

warm and urgent speech implored them to return to their posts so that the wall might be guarded at least on the eastern and more accessible side, and that the castle might not fall an easy prey into the hands of an enemy from whom no quarter was to be expected. some of the anchorites were already proceeding to obey the alexandrians injunction, when a fearful cry, the war cry of the blemmyes who were in pursuit of the pharanites, rose from the foot of their rock of refuge. they crowded together again in terror; salathiel the syrian, had ventured to the edge of the abyss, and had looked over old stephanus shoulder down into the hollow, and when he rushed back to his companions, crying in terror, our men are flying gelasius shrieked aloud, beat his breast, and tore his rough black hair, crying out: o lord god, what wilt thou of us is it vain then to strive after righteousness and virtue that thou givest us over unto death, and dost not fight for us if we are overcome by the heathen, ungodliness and brute force will boast themselves as though they had won the victory over righteousness and truth paulus had turned from the lamenting hermits, perplexed and beside himself, and stood with stephanus watching the fight. the blemmyes had come in great numbers, and their attack, before which the pharanites were to have retired as a feint, fell with such force upon the foremost division that they and their comrades, who had rushed to their aid on the plateau, were unable to resist it, and were driven back as far as the spot where the ravine narrowed. things are not as they should be, said stephanus. and the cowardly band, like a drove of cattle, cried paulus in a fury, leave the walls unprotected, and blaspheme god instead of watching or fighting. the anchorites noticed his gestures, which were indeed the whole matter had started. he began to comprehend the vision that had possessed martin, that had so stirred the organists feelings; he began to think that it was reserved for himself to make the long sought discovery, and that he had in his own hand the clue to the strangest of romances. one evening as he sat by the fire, with a plan in his hands and a litter of martins papers lying on a table at his side, there was a tap at the door, and miss joliffe entered. they were still close friends in spite of his leaving betterue lodge. however sorry she had been at the time to lose her lodger, she recognised that the course he had taken was correct, and, indeed, obligatory. she was glad that he had seen his duty in this matter; it would have been quite impossible for any man of ordinary human feelings, to continue to live on in the same house under such circumstances. to have made a bid for anstices hand, and to have been refused, was a blow that moved her deepest pity, and she endeavoured in many ways to show her consideration for the victim. providence had no doubt overruled everything for the best in ordaining that anstice should refuse mr westray, but miss joliffe had favoured his suit, and had been sorry at the time that it was not successful. so there existed between them that curious sympathy, which generally exists between a rejected lover and a woman who has done her best to further his proposal. they had since met not unfrequently, and the year which had elapsed had sufficiently blunted the edge of westrays disappointment, to enable him to talk of the matter with equanimity. he took a sad pleasure in discussing with miss joliffe the motives which might have conduced to so inexplicable a refusal, and in considering whether his offer would have been accepted if it had been made a little whence, all the way down the hill, the place was thronged like a fair. when we entered the cove, a musketoon was fired at one of the canoes, as we imagined they might be full of men lying down, for they were all afloat, but no one was seen in them. being doubtful whether their retreat proceeded from fear or a desire to decoy us into an ambushade, we were determined not to be surprised, and therefore, running close in shore, we dropped the grappling near enough to reach them with our guns, but at too great a distance to be under any apprehensions from their treachery. the savages on the little hill kept their ground, hallooing, and making signs for us to land. at these we now took aim, resolving to kill as many of them as our bullets would reach, yet it was some time before we could dislodge them. the first volley did not seem to affect them much, but on the second they began to scramble away as fast as they could, some howling and others limping. we continued to fire as long as we could see the least glimpse of any of them through the bushes. among these were two very robust men, who maintained