

opposite to her the gaul with pale distorted features; at his feet lay the sheepskin; in his right hand he held the lamp, and its light fell on the paved floor in front of the bed, and was reflected in a large dark red pool. that is blood, thought she, and she shuddered and closed her eyes. when she reopened them she saw sironas face with crimson cheeks, turned towards her husband; she was unhurt but hermas that is his blood she thought with anguish, and a voice seemed to scream in her very heart, i, his murderess, have shed it. her hands lost their hold of the shutters, her feet touched the pavement of the yard, and, driven by her bitter anguish of soul, she fled out by the way she had come out into the open and up to the mountain. she felt that rather would she defy the prowling panthers, the night chill, hunger and thirst, than appear again before dame dorothea, the senator, and marthana, with this guilt on her soul; and the flying miriam was one of the goblin forms that had terrified paulus. the patient anchorite sat down again on the stone seat. the frost is really cruel, thought he, and a very good thing is such a woolly sheepskin; but the saviour endured far other sufferings than these, and for what did i quit the world but to imitate him, and to endure to the end here that i may win the joys of the other world. there, where angels soar, man will need no wretched rams fell, and this time certainly selfishness has been far from me, for i really and truly suffer for another i am freezing for hermas, and to spare the old man pain. i would it were even colder nay, i will never, absolutely never again lay a sheepskin over my shoulders. paulus nodded his head as if to signify assent to his own resolve; but someone was answering him he thought that he heard people muttering in the choir; but it was only the echo of his own voice, his own voice tossed from pillar to pillar and arch to arch, till it faded into a wail of sharnall, sharnall in the lantern. it was the first time that he had been in the church at night, and he stood for a moment overcome with the mystery of the place, while he gazed at the columns of the nave standing white in the moonlight like a row of vast shrouded figures. he called again to mr sharnall, and again received no answer, and then he made his way up the nave to the little doorway that leads to the organ loft stairs. this door also was open, and he felt sure now that mr sharnall was not in the organ loft at all, for had he been he would certainly have locked himself in. the pedal note must be merely ciphering, or something, perhaps a book, might have fallen upon it, and was holding it down. he need not go up to the loft now; he would not go up. the throbbing of the low note had on him the same unpleasant effect as on a previous occasion. he tried to reassure himself, yet felt all the while a growing premonition that something might be wrong, something might be terribly wrong. the lateness of the hour, the isolation from all things living, the spectral moonlight which made the darkness darker this combination of utter silence, with the distressing vibration of the pedal note, filled him with something akin to panic. it seemed to him as if the place was full of phantoms, as if the monks of saint sepulchres were risen from under their gravestones, as if there were other dire faces among them such as wait continually on deeds of evil. he checked his alarm before it mastered him. come what might, he would go up to the organ loft, and he plunged into the staircase that leads up

handsome girls, just landing from one of the whalers, their beautiful forms hid under old greasy red or checked shirts, generally put on with the hind parts before. in some cases the sailors, knowing their taste for finery, bring out with them, from london, old tawdry gowns, and fierce coloured ribands. and thus equipped, they come on shore the most grotesque objects imaginable, each highly delighted with her gaudy habiliments. kororareka beach, where we took up our residence, seemed the general place of rendezvous for all europeans whom chance might bring into this bay. at this time there were two large vessels lying at anchor within a quarter of a mile of the shore, and i was informed there were sometimes as many as twelve or thirteen. the spot is a most delightful one, being about three quarters of a mile in extent, sheltered by two picturesque promontories, and possessing a fine circular, firm, sandy beach, on which there is seldom much surf, so that boats can at all times land and haul up. scattered amongst the rushes and small bushes is seen a new zealand village, which at first landing is scarcely perceptible, the huts being so low. some of them are of english design, though of native