

will than he can the title of nobility, of which such accessories are the evidence.

It is no doubt desirable that there should be a recognized authority by whom the propriety of arms borne may be determined; that is, whether they are properly borne by descent, or if not, then that they do not trespass upon the rights of others, or offend against the proper forms, methods, and canons of heraldry; otherwise it is pretty sure that armorial bearings, absurd, outre, or otherwise objectionable, will be devised and used. This may be offered as an argument against the views advanced in this paper, but it is not a valid argument to disprove the writer's opinion of what the law actually is, but would be a reason for making some change in the law, if that were practicable. In the absence of such change it may simply be observed, First, That professional heralds themselves have before now devised armorial bearings repugnant to heraldic propriety, and utterly inconsistent with what may be termed plain heraldic common sense; and second, That it is not against the law for a man to make a fool of himself, heraldically or otherwise, so long as he does not infringe the rights of others.

The views advanced by the writer in the preceding paragraphs are new in any treatise on heraldic subjects, and may be the subject of much argument before being conceded by others; but there is another question which has already been the subject of discussion; namely, whether a right to arms can be acquired by user, or in other words, whether a prescriptive title is a valid one, some writers having declared that no such title can exist. Such writers, however, forget that arms were used before Herald's Colleges were established, and the right to such arms could not be questioned, even if they were never recorded. Therefore arms long used but not recorded, and the origin of which is not within memory, must be admitted for the simple reason that it cannot be determined whether they are of such ancient use or not. Besides, the same reason which allows a prescriptive right to land is logically applicable to any other right, and in fact cannot be denied without leading to a position logically absurd. The question, however, is practically not open to discussion, for a prescriptive right to arms is, to the writer's knowledge, allowed in the offices of Lyon and Ulster Kings-of-Arms, and no doubt in that of Garter also.

A prejudice commonly exists as regards grants of arms; it being supposed that obtaining a grant is evidence of recent advancement from a low social status, and many people use no arms rather than obtain a grant. This, however, is quite an erroneous view; it might as well be held that a tradesman and his sons must always remain tradesmen, although he may have succeeded in securing a competency on which he can retire and become a "gentleman," in legal parlance at least, and bring his sons up to professions. A grant of arms evidences the fact that the grantee is a person of good character and social position, so as to be fit to receive such a grant, while inherited arms only show that some such person existed at some by-gone time; consequently a direct grant is really the most honorable title by which the right to armorial bearings can be acquired. If the writer's opinion that the laws of heraldry are now such that anyone can assume arms, it is proper to observe that manifestly arms so acquired will not be held by as honorable a title as a grant, for the assumption of

them is the assertion by the bearer of his own fitness, while a grant is an acknowledgment of it from an outside and authoritative source.

E. M. CHADWICK.

KINSHIP AND FRIENDSHIP.

The crowd that pass thee by,
With their myriad heads and faces,
With their smile, frown, or sigh,
Garb of rags, cloth, silk or laces—
Thy thy kinsmen—brothers
Are; there are no others.

Black, or white, or yellow;
Talking smoothly or blaspheming;
Each of them thy fellow
Is, although diverse their seeming,
Not shape nor hue, but soul
Shows thee their farthest goal.

Yea if in battle grim,
Ye should meet in combat deadly,
Fight, till the sun's last rim
Sank through lurid war-smoke redly;
Thou should'st know them thy kin,
In struggle and in sin.

Or if in heavenly dream,
Ye did meet in fields immortal,
Guided by some faint gleam
From the angels' opened portal;
Thou would'st know them thy kin,
Who safe had entered in.

And yet; despite all this,
It is but seldom—here and there—
That the soul's sweetest kiss
Is given; for Friendship's blossom rare,
Now here, now there is seen,
But deserts lie between!

BERNARD McEVROY.

THE LIEUTENANT'S WATCH.

CHAPTER III.

"Love must suffer in this stern world."

At the Hartley's, a very simple way out of the mystery had occurred to Mr. Hartley during the two days following. At the very time of poor Jack's departure the watch was returned to its owner and lay on the paper-rack in the smoking room. For in spite of the row he had raised on its disappearance Mr. Hartley could not bring himself to take proper care of it or anything else.

"My dear," Mrs. Hartley had said, "I believe, after all, Mark Hilyard has that watch." Her husband looked over his morning paper and stared. "Nothing could have been easier than for him to put it in his pocket, in his absent-minded way, thinking it was his own. They were very much alike."

"Nonsense, Meg!" and Mr. Hartley drained his coffee cup with a decided air. "It's no good thinking about it. I can't think of any one else to prosecute, so if it does not turn up there's no more to be said."

Mrs. Hartley went to the rose-covered window of the little breakfast room, and picked a rose-bud. "I am glad you have given up poor Duff."

"Well I do not suppose it would be any good trying there," Mr. Hartley said, in a tone that would have been angry had it not been for those deft white fingers that were fastening the pink token of good will in his coat. As it was, he gave his wife a kiss in return for it and left the room.

Mrs. Hartley went to a secretaire and wrote a little note to Mark Hilyard. The result was not immediately forthcoming and to Mrs. Hartley's intense surprise two days passed without any word. The evening of the second day, when Mr. Hartley sat down alone to dinner with his wife, it was

with difficulty that she waited till the servant left the room. Then she rose and laid in front of him the large silver watch. Her husband took it up with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Here is a note from Mark Hilyard, Henry," Mrs. Hartley said with a merry triumph in her eyes and voice; "he is so sorry that he was away when I wrote, but directly he saw my note he felt in the pockets of the clothes he had worn when he was here and which he had not worn since, and here is the result." Mrs. Hartley used her triumph mercifully, and though she went into the smoking room with her husband made but few references to the occurrences of the fateful night, but kept the conversation in safer channels, even though one of the topics she was obliged to choose was the hiring of a new coachman in place of James, who, in his despair of hurrying Maria in her final determination to marry him, had expressed his wish to leave his place as he had so often threatened to do to Maria.

The next day the watch was again gone.

In the Hartley's drawing-room again a small party. This time composed of just the same people with one exception, Jack Duff was not there, but in his place—Essie Reed. She did not look so very different in spite of the two years that had fled. She was evidently just ready to leave and had a warm cloak drawn round her black dress and a black beaver hat on her curly brown hair. There was a look in the eyes that had not once been there, but otherwise the face was bright as it looked lovingly up to old Mark Hilyard, who was standing with one hand stretched out to the cheerful blaze that was welcome on this winter's night.

"Well, lassie!" he said, turning to her as he finished listening to Mr. Hartley's account of some village accident, "it is getting late and cold." Esther rose obediently and turned with her sweet half-roguish smile to Mrs. Hartley, "as if either of us minded the cold."

"But the horses, the horses!" Hilyard said pretending to fume. "Bless the girl! does she think they were made to stand outside a night like this. Come, how long does it take to say good-bye. Mrs. Hartley I do not wonder Harry is late in town every day. Let the girl go. She would stay and revoiring all night if I would let her."

"It was kind of you to bring her out to us to-night Mr. Hilyard," Mrs. Hartley said affectionately fastening her cloak. "We do not see half enough of her."

"She is a busy lass. What with her house-keeping and her old women and young women—No! I mean old men and young women and getting herself home in time to bring that bright face of hers to the door to greet an old fellow like me. Eh! it makes the place wear a different look, it does indeed."

Esther here slipped her hand through his arm with a face that had lost its merry look, though it still wore a smile. "Come, come, my Daddy, I cannot have this. You will be writing poetry next if you allow yourself so much poetical license. His verses are getting upset, he must come home Mrs. Hartley." Another good-bye was said and then the two passed out into the crisp night.

"We shall have frost before the morning," Mark said as he tucked the rug round her; "the young people will have skating if it continues."