

might rise at it that splendid building, the pride of the city and the delight of mens eyes, destroyed swept away like dust from the road do you see do you see, i say broken columns, marble capitals, here, there and everywhere at the bottom of the lake here a head and there a torso great and noble masters formed those statues by the aid of the gods, and they they, small and ignoble as they are, have destroyed them by the aid of evil daemons. they have annihilated and drowned works that were worthy to live forever and why shall i tell you because they shun the beautiful as an owl shuns light. aye, they do there is nothing they hate or dread so much as beauty; wherever they find it, they deface and destroy it, even if it is the work of the divinity. i accuse them before the immortals for where is the grove even, not the work of man but the special work of heaven itself where is our grove, with its cool grottoes, its primaereal trees, its shady nooks, and all the peace and enjoyment of which it was as full as a ripe grape is full of sweet juice it was cut down and rooted up, replied the steward. the emperor gave the sanctuary over to bishop theophilus and he set to work at once to destroy it. the temple was pulled down, the sacred vessels went into the melting pot, and the images were mutilated and insulted before they were thrown into the lime kiln. the place they are building now is to be a christian church. oh to think of the airy, beautiful colonnades that once stood there, and then of the dingy barn that is to take their place why do the gods endure it has zeus lost his thunderbolts cried orpheus clenching his hands, and paying no heed to agne who sat pale and sternly silent during this conversation. nay, he only sleeps, to wake with awful power, said the old man. see those blocks of marble and ruins under the waves. swift work is destruction and men lost their wits and looked on at the crime, flinging the have eased your mind, and now you can go back to oxford in peace. i have managed fording for forty years, and feel myself perfectly competent to manage it for forty years more. i dont quite see what concern you have in the matter. what business is it of yours you dont see what concern i have in it, said the reformer impetuously; you dont know what business it is of mine why, damage is being done here that will take a lifetime to repair. a man must be on good terms with his heir not to dislike the idea of making way for him, and the old lord flew into one of those paroxysms of rage which fell upon him more frequently in his later years. now, look you, he said; you need not trouble yourself any more about fording, nor think you will be so great a sufferer by my mismanagement. it is by no means certain that i shall ever burden you with the place at all. then the young man was angry in his turn. dont threaten me, sir, he said sharply; i am not a boy any longer to be cowed by rough words, so keep your threats for others. you would disgrace the family and disgrace yourself, if you left the property away from the title. make your mind easy, said the other; the property shall follow the title. get away, and let me hear no more, or you may find both left away from you. the words were lightly spoken, perhaps in mere petulance at being taken to task by a boy, perhaps in the exasperating pangs of gout; but they had a bitter sound, and sank deep into the heart of youth. the threat of the other possible heirs was new, and yet was not new to him. it seemed as if he had heard something of this before, though he could not remember where; it seemed as if there had always been some ill defined, new series of which had recently appeared. whilst he read anastasia worked at some hangings, which had been left unfinished by the last lady blandamer. the old lords wife had gone out very little, but passed her time for the most part with her gardens, and with curious needlework. for years she had been copying some moth eaten fragments of stuart tapestry, and at her death left the work still uncompleted. the housekeeper had shown these half finished things and explained what they were, and anastasia had asked lord blandamer whether it would be agreeable to him that she should go on with them. the idea pleased him, and so she plodded away evening by evening, very carefully and slowly, thinking often of the lonely old lady whose hands had last been busied with the same task. this grandmother of her husband seemed to have been the only relation with whom he had ever been on intimate terms, and anastasias interest was quickened by an excellent portrait of her as a young girl by lawrence, which hung in the long gallery. could the old lady have revisited for once the scene of her