

put in his proper place; and sir george had lunched at the rectory. there was a repetition of the facetious proposal that sir george should wait for payment of his fees until the tower should fall, which acquired fresh point from the circumstance that all payments were now provided for by lord blandamer. the ha ha ing which accompanied this witticism palled at length even upon the robust sir george, and he winced under a dig in the ribs, which an extra glass of port had emboldened the canon to administer. well, well, mr rector, he said, we cannot put old heads on young shoulders. mr westray was quite justified in referring the matter to me. it has an ugly look; one needs experience to be able to see through things like this. and he pulled up his collar, and adjusted his tie. westray was content to accept his chiefs decision as a matter of faith, though not of conviction. the black lightning flash was impressed on his mental retina, the restless cry of the arches was continually in his ear; he seldom passed the transept crossing without hearing it. but he bore his rebuke with exemplary resignation the more so that he was much interested in some visits which lord blandamer paid him at this period. lord blandamer called more than once at bellevue lodge in the evenings, even as late as nine oclock, and would sit with westray for two hours together, turning over plans and discussing the restoration. the architect learnt to appreciate the charm of his manner, and was continually astonished at the architectural knowledge and critical power which he displayed. mr sharnall would sometimes join them for a few minutes, but lord blandamer never appeared quite at his ease when the organist was present; put in his proper place; and sir george had lunched at the rectory. there was a repetition of the facetious proposal that sir george should wait for payment of his fees until the tower should fall, which acquired fresh point from the circumstance that all payments were now provided for by lord blandamer. the ha ha ing which accompanied this witticism palled at length even upon the robust sir george, and he winced under a dig in the ribs, which an extra glass of port had emboldened the canon to administer. well, well, mr rector, he said, we cannot put old heads on young shoulders. mr westray was quite justified in referring the matter to me. it has an ugly look; one needs experience to be able to see through things like this. and he pulled up his collar, and adjusted his tie. westray was content to accept his chiefs decision as a matter of faith, though not of conviction. the black lightning flash was impressed on his mental retina, the restless cry of the arches was continually in his ear; he seldom passed the transept crossing without hearing it. but he bore his rebuke with exemplary resignation the more so that he was much interested in some visits which lord blandamer paid him at this period. lord blandamer called more than once at bellevue lodge in the evenings, even as late as nine oclock, and would sit with westray for two hours together, turning over plans and discussing the restoration. the architect learnt to appreciate the charm of his manner, and was continually astonished at the architectural knowledge and critical power which he displayed. mr sharnall would sometimes join them for a few minutes, but lord blandamer never appeared quite at his ease when the organist was present; performing their nocturnal solemnities. now it flashed across her mind, that sirona was alone, and that the late visit of hermas probably concerned her, and not the senator. she started, there was quite a pain in her heart, and, as usual, when any violent emotion agitated her mind, she involuntarily sprang to her feet prompted by the force of her passion, and had almost reached the door, when the senators voice brought her to a pause, and recalled her to the consciousness of the impropriety of her behavior. the sick man still lay with his inflamed wound and fever down in the court, and she knew that she should escape blame if in answer to her masters stern questioning she said that the patient needed her, but she had never told a lie, and her pride forbade her even now to speak an untruth. the other slaves stared with astonishment, as she replied, i wanted to get out; the supper is so long. petrus glanced at the window, and perceiving how high the moon stood, he shook his head as if in wonder at his own conduct, then without blaming her he offered a thanksgiving, gave the slaves the signal to leave the room, and after receiving a kiss of good night from each of his children from among whom polykarp, the sculptor, alone was missing he withdrew to his own room. but he did not remain alone there for