards, 1s., Post Free.

Nelly's Dark Days.

With Six full-page Illustrations.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer;" "Brought Home," &c.

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s.

Three Years in a Man-trap.

By T. S. Arthur.

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s.

Wyville Court.

By Mrs. Flower.

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s.

Britain's Social State.

By ex Bailie Lewis, Edinburgh.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(2)

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

Autobiography of John B. Gough.

With Twenty-six Years' Experience as a Public Speaker.

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

George Easton's Autobiography.

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

Tom Allardyce.

By Mrs. Flower.

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

*The Early Heroes
of the Temperance Reformation.*

By William Logan,

Editor of "Words of Comfort."

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

Grace Myers' Sewing Machine.

By T. S. Arthur.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(6)

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

Isobel Fardine's History.

By Mrs. Harriet Miller Davidson, Author of "Christian Osborn's Friends."

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

Rev. Dr. Willoughby and his Wine.

By Mary Spring Walker.

Twentieth Thousand.

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Limp Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

George Harrington.

By David Macrae, Author of "The Americans at Home," &c.

Thirteenth Thousand.

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; in Extra Cloth Boards, 2s. 6d., Post Free.

£100 Prize Tale.

Dunvarlich; or, Round About the Bush.

By David Macrae, Author of "George Harrington."

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(M)

*Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

Drift: A Story of Waifs and Strays.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour, Author of "Burnish Family," &c.

*Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

Retribution.

*By Mrs. C. L. Balfour, Author of "Burnish Family,"
"Drift," &c.*

*Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

Troubled Waters.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour, Author of "Burnish Family," &c.

*Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

Glenerne: A Tale of Village Life.

By Frances Paliser.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(8)

*Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

Kingswood; or, The Harker Family.

*By Emily Thompson, Author of "The Montgomerys and
Their Friends."*

*Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

The Coventrys.

By Stuart Miller.

*Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

The Fiery Circle.

*By the Rev. James Stuart Vaughan, A.M., Late Vicar of
Stockland.*

*Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; on Fine Paper and Extra Cloth Binding, 2s.,
Post Free.*

The Curse of the Claverings.

By Mrs. Frances Grahame, London.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(B)

Paper Covers, 1s.; Cloth Boards, 2s.

Brought Home.

By the Authoress of "Jessica's First Prayer."

Paper Covers, 1s.; Cloth Boards, 2s.

Temperance Physiology.

By late Rev. John Guthrie, D.D.

Paper Covers, 1s.; Cloth Boards, 2s.

The Two Students.

By Rev. William Reid, D.D.

Paper Covers, 1s.; Cloth Boards, 2s.

Thorn Lodge; or, The Wheel of Life.

By the Author of the "Losing Game."

Price, in Paper Covers, 1s.; Cloth Boards, 2s.

Dialogues on Drink.

By Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., London.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(10)

Price, in Cloth Boards, 1s.

Arnold's Resolve.

*By Mrs. Lucas Shadwell, Authoress of "Neville Hatherley,"
"Golden Sheaves," "Elsie's Footprints," &c.*

Paper Covers, 1s.; Cloth Boards, 1s.

The Fallen Minister.

By Rev. John Masson, Dundee.

Paper Covers, 1s.; Cloth Boards, 1s.

Light at Last.

By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Limp Cloth, 1s.

Glimpses of Real Life.

By Mrs. Balfour.

Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Limp Cloth, 1s.

The Fortunes of Fairleigh.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.
(11)

Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Limp Cloth, 1s.

*Ten Nights in a Bar Room,
and What I Saw There.*

By T. S. Arthur.

Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Limp Cloth, 1s.

*Three Nights with the
Washingtonians.*

By T. S. Arthur.

Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Limp Cloth, 1s.

*Fast Life; or, the City and
the Farm.*

Price, in Paper Covers, 6d.; in Limp Cloth, 1s.

*Passages from the History of
a Wasted Life.*

*This Tale is Illustrated with Eight First-Class Wood
Engravings.*

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.
(12)

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

The MacLeans of Skorvoust.

By John Meikle.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Susie Redmayne.

By S. Smurthwaite.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Teddy's Pledge.

By R. A. Dawtry.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Mother's Place.

By Mina E. Goulding.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Dick, the Newsboy.

By Rev. Thomas Keyworth.

108 *Hope Street, Glasgow.*

(13)

Cloth Boards, price 6s.

Little Mercy's Mantle.

By Annie Preston.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

The Twin Laddies.

By Rev. John Douglas.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Their Father's Sin.

By L. L. Pratt.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Martin Drayton's Sin.

By Nellie Hellis.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Mother's Old Slippers.

By Mrs. Thatcher.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(14)

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Herbert Owen.

By M. M. Hunter.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

The Highway to Honour.

By Mrs. J. B. Hill.

Cloth Boards, price 6d.

Stella and Maggie.

By Mrs. Ronald.

704 pp., Crown 8vo, price 5s., Post Free.

The Temperance Cyclopædia.

By the Rev. William Reid, D.D., Edinburgh.

In a Handsome Volume, price, Cloth Boards, 2s., Post Free.

The Temperance Pulpit:

*A Series of Discourses by Ministers of
Various Denominations.*

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

(16)

PERIODICALS.

THE LEAGUE JOURNAL.

A Family Temperance Paper.

Published once a Week. Price One Penny.

To facilitate the transmission of the *Journal*, Packets will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, at the following rates:—

2	Copies per Quarter,	- - -	Paid in advance,	2s. 9d.;	Credit,	3s.
3	"	"	"	3s. 3d.;	"	3s. 6d.
6	"	"	"	6s. 6d.;	"	7s.

Special attention is requested to the numbers in giving orders for post packets, as otherwise extra postages may be incurred; thus 4 copies will cost as much postage as 6, 10 as 12, and so on.

Single copies sent to any part of the kingdom for 1s. 8d. per Quarter, or 1s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Booksellers and Newsagents can be supplied with the *Journal* by Mr. LOVE, 226 Argyle Street, Glasgow; and JOHN MENZIES & Co., Edinburgh.

THE ADVISER.

A Monthly Magazine for the Young.

Illustrated by a profusion of beautiful Wood Engravings. Price ½d. each, or 3s. per 100. Packets, price 7d. each, containing 14 copies of the *Adviser*, forwarded, free by post, to any address in the United Kingdom, on receipt of the amount in postage stamps.

108 Hope Street, Glasgow.

