

independence, and was not going to fawn or to admit himself to be the mental inferior of any man. he had meant to give a tirade against confirmation, against the neglect of music, against rectors, with perhaps a back thrust at the bench of bishops itself. but he had done none of these things, because neither pride nor reserve nor assertiveness were possible in john williss company. he had merely eaten a good lunch, and talked with a kindly, broad minded gentleman, long enough to warm his withered heart, and make him feel that there were still possibilities in life. there is a bell that rings for a few strokes three quarters of an hour before every service at cullerne. it is called the burgess bell some say because it was meant to warn such burgesses as dwell at a distance that it was time to start for church; whilst others will have it that burgess is but a broken down form of *expergiscere* awake awake that those who dozed might rise for prayer. the still air of the afternoon was yet vibrating with the burgess bell, and the bishop rose to take his leave. if it was the organist of cullerne who had been ill at ease when their interview began, it was the bishop of carisbury who was embarrassed at the end of it. he had asked himself to lunch with mr sharnall with a definite object, and towards the attainment of that object nothing had been done. he had learnt that his old friend had fallen upon evil times, and, worse, had fallen into evil courses that the failing which had ruined his oxford career had broken out again with a fresh fire in advancing age, that nicholas sharnall was in danger of a drunkards judgment. there had been lucid intervals in the organists life; the plague would lie dormant for years, and then break out, to cancel all the progress that had been made. it was like a race game where the little leaden horse is moved steadily forward, till at last the die falls on the fatal number, and the racer himself down upon the deck, seeming very much to enjoy the triumph of being the first on board. but others very soon coming up with us, our decks were crowded with them, some boarding us at the gangway, others climbing up the chains and bows, and finding entrances where they could. all were in perfect good humour, and pleasure beamed in all their countenances. i had heard a great deal respecting the splendid race of men i was going to visit, and the few specimens i had occasionally met with at sydney so much pleased me, that i was extremely anxious to see a number of them together, to judge whether as a nation they were finer in their proportions than the english, or whether it was mere accident that brought some of their tallest and finest proportioned men before me. i examined these savages, as they crowded round our decks, with the critical eye of an artist; they were generally taller and larger men than ourselves; those of middle height were broad chested and muscular, and their limbs as sinewy as though they had been occupied all their lives in laborious employments. their colour is lighter than that of the american indian, their features small and regular, their hair is in a profusion of beautiful curls, whereas that of the indian is straight and lank. the disposition of the new zealander appears to be full of fun and gaiety, while the indian is dull, shy, and suspicious. i have known indians in america from the north to the south the miserable, idiotic botecooda of brazil, the fierce warrior of canada, and the gentle and civilised peruvian, yet in their features and complexions they are all much alike. i observed their statures altered with their different latitudes; the chilians and the school of rhetoric did you go to so be it then; speak to the lad when he returns from raiithu. how high the moon is already; come to rest antonius is to place the altar in the early dawn, and i wish to be present. ix. miriams ears had not betrayed her. while she was detained at supper, hermas had opened the courtyard gate; he came to bring the senator a noble young buck, that he had killed a few hours before, as a thank offering for the medicine to which his father owed his recovery. it would no doubt have been soon enough the next morning, but he could find no rest up on the mountain, and did not and indeed did not care to conceal from himself the fact, that the wish to give expression to his gratitude attracted him down into the oasis far less than the hope of seeing sirona, and of hearing a word from her lips. since their first meeting he had seen her several times, and had even been into her house, when she had given him the wine for his father, and when he had taken back the empty flask. once, as she was filling the bottle which he held, out of the large jar, her white fingers had touched