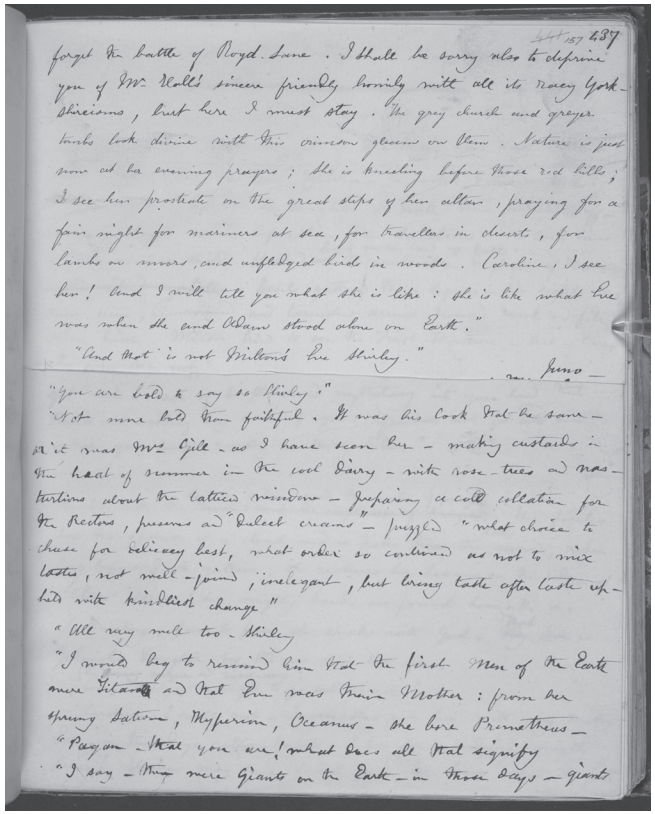


forgot the battle of Floyd-Lane. I shall be sorry also to deprive
you of Mr. Hall's sincere friendly homily with all its racy York-
shireisms, but here I must stay. The grey church and greyer
tombs look divine with this crimson gleams on them. Nature is just
now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills;
I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a
fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for
lambs on moors, and unfledged birds in woods. Caroline, I see
her! And I will tell you what she is like: she is like what Eve
was when she and Adam stood alone on Earth."

"And that is not Milton's Eve Shirley."

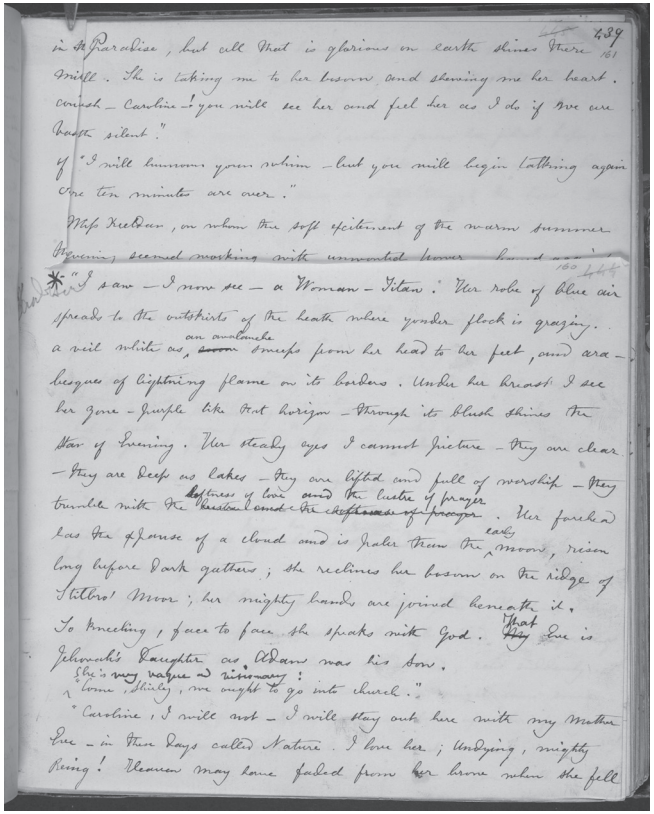
"You are bold to say so Shirley."

"Not more bold than faithful. It was his book that he saw —
if it was Mrs. Gill — as I have seen her — making custards in
the heat of summer in the cool dairy — with rose-trees and nas-
turtiums about the lattice windows — preparing a cold collation for
the Rectors, pheasants and "Dulcet creams" — puzzled "what choice to
chuse for delicacy best, what order so contrived as not to mix
tastes, not mell-joind, inelegant, but bring taste after taste up-
hill with kindliest change"

"Ill say milk too — Shirley

"I would beg to remind him that the first Men of the Earth
were Titans and that Eve was their Mother: from her
spacious station, Hyperion, Oceanus — she bore Prometheus —
"Pagan — that you are! what does all that signify

"I say — they were Giants on the Earth — in those days — giants



in the Paradise, but all that is glorious on earth shines there
still. She is taking me to her bosom and showing me her heart.
Cousin — Caroline! you will see her and feel her as I do if we are
both silent."

"I will humour your whim — but you will begin talking again
in ten minutes are over."

Miss Keldar, on whom the soft excitement of the warm summer
evening seemed working with unwonted humour, turned again

*"I saw — I now see — a Woman — Titan." Her robe of blue air
spreads to the outskirts of the heath where yonder flock is grazing.
a veil white as an anemone sweeps from her head to her feet, and ara-
besques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see
her zone — purple like that horizon — through its blush shines the
star of Evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture — they are clear
— they are deep as lakes — they are lifted and full of worship — they
tremble with the tenderness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead
has the repose of a cloud and is halo'd round the early moon, risen
long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of
Stilbro' Moor; her mighty hands are joined beneath it.
In kneeling, face to face she speaks with God. That Eve is
Jehovah's Daughter as Adam was his Son.
She is very vague and visionary!
"Come, Shirley, we ought to go into church."

"Caroline, I will not — I will stay out here with my Mother
Eve — in these days called Nature. I love her; Undying, mighty
Being! Heaven may have faded from her brow when she fell

FIGURES 4 AND 5. Partially excised laid leaves flanking the one-and-a-half-leaf wove insertion in "Which the Genteel Reader is Recommended to Skip. . . ." The asterisk on f. [A438].[B438].C444.E160 corresponds to an asterisk present on f. [A lacking].B438.C443.E159, a half-leaf wove insertion counted as a partial-leaf "excision" but that likely entailed no loss of text. © British Library Board, ff. 157 and 160, Add MS 43478.