

Needless to say I didn't know that that was the last day. Afterwards I found it terrible to look back, and realise that I hadn't made the most of it, or rather of all the little things that went to compose it, and the thousands that had gone before. I heard him read two things about a man and say that he had put in his appearance to-day. The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, one was, in his gullet should have a hook. And the other called him a demure hypocrite or a blockhead. He must first torture his postman, the bait, and make him carry the letters of Bellerophon. But that was too big for me. My people had always owned allegiance to the McLeod of that ilk, among others. But until he told me about it to-day, I never knew that the Great Lexicographer had tasted Lotus with him. There was that in me which needed the exercise of fealty. To give all---as I had given all to him---was very bone of my bone.

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