

rules about that too. he laughed to himself with a queer little chuckle. cold lamb and mint sauce, with a piece of stilton afterwards they would have an oxford lunch; they would be young again, and undefiled. the stimulus that the bishops letter had brought mr sharnall soon wore off. he was a man of moods, and in his nervous temperament depression walked close at the heels of exaltation. westray felt sure in those days that followed that his friend was drinking to excess, and feared something more serious than a mere nervous breakdown, from the agitation and strangeness that he could not fail to observe in the organists manner. the door of the architects room opened one night, as he sat late over his work, and mr sharnall entered. his face was pale, and there was a startled, wide open look in his eyes that westray did not like. i wish you would come down to my room for a minute, the organist said; i want to change the place of my piano, and cant move it by myself. isnt it rather late to night westray said, pulling at his watch, while the deep and slow melodious chimes of saint sepulchre told the dreaming town and the silent sea marshes that it lacked but a quarter of an hour to midnight. wouldnt it be better to do it to morrow morning couldnt you come down to night the organist asked; it wouldnt take you a minute. westray caught the disappointment in the tone. very well, he said, putting his drawing board aside. ive worked at this quite long enough; let us shift your piano. they went down to the ground floor. i want to turn the piano right about face, the organist said, with its back to the room and the keyboard to the wall the keyboard quite close to the wall, with just room for me to sit. it seems a curious arrangement, westray criticised; is it better acoustically oh, i dont know; but, if i stephanus and paulus were silent, and yet a tacit intercourse subsisted between them as they sat gazing towards the west, where the sun was near its setting. far below them gleamed the narrow, dark blue green streak of the red sea, bounded by the bare mountains of the coast, which shone in a shimmer of golden light. close beside them rose the toothed crown of the great mountain which, so soon as the day star had sunk behind it, appeared edged with a riband of glowing rubies. the flaming glow flooded the western horizon, filmy veils of mist floated across the hilly coast line, the silver clouds against the pure sky changed their hue to the tender blush of a newly opened rose, and the undulating shore floated in the translucent violet of the amethyst. there not a breath of air was stirring, not a sound broke the solemn stillness of the evening. not till the sea was taking a darker and still darker hue, till the glow on the mountain peaks and in the west had begun to die away, and the night to spread its shades over the heights and hollows, did stephanus unclasp his folded hands and softly speak his companions name. paulus started and said, speaking like a man who is aroused from a dream and who is suddenly conscious of having heard some one speak, you are right; it is growing dark and cool and you must go back into the cave. stephanus offered no opposition and let himself be led back to his bed; while paulus was spreading the sheepskin over the sick man he sighed deeply. what disturbs your soul asked the older man. it is it was what good can it do me cried paulus in strong excitement. there we sat, witnesses of the most glorious marvels of the most high, and i, in a gaul. forgive him too, said paulus, and do not let evil thoughts disturb your sleep. i am not tired, said the sick man, and if you had gone through such things as i have, it would trouble your rest at night too. i know, i know, said paulus soothingly. it was a gaul that persuaded your wretched wife into quitting your house and her child. and i loved, oh how i loved glycera groaned the old man. she lived like a princess and i fulfilled her every wish before it was uttered. she herself has said a hundred times that i was too kind and too yielding, and that there was nothing left for her to wish. then the gaul came to our house, a man as acrid as sour wine, but with a fluent tongue and sparkling eyes. how he entangled glycera i know not, nor do i want to know; he shall atone for it in hell. for the poor lost woman i pray day and night. a spell was on her, and she left her heart behind in my house, for her child was there and she loved hermas so fondly; indeed she was deeply devoted to me. think what the spell must be that can annihilate a mothers love wretch, hapless wretch that i am did you ever love a woman, paulus you ought to be asleep, said paulus in a warning tone. who ever lived nearly half a