

obtained at too great a distance from the farmhouse; firewood had to be brought from too distant woods; nearness to water also had to be considered. thus the law became a dead letter, and each new coming settler built on outlying and remote land, since the indians were no longer so deeply to be dreaded. then the meeting houses, having usually to accommodate a whole township of scattered farms, were placed on remote and often highly elevated locations; sometimes at the very top of a long, steep hill, so long and so steep in some cases, especially in one connecticut parish, that church attendants could not ride down on horseback from the pinnacled meeting house, but were forced to scramble down, leading their horses, and mount from a horse block at the foot of the hill. the second roxbury church was set on a high hill, and the story is fairly pathetic of the aged and feeble john eliot, the glory of new england puritanism, that once, as he toiled patiently up the long ascent to his dearly loved meeting, he said to the person on whose supporting arm he leaned in the puritan fashion of teaching a lesson from any event and surrounding: this is very like the way to heaven; tis uphill. the lord by his grace fetch us up. the location on a hilltop was chosen and favored for various reasons. the meeting house was at first a watch house, from which to keep vigilant lookout for any possible approach of hostile or sneaking indians; it was also a landmark, whose high bell turret, or steeple, though pointing to heaven, was likewise a guide on earth, for, thus stationed on a high elevation, it could be seen for miles around by travellers journeying through the woods, or in the narrow, tree obscured bridle paths which were then almost the only roads. in seaside towns it could be a mark for for sailors at sea; such and still more for the children, for selene and pollux. once she went out driving with paulina in a covered carriage for the first time in her life. as the horses started she had enjoyed the rapid movement and had leaned out at one side to see the houses and men flying past her; but paulina had regarded this as not correct as she did so many other things that she herself thought right and permissible had desired her to draw in her head, and had told her that a well conducted girl must sit with her eyes in her lap when out driving. paulina was kind, never was irritable, had her dressed and waited upon like her own daughter, kissed her in the morning and when she bid her good night; and yet arsinoe had never once thought of paulinas demand that she should love her. the proud woman, who was so cool in all the friendly relations of life, and who, as she felt was always watching her, was to her only a stranger who had her in her power. the fairest sentiments of her soul she must always keep locked up from her. once, when paulina, with tears in her eyes had spoken to her of her lost daughter, arsinoe had been softened and following the impulse of her heart, had confided to her that she loved pollux the sculptor and hoped to be his wife. you love a maker of images paulina had exclaimed, with as much horror as if she had seen a toad; then she had paced uneasily up and down and had added with her usual calm decision: no, no, my child you will forget all this as soon as possible; i know of a nobler bridegroom for you; when once you have learned to know him you will never long for any other. have you seen one single image in this house no, replied arsinoe, but so far as regards pollux listen to me said the widow, have i not told you of our loving father in heaven have i not told you that the gods of like the eyes of the grandson who stood before him. lord blandamer stepped back a little, and took a long look at the face of this man, who had been the terror of his childhood, who had darkened his middle life, who seemed now to have returned from the grave to ruin him. he knew himself to be in a desperate pass. here he must make the last stand, for the issue lay between him and westray. no one else had learned the secret. he understood and relied implicitly on westrays fantastic sense of honour. westray had written that he would take no steps till the ensuing monday, and lord blandamer was sure that no one would be told before that day, and that no one had been told yet. if westray could be silenced all was saved; if westray spoke, all was lost. if it had been a question of weapons, or of bodily strength, there was no doubt which way the struggle would have ended. westray knew this well now, and felt heartily ashamed of the pistol that was bulging the breast pocket on the inside of his coat. if it had been a question of physical attack, he knew now that he would have never been given time, or