

farewell service for Marmaduke and his troop! In those days she had cared for no one but Marmaduke—he and the King were her only heroes; now her husband, whom she loved with all her heart, was walking by her side, and the three bright children were looking up in her face; they saw Christopher in the distance, and wanted to run after him. She gave them leave, and they scampered on: when she and Frank overtook them, little Charles was on Christopher's lofty shoulder, and Kate was hanging round Adah, his fair, gentle little wife: her two great boys had gone on to the church; they were among the singers, and obliged to be in good time. The new Rector had already re-organized the services, and the church was beginning to be repaired after its long desolation. When Frank and Dorothy came up to the little group, Marmaduke was peeping through the hedge into a green field, where foundations were being dug out.

"Well, Christopher," said Sir Francis, "when will these alms-houses be finished, think you? Old Jasper is very anxious for his room."

"By next summer, sir, if the workmen have luck, and the frost be not too hard."

Dorothy and Adah, with little Kate, walked on together towards the church, while the knight and his bailiff followed with the boys. Lady Audley began to tell Mistress Wake about her brother's present of roses.

"Ah, poor Simon!" said Adah, with a little sigh; "he is glad to do you any pleasure, madam."

"I do not know what claim I have," said Dorothy. "Why does not your brother marry, Adah? It would be good both for himself and his mother."

"I cannot say, madam; but I think he never will."

The last bell was ringing as they passed into the shadow of the church. Dorothy took one of her younger children in each hand, and Marmaduke followed with his father: so they walked up the aisle and into their seat.

"Nil desperandum!" After flights, wanderings, perils, and sorrows,—years of absence and of tossing to and fro in the world,—the little lady of Dering was come back to her own house and her own church, to dwell in peace, honour, and safety for the rest of her life. And the Cause in which so much loyal blood had been shed and over which she had had so much cause to weep, was triumphant at last; the Royal Martyr's crown was on his son's head, and the good old cry of "Church and King" was heard once more in England.

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More than two hundred years have gone by since Francis Audley and Dorothy his wife ruled at Dering. But their house stands, just as it did then, with the terrace, the garden, and the avenue. You may even discern the Phoenix crest over the door, with the motto which cheered Dorothy through so much. And in the village, close by the church, there is a row of solid stone alms-houses, still the refuge of old people in those parts; with trim little gardens, and gay flowering-plants in the deep narrow windows. Over the centre archway, the words, "To the Glory of God," are deeply cut in a large block of stone; underneath are the initials "M. L. D. F. A.," curiously intertwined; and then the date "A.D. 1660."

Thus Marmaduke Lyne's plan was carried out by his sister and brother: and thus their three names are remembered to this day at Dering.

E. C. P.

THE process we call idealizing, in painting, is nothing more than a partial closing of the bodily eyes, and keeping the organs of the mental vision very fully opened. There is no distortion of facts, there is no addition of anything contrary to nature.

The effect is but like that of a still autumn day on even the meanest landscape, hiding part in a tender mist, and gilding the rest with a golden radiance; but mist, and atmosphere, and sunshine are all *natural* influences.