

attitude, and threw himself back into a corner to think. it was curious it was very curious. he had been under the impression that lord blandamer had left cullerne early on the night of poor sharnalls accident; lord blandamer had told them at bellerue lodge that he was going away by the afternoon train when he left them. yet here he was at cullerne road at midnight, and if he had not come from cullerne, whence had he come he could not have come from fording, for from fording he would certainly have taken the train at lytchett. it was curious, and while he was so thinking he fell asleep. sixteen. a day or two later miss joliffe said to anastasia: i think you had a letter from mr westray this morning, my dear, had you not did he say anything about his return did he say when he was coming back no, dear aunt, he said nothing about coming back. he only wrote a few lines on a matter of business. oh yes, just so, miss joliffe said dryly, feeling a little hurt at what seemed like any lack of confidence on her nieces part. miss joliffe would have said that she knew anastasias mind so well that no secrets were hid from her. anastasia would have said that her aunt knew everything except a few little secrets, and, as a matter of fact, the one perhaps knew as much of the other as it is expedient that age should know of youth. the mind is its own place, and in itself can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell. of all earthly consolations this is the greatest, that the mind is its own place. the mind is an impregnable fortress which can be held against all comers, the mind is a sanctuary open day or night to the pursued, the mind is a flowery pleasance where shade refreshes even in summer droughts. to some trusted friend we try to give the clue of the labyrinth, but the ball of silk is too short to guide any but carried back to rivers was very important. i did not mention to anyone the hiding of these muskets in the woods, though, according to the articles of war, i ought to have done so, as getting possession of them would have added two more to our strength, and lessened that of our enemy; my silence arose from a repugnance i felt to betray these poor creatures, who had behaved so well to me. although prepared for war, we were very well pleased to find no attack was made upon us. indeed, from the first, it had been my decided opinion, that unless we interfered, and made ourselves by that means obnoxious, they had too much respect for us, and were too anxious to retain our kindly feelings towards them, to molest us; at the same time, i felt that it might be a very politic measure to show them what powerful resistance we could make, if driven to extremities. after passing a week of the greatest anxiety, on account of our expected invasion, it afforded us the utmost satisfaction to receive a visit from mr. hobbs, the wesleyan missionary, one of the persons who had visited the war camp of the assembled chiefs, who were convened, on the death of our lamented friend george, to debate and decide upon the momentous question of peace or war. the subject our informant stated had been gone into at great length, and stormy and fierce had been the discussion. finally, the good sense of the elder and more experienced chiefs prevailed over the fiercer passions of the younger, and peace was decided upon. this event forms a new era in the political history of the few zealanders, it being the first time so great an assemblage had met to discuss openly a national question, or in which they had allowed cool reasoning and good sense to prevail over their habitual ferocity. as may naturally be supposed, where such that i have moulded this head, but not to keep it, and commit the sin of worshipping it, but rather to free myself from the image that stands before my minds eye by day and by night, in the city and in the desert, whose beauty distracts my mind when i think, and my devotions when i try to pray. to whom is it given to read the soul of man and is not sironas form and face the loveliest image of the most high so to represent it, that the whole charm that her presence exercises over me might also be felt by every beholder, is a task that i have set myself ever since her arrival in our house. i had to go back to the capital, and the work i longed to achieve took a clearer form; at every hour i discovered something to change and to improve in the pose of the head, the glance of the eye or the expression of the mouth. but still i lacked courage to put the work in hand, for it seemed too audacious to attempt to give reality to the glorious image in my soul, by the aid of gray clay and pale cold marble; to reproduce it so that the perfect work should delight the eye of sense, no less than the image enshrined