

Now, I considered, in my dear Lyons it would be coming of age hours, and I wondered if they would ever do that over here. I fancied what self-consciousness and preciosity there would be, for instance, if the B.B.C. ever took it up. A strange institution ; but the nursed fuse was always interesting. Yes, if sitting at the familiar table with Bart chewing at my moccasins, I could have broadcast it all, I would have left the mighty heart of England to deal with it. On that very day, I recalled, another terrible thing happened. John Hewit and Sarah Drew, just engaged to be married, were working together in a field of barley when they were both struck by lightning. Alexander, the only noteworthy Pope of my native land, was demonstrably affected. And my namesake wrote a letter, in which he said that Sarah's left eye was injured, and there appeared a black spot on her breast. Her lover was all over black ; but not the least sign of life was found in either.

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