


CHAPTER II.

"All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth."

"Most sad, she sat, but oh! most beautiful; if
sorrow stole

A charm awhile from Beauty, Beauty's self
Might envy well the charm that sorrow lent
To every perfect feature."

HREE months had passed by and it was now April. The staff at the bank had settled down to another year of banking, and had attended the "Gilbart Lectures" at King's College.

The next subject that would engage the attention of hundreds of the London bank-clerks was the Easter volunteer review.

Raymond was reclining in the easy chair.