

Hospitality, when I came to consider it, was indeed a funny thing. I wanted to do my best for this hopeful newcomer. My cellar, my library, my curious collection of bottled worms ; all should be at his disposition. He was pathetically eager. And at the same time, of course, I wanted to do my best for May. I shoed him nearly everything, and he commended all he saw. "You do infinite honour to my little home, Sir Paul," I said. An old fellow who would be young again! He had only come before lunch ; but there was not time like the present. If it be not now, I somewhat foolishly said to Henry, who gave a slack ear to me, yet it will be. I am not incautious. Determining first to exhibit aconitum, I asked him to take a preliminary glass of sherry. Fleming's tincture might, and indeed has been, mistaken for this. He drank my health. He tasted love with half his mind, nor ever drank the inviolate spring where nighest heaven.

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