

the cardinal was fixed upon dalabers strenuous face. all weakness had vanished from it now. it was full of passionate earnestness and dauntless courage. his dark eyes met those of wolsey without fear or shrinking. the loftiness of a great resolve, a great sacrifice, was shining in them. i will consider this matter, my sons, spoke the cardinal, whose face softened as he gazed first at one young man and then at the other. i must communicate with the bishop, and i will see you again. fortunately he is not far from london. a messenger can quickly reach him. come to me here in four days time, and i will see you again and perchance give you an answer. will your mind have changed in those days, anthony dalaber do you indeed mean the things that you have said i do, he answered quietly, and added no protestations. i will remember, spoke the cardinal; and rising to his feet he gave to arthur the benediction for which he bent his knee. dalaber hesitated for a moment, and then he too knelt. there was no hypocrisy in this act. something in the aspect and the words of the cardinal had changed his opinion of the man during the brief interview. the lord bless thee, my son, spoke the priest solemnly. the lord give thee grace and discernment, wisdom and light. the lord strengthen all that is good in thee, that it may live and grow, and cast out and uproot all that may become a stumbling block or root of bitterness within thee. the lord give to thee the understanding mind, the childlike heart, the pure spirit of the children of light, and lead and guide thee into all truth. amen. the two companions went quietly from the room, and through the long and stately passages, where the worldly pomp visible had stirred home to tell his mother of his success. when daubeny had first come to saint winifreds, he had been forced to go through very great persecution. as he sat down to do his work he would be pelted with orange peel, kicked, tilted off the form on which he sat, ridiculed, and sometimes chased out of the room. all this he had endured with admirable patience and good humour; in short, so patiently and good humouredly that all boys who had in them a spark of sense or honour very soon abandoned this system of torment, and made up for it as far as they could by respect and kindness, which always, however, took more or less the form of banter. it is not to be expected that boys will ever be made to see that steady, strenuous industry, even when it fails, is a greater and a better thing than idle cleverness, but those few who were so far in advance of their years as to have some intuition of this fact, felt for the character of daubeny, a value which gave him an influence of a rare and important kind. for nothing could daunt this young martyr not even failure itself. if he were too much bullied and annoyed to get up his lesson overnight, he would be up by five in the morning working at it with unremitting assiduity. very often he overdid it, and knew his lesson all the worse in proportion as he had spent upon it too great an amount of time. without being positively stupid, his intellect was somewhat dull, and as his manner was shy and awkward he had not been quite understood at first, and no master had taken him specially in hand to lighten his burdens. his bitterest trial, therefore, was to fail completely every now and then, and be reproached for it by some master who little knew the hours except the purple and white gertrude what on earth are you after the flowers, ted, the flowers in my dream there they are, a perfect carpet of them. white oh, how lovely and there, on the other side, are the purple ones. what are they, dear i know you are a good botanist. he always raved about your collection. nonsense, im not a botanist. several other fellows went in for it when the prize was offered, and all that my collection was good for was his doing. i never did see any one arrange flowers as he did, i must say. every specimen was pressed so as somehow to keep its own way of growing. and when i did them, a columbine looked as stiff as a dog daisy. i never could keep any character in them. watson the fellow who drew so well made vignettes on the blank pages to lots of the specimens likely habitats we called them. he used to sit with his paint box in my window, and christian used to sit outside the window, on the edge, dangling his legs, and describing scenes out of his head for watson to draw. watson used to say, i wish i could paint with my brush as that fellow paints with his tongue and when the vignettes were admired, we heard him say, in his dry way, i copied them from christians paintings; and the fellows used to stare, for you know he couldnt draw a line. and when but i say, gertrude, for