

literature, particularly of the masters of fiction; she could play the piano and the violin tolerably, though mr sharnall would have qualified her estimate. she had an easy touch in oils and water colour, which her father said she must have inherited from his mother from that sophia joliffe who painted the great picture of the flowers and caterpillar, and her spirited caricatures had afforded much merriment to her schoolfellows. she made her own clothes, and was sure that she had a taste in matters of dress design and manufacture that would bring her distinction if she were only given the opportunity of employing it; she believed that she had an affection for children, and a natural talent for training them, though she never saw any at cullerne. with gifts such as these, which must be patent to others as well as herself, there would surely be no difficulty in obtaining an excellent place as governess if she should ever determine to adopt that walk of life; and she was sometimes inclined to gird at fate, which for the present led her to deprive the world of these benefits. in her inmost heart, however, she doubted whether she would be really justified in devoting herself to teaching; for she was conscious that she might be called to fill a higher mission, and to instruct by the pen rather than by word of mouth. as every soldier carries in his knapsack the baton of the field marshal, so every girl in her teens knows that there lie hidden in the recesses of her armoire, the robes and coronet and full insignia of a first rate novelist. she may not choose to take them out and air them, the crown may tarnish by disuse, the moth of indolence may corrupt, but there lies the panoply in which she may on any day appear fully dight, for the astonishment of an awakening world. jane austen and maria edgeworth are heroines, whose aureoles shine in the painted windows of such airy castles; charlotte bronte wrote her o lord, and reveal to me what i must do. thus thinking he rose, knelt down, and prayed fervently; when at last he came to the amen, his head was burning, and his tongue parched. the clouds had parted, though they still hung in black masses in the west; from time to time gleams of lightning shone luridly on the horizon and lighted up the jagged peak of mountain with a flare; the moon had risen, but its waning disk was frequently obscured by dark driving masses of cloud; blinding flashes, tender light, and utter darkness were alternating with bewildering rapidity, when paulus at last collected himself, and went down to the spring to drink, and to cool his brow in the fresh water. striding from stone to stone he told himself, that ere he could begin a new life, he must do penance some heavy penance; but what was it to be he was standing at the very margin of the brook, hemmed in by cliffs, and was bending down to it, but before he had moistened his lips he drew back: just because he was so thirsty he resolved to deny himself drink. hastily, almost vehemently, he turned his back on the spring, and after this little victory over himself, his storm tossed heart seemed a little calmer. far, far from hence and from the wilderness and from the sacred mountain he felt impelled to fly, and he would gladly have fled then and there to a distance. whither should he flee it was all the same, for he was in search of suffering, and suffering, like weeds, grows on every road. and from whom this question repeated itself again and again as if he had shouted it in the very home of echo, and the answer was not hard to find: it is from yourself that you would flee. it is your own inmost self that is your enemy; bury yourself in what desert you will, it will pursue you, and it would be easier for you to cut off your mind. polykarp he cried, while he clasped his hands more tightly round the body of the sufferer who, thus called upon, moved and muttered a few unintelligible words; in a low tone, but still much too clearly for paulus, for he now knew for certain that he had guessed rightly. with a loud cry of horror he grasped the youths powerless form, raised him in his arms, and carried him like a child to the margin of the spring where he laid his noble burden down in the moist grass; polykarp started and opened his eyes. morning was already dawning, the light clouds on the eastern horizon were already edged with rosy fringes, and the coming day began to lift the dark veil from the forms and hues of creation. the young man recognized the anchorite, who with trembling hands was washing the wound at the back of his head, and his eye assumed an angry glare as he called up all his remaining strength and pushed his attendant from him. paulus did not withdraw, he accepted the blow from his victim as a