

riage windows, he would wander on into other and quite irrelevant speculations, wondering whether she remembered him? Whether she would know him again, if she met him? Whether she had ever thought of him since that day when they met at the Waterloo Bridge station, and he paid her fare from Sedgebrook? And then, at the end of all these tangled skeins of reverie would always come the one terrible question—did she love William Trefalden?

He told himself that it was impossible. He told himself over and over again that heaven was just and merciful, and would never condemn that pure young soul to so fatal an error; but while he reasoned he trembled.

Supposing that this thing had really come to pass—what then? What if they were already married? The supposition was not to be endured, and yet it flashed upon him every now and then, like a sharp pang of physical pain. He might put it aside as resolutely as he would, but it came back and back again.

Whence this pain? Whence this anguish, this restless energy, this indomitable will that knew neither fatigue nor discouragement, nor shadow of turning? These were questions that he never asked himself. Had they been put to him, he would probably have replied that he compassionated Helen Rivière from the bottom of his heart, and that he would have felt the same, and done as much, for any other innocent and helpless girl in a similar position. It was a pity. Pity, of course. What else should it be?

In this frame of mind, devoured by anxiety, and impelled by a restlessness, that increased with every hour, the young man traversed the hundreds upon hundreds of miles between Bristol and Bordeaux, and now wandered eagerly about the far-spreading city and the endless quays, pursuing his search.

Of the Daughter of Ocean, he ascertained that she had arrived in port and was unloading somewhere below the bridge. Sent hither and thither, referred from one shipping agent to another, and confuted by all sorts of contradictory directions, he had the greatest difficulty to find the steamer, and, when found, to gain a moment's hearing from those about her. Deserted, apparently, by her captain and crew, and given over to a swarm of blue-bloused porters, the Daughter of Ocean lay beside a wharf on the further side of the Garonne, undergoing a rapid clearance. The wharf was obstructed with crates, bales, and packing-cases; the porters came and went like bees about a hive; a French commis in a shaggy white hat, with a book under his arm and a pen behind his ear, stood by and took note of the goods as they were landed, and all was chatter, straw, bustle, and confusion. No one seemed able to give Saxon the least intelligence. The commis would scarcely listen to him, and the only person from whom he could extract a civil word was a fat Englishman in a semi-nautical costume, whom he found in the saloon of the steamer, immersed in accounts. This person informed him that the captain was gone to Périgueux, and that the passengers had all been landed yesterday at the Quai Louis Philippe. As to where they might have gone after being once set ashore, that was nobody's business but their own. Perhaps it might be worth while to make inquiry at the passport-office, or the English consulate. He should do so himself if he were looking after any friends of his own.

So Saxon thanked the fat Englishman for his advice, and went to the consulate. The consul advised him to go to the préfet, and the préfet, after keeping him for more than an hour in a dismal waiting room, referred him to the superintendent of the city police. This functionary, a fussy, inquisitive, self-important personage, entered Saxon's name in a big book, promised that he would communicate with the authorities of the passport-office, and desired monsieur to call again to-morrow between two and four.

The day dragged slowly by; and when at night he laid his weary head upon the pillow, Saxon sat as if he were further off than ever from success.

The next day, Saturday, was spent in the same unsatisfactory way. He wasted all the forenoon in hunting out one Philip Edmonds, first mate

of the Daughter of Ocean, who was lodging at a little marine boarding house on the opposite side of the river. This Edmonds at once remembered to have seen William Trefalden and Helen Rivière among the passengers. The lady was in deep mourning. They landed with the others at the Quai Louis Philippe. He had never spoken to either, and knew nothing of their ultimate destination. This was all that he had to tell.

Then Saxon went back to the quays, and inquired about the steamers that would sail next week for New York. He found that none had left Bordeaux since the Daughter of Ocean had come into port, and that the first departure would take place on the following Tuesday. By the time that these facts were ascertained, it was late enough to go to the superintendent's office. Here, however, he was requested to call again to-morrow, the police having as yet been unable to come at any satisfactory results. The vagueness of this statement, and the air of polite indifference with which it was conveyed to him by a bland official in the office, convinced Saxon that he had little to expect from aught but his own unaided efforts. That night, having since early morning paced unrelentingly about the quays and streets and public offices of Bordeaux, he lay down to rest, almost in despair.

CHAPTER XCI. SAXON STRIKES THE TRAIL IN A FRESH PLACE.

"WILL monsieur have the goodness to write his name in the visitors' book?"

Saxon had finished his solitary breakfast and was looking dreamily out of the window of the salle-à-manger, when the head waiter laid the volume before him, and preferred the stereotyped request. Scarcely glancing at the motley signatures with which the page was nearly filled, the young man scrawled his own.

"Tiens," said the waiter, as Saxon completed the entry under its various headings. "Monsieur is Swiss?"

"I am. What of it?"

"Nothing—except that monsieur speaks with the purity of a Frenchman. There is a Swiss Protestant chapel in Bordeaux, if monsieur would wish to attend the service."

A new possibility suggested itself to Saxon.

"Is there any English Protestant chapel?" he asked, quickly.

"Mais, certainement, monsieur. On the Paré des Chantrons. One may see it from this window."

And the waiter pointed out a modest white building about a quarter of a mile away.

Saxon's heart bounded with hope renewed.

The English Protestant chapel! What more likely than that Helen should find her way thither, this Sunday morning? What more probable than that the English chaplain should be able to help him? How dull he had been, not to think of this before! Finding that it yet wanted nearly two hours to the time when service would begin, and that the chaplain lived near by, Saxon went at once to wait upon him. An old woman, however, opened the door to him, and informed him, with many curseys, that her master was absent for six weeks' vacancies, and that a strange gentleman had undertaken his duty in the mean while. As for the strange gentleman's name, she had not the remotest idea of it. It was "un nom Anglaise—un nom excessivement difficile."

"If you will direct me where to find him," said Saxon, "I can dispense with his name."

"Mon Dieu, monsieur, he is staying at Drouay?"

"Where, then, is Drouay?"

"Ah, c'est loin, monsieur."

"What do you mean by far? How far?"

"More than three leagues, monsieur. But he will be here to perform the service at half-past ten, and monsieur can see him after it is over."

Forced to content himself with this prospect, Saxon then chatted a while with the garrulous old femme de charge, and learned that Drouay was a little village in the heart of the wine-country north of Bordeaux; that the strange clergyman, being in delicate health, was staying there till the vintage-time should come round, and enable him to take the benefit of the grape-cure; that her own master was the best man in

the world, that the chapel was très laide; that the attendance at this time was very scanty; that the voluntary contributions were very much less than they should be; and so forth, till he succeeded in effecting his escape.

At length half-past ten o'clock came round. His thoughts were busy with the things of the world, and he felt that he had no power to abstract them. He felt that he could no more lay down his burden upon that sacred threshold as he ought to lay it down, than he could lay down his personality; so he remained outside the door and watched the congregation passing in. But he watched in vain. Among the women came no Helen Rivière—among the men no William Trefalden. By-and-by, he heard the psalm-singing through the half-opened windows, and now and then a faint echo of the voice of the preacher.

To be concluded in our next.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

ABOUT two hundred years ago, England began to take a lead in the mercantile commerce of the world; her ships were daily passing across the Atlantic, and India also was beginning to attract our attention. It was therefore of the utmost importance that navigators should be enabled to find their longitude when at sea, independently of watches or clocks; and a reward was offered to any one who should discover a method by which this result might be obtained.

The plan proposed was, that the angular distance of the moon from certain stars should be calculated beforehand, and published, so that, for example, it might be stated, that at ten minutes and five seconds past nine on each day, the moon should be distant from Mars 40 degrees. If from a ship in the middle of the Atlantic, Mars and the moon were found to be 40 degrees apart, then it would be known that the time in England was ten minutes and five seconds past nine.

Here, then, was one item ascertained, and the method was a good one; but in consequence of the want of accuracy as regarded the moon's motions, and the exact positions of the stars, it could not be practically carried out.

Under these circumstances, Charles II. decided that a national observatory should be built, and an astronomer appointed; and a site was at once selected for the building. Wren, the architect, selected Greenwich Park as the most suitable locality, because from thence vessels passing up and down the Thames might see the time-signals, and also because there was a commanding view north and south from the hill selected for the site. The observatory was completed in 1676, and Flamsteed, the chief astronomer, immediately commenced his observations, but with very imperfect instruments of his own. During thirty years, Flamsteed laboured indefatigably, and formed a valuable catalogue of stars, and made a vast collection of lunar observations. He was succeeded by Halley, who carried on similar observations; and from that time to the present, Greenwich Observatory has been our headquarters for astronomical observations.

The work carried on at Greenwich is entirely practical, and consists in forming a catalogue of stars and planets, and so watching them that every change in their movements is at once discovered. Now that this work has been performed for several years, the movements of the principal celestial bodies have been so accurately determined, that the *Nautical Almanac*—the official guide on these subjects—is published four years in advance, and thus we find that on a particular night in 1868, the moon will be at a certain angular distance from a star, and the second satellite of Jupiter will disappear at a particular instant. On the exterior wall of the observatory there is a large electric clock, which, being placed in "contact" with the various other clocks in the observatory, indicates exact Greenwich time. The face of this clock shows twenty-four hours, so that it requires that a notice should look at it twice before comparing his watch. On the left of this clock, are metal bars