

eating of the tree of knowledge had abashed her, for now her soul stood before her naked. did it so stand naked before him too she was shocked that she should feel this attraction where there could be no thought of marriage; she thought that she should die if he should ever guess that one so lowly had gazed upon the sun and been dazzled. the pause that lord blandamer made was not due to surprise, for he knew quite well that it would be anastasia who opened the door. it was rather that pause which a man makes who has undertaken a difficult business, and hesitates for a moment when it comes to the touch. she cast her eyes down to the ground; he looked full at her, looked at her from head to foot, and knew that his resolution was strong enough to carry to a conclusion the affair on which he had come. she spoke first. i am sorry my aunt is not at home, and kept her right hand on the edge of the open door, feeling grateful for any support. as the words came out she was relieved to find that it was indeed she herself who was speaking, that it was her own voice, and that her voice sounded much as usual. i am sorry she is not in, he said, and he, too, spoke after all in just those same low, clear tones to which she was accustomed i am sorry she is not in, but it was you that i came to see. she said nothing; her heart beat so fast that she could not have spoken even in monosyllables. she did not move, but kept her hand still on the edge of the door, feeling afraid lest she should fall if she let it go. i have something i should like to say to you; may i come in she hesitated for a moment, as he knew subject of ridicule to most of the natives; they do not deny that there may be such a place, but they add, it is not for them, for if atua had intended it so he would have sent them word about it long before he sent the white men into their country; and they conclude by stating that they know perfectly well the situation of the island where they are to go to after this life. chapter lv. massacre of a schooners crew. while remaining here wind bound, in imaginary security, and amusing ourselves with noticing the curious customs and peculiarities of these islanders, a dreadful tragedy was taking place only a few miles distance from us, and to which i before alluded, when i mentioned crossing the bar on our first arrival from port jackson. the enterprise schooner, a very fine vessel, which was built at the settlement on this river, had been sent to sydney, and while we were lying there we were in hourly expectation of her return. she did return. the unfavourable weather which detained us so long proved fatal to her, and she was wrecked a few miles to the northward of the rivers mouth, and every soul on board perished. the moment this catastrophe was known every european hastened to the spot, and, with feelings of horror, perceived but too plainly, from the appearance of the wreck and the boat, and by finding also the clothes of the crew, that they had reached the shore in safety, and had afterwards all been murdered; but how, or by whom, it was impossible to discover. the most probable conclusion was that the tribes situated around the european dockyard at hokianga, having meditated for some time past a great war like expedition, waited the return of this schooner from sydney to possess themselves of an additional supply of arms and ammunition, which might enable them to take the field with a certainty of conquest. they had regularly purchased the cargo of this vessel by their labour and their altered tone of indifference. throw yourself upon me, and do with me what you will; i will not prevent you. here i shall stand, and i will not fight, for you have so far hit the truth this holy place is not an arena. but the gaulish lady belongs neither to you nor to me, and who gives you a claim who gives me a right over her interrupted polykarp, stepping close up to his questioner with sparkling eyes. he who permits the worshipper to speak of his god. sirona is mine, as the sun and moon and stars are mine, because they shed a beautiful light on my murky path. my life is mine and she was the life of my life, and therefore i say boldly, and would say, if there were twenty such as phoebicius here, she belongs to me. and because i regarded her as my own, and so regard her still, i hate you and fling my scorn in your teeth you are like a hungry sheep that has got into the gardeners flower bed, and stolen from the stem the wonderful, lovely flower that he has nurtured with care, and that only blooms once in a hundred years like a cat that has sneaked into some marble hall, and that to satisfy its greed has strangled some rare and splendid bird that a traveller has brought from a distant land. but you you