

no denial, no resistance, least of all any appeal. westray was left master of the situation, and must do whatever he thought fit. this fact was clearer to him now than it had ever been before, the secret was his alone; with him rested the responsibility of making it public. he stood dumb before the picture, from which the old lord looked at him with penetrating eyes. he had nothing to say; he could not go after lord blandamer; he wondered whether this was indeed to be the end of the interview, and turned sick at the thought of the next step that must be taken. at the distance of a few yards lord blandamer paused, and looked round, and westray understood that he was being invited, or commanded, to follow. they stopped opposite the portrait of a lady, but it was the frame to which lord blandamer called attention by laying his hand on it. this was my grandmother, he said; they were companion pictures. they are the same size, the moulding on the frame is the same, an interlacing fillet, and the coat of arms is in the same place. you see he added, finding westray still silent. westray was obliged to meet his look once more. i see, he said, most reluctantly. he knew now, that the unusual moulding and the size of the picture that hung in miss joliffes house, must have revealed its identity long ago to the man who stood before him; that during all those visits in which plans for the church had been examined and discussed, lord blandamer must have known what lay hid under the flowers, must have known that the green wriggling caterpillar was but a bar of the nebuly coat. confidences were being forced upon westray that he could not forget, and could not reveal. he longed to cry out, for gods sake, do not tell me these things; do not give me this evidence against yourself there was another short pause, and then floor, and tumbling clumsily up the uncarpeted, creaking stairs. in other churches the members of the congregation seated themselves in their pews upon their arrival, but rose reverently when the parson, dressed in black skull cap and Geneva cloak, entered the door; and they stood, in token of respect, until after he entered the pulpit and was seated. it was also the honor giving and deferential custom in many new england churches, in the eighteenth century, for the entire congregation to remain respectfully standing within the pews at the end of the service until the minister had descended from his lofty pulpit, opened the door of his wifes pew, and led her with stately dignity to the church porch, where, were he and she genial and neighborly minded souls, they in turn stood and greeted with carefully adjusted degrees of warmth, interest, respect, or patronage, the different members of the congregation as they slowly passed out. is. the old fashioned pews. in the early new england meeting houses the seats were long, narrow, uncomfortable benches, which were made of simple, rough, hand riven planks placed on legs like milking stools. they were without any support or rest for the back; and perhaps the stiff backed pilgrims and puritans required or wished no support. quickly, as the colonies grew in wealth and the colonists in ambition and importance, spots for pews were sold or pitted as they were sometimes called, at first to some few rich or influential men who wished to sit in a group together, and finally each family of dignity or wealth sat in its own family pew. often it was stipulated in the permission to build a pew that a separate entrance door should be cut into it through the outside wall of the meeting

steward had provided for everything. there were rooms and beds to spare in the vessel; the large deck cabin was a comfortable sitting room, and from the little galley at the prow came a savory smell of cooking and a cheerful clang of pots and pans. this is living exclaimed karnis, stretching himself comfortably on a divan. this abode seems made on purpose for our noble selves sit down, mother, make yourself at home. here we are people of consequence, and if it were only to make things pleasant for the slaves we must behave as though we had never known people who take their meals squatted round an earthen bowl, and claving out the broken meat. enjoy the gifts of the present who knows how long this golden hour may last ah, wife, it reminds us of former times it would be very pleasant to be like this, side by side, and help ourselves from a table all our own to dainty dishes which we had not assisted in cooking. for you, old woman, have done everything with your own hands for so long, that you deserve to have some one to wait on you for once. a little table was placed by each divan and covered with appetizing food; the steward mixed some fine wine of the country with fresh, clear water,