

matter of the lilies, and if she had not worn some of them in her bosom, as he had hoped she might, that, no doubt, was because she feared to show her preference too markedly. he had noticed particularly the interest she had shown when a bad cold had confined him for a few days to the house, and this very evening had he not heard that she missed him when he was absent even for a night he smiled at this thought, invisibly in the fog; and has not a man a right to some complacence, on whose presence in the house hang a fair maidens peace and security miss joliffe had said that anastasia felt nervous whenever he, westray, was away; it was very possible that anastasia had given her aunt a hint that she would like him to be told this, and he smiled again in the fog; he certainly need have no fear of any rejection of his suit. he had been so deeply immersed in these reassuring considerations that he walked steadily on unconscious of all exterior objects and conditions until he saw the misty lights of the station, and knew that his goal was reached. his misgivings and tergiversations had so much delayed him by the way, that it was past midnight, and the train was already due. there were no other travellers on the platform, or in the little waiting room where a paraffin lamp with blackened chimney struggled feebly with the fog. it was not a cheery room, and he was glad to be called back from a contemplation of a roll of texts hanging on the wall, and a bottle of stale water on the table, to human things by the entry of a drowsy official who was discharging the duties of station master, booking clerk, and porter all at once. are you waiting for the london train, sir he asked in a surprised tone, that showed that the night mail found few passengers at cullerne road. she will be in now in a break open my portmanteau; and one old wretch sharpened his knife, and made motions as though he were going to cut my throat and eat me. i knew my only chance of safety was not to betray any sign of apprehension; so i forced a laugh, and made them believe i considered their tricks an excellent joke. i gave them all my tobacco to keep them in good humour; but i passed a most miserable night, nearly suffocated with smoke, distracted with their noise, and annoyed by vermin of every description. i was most happy when daybreak gave me an excuse for leaving these brutal savages, and resuming my journey. every step i took brought before me proofs of the horrors of war: villages which had been crowded, were now entirely desolate, and, in many instances, burned to the ground. on that spot where i had left a party of enterprising scotchmen busily employed in sawing timber, with crowds of natives assisting them, all was quiet and totally deserted, with the exception of a few nearly starved, wretched looking dogs, who, hearing someone approach, came out, and tried to bark at us, but were too weak to utter a sound. chapter l. european preparations for defence. our march along the banks of the river was through a most beautiful country; but all the inhabitants had fled; their plantations were in a most luxuriant state; fields which i had left bare and uncultivated were now covered with indian corn standing higher than my head, the ripe ears hanging fantastically in all directions, and none to gather in the harvest; the crops of kumara and potatoes were equally abundant. i could not help thinking that, if they expected an invasion of their enemies, they had left an ample supply of forage for their use. in the rocks, he supported and lifted her, but he only spoke when she addressed him. when they had reached their destination, he showed her the bed, and begged her to keep awake, till he should have prepared a dish of warm food for her, and he shortly brought her a simple supper, and wished her a good nights rest, after she had taken it. sirona shared the bread and the salted meal porridge with her dog, and then lay down on the couch, where she sank at once into a deep, dreamless sleep, while paulus passed the night sitting by the hearth. he strove to banish sleep by constant prayer, but fatigue frequently overcame him, and he could not help thinking of the gaulish lady, and of the many things, which if only he were still the rich menander, he would procure in alexandria for her and for her comfort. not one prayer could he bring to its due conclusion, for either his eyes closed before he came to the amen, or else worldly images crowded round him, and forced him to begin his devotions again from the beginning, when he had succeeded in recollecting himself. in this half somnolent state he obtained not one moment of inward collectedness, of quiet reflection; not even when he gazed up at