

"Indeed," said Miss Penhaligon, "Lord Esme is right, papa; at least, I have seen such a roof described in architectural works as waggon-headed."

"Possibly, my dear," said the Rector, now on his hobby, in his stentorian voice; "but the architects are all wrong. You must know, my lord, that on this sea-bound coast the ancient builders, who, it can be proved, were some of them shipwrights, built the churches like ships, and the round-headed roof is nothing more than the inverted keel of a ship. Then you have the very word nave, from *navis*, the Latin for ships, which goes to prove what I say."

Diggory was heard to say, drily, that in other parts of England, the central aisle was called the nave, and there they had the open timber high-pitched roof, or the flat roof, as in Suffolk and in Peterborough Cathedral.

"Precisely; I did not say nave as a word had anything to do with it."

Everybody glanced at everybody else, but said nothing.

Mrs. Penhaligon, who had been conversing in an undertone with her neighbor all the time, in spite of the severe looks of her husband, whose frowns apparently had no terrors for her, was here overheard saying, sententiously, "All men are toads."

"The ancient Phœnicians, who, as your lordship is no doubt aware," said the Rector, after commanding the attention of the rest of the guests, by repeating the words in a loud tone—there was an undercurrent of merriment somewhere the pedagogue wished to suppress—"the ancient Phœnicians traded for tin to Cornwall, some say about the time of Solomon. They built their temples so as to represent a ship inverted, and the most ancient churches of Cornwall, having no chancel arch, and indeed no separate chancel at all, were merely a reproduction of the old idea. I don't know whether you are aware of a curious fact with regard to the orientation

of churches, that they are not all alike."

"No, I am afraid I don't know much about it," said Lord Esme.

"Well, you know, it was this way. Before the discovery of the mariner's compass, the true east was supposed to be where the sun rose. The builder used to go out before sunrise with his men when a church or cathedral was to be erected, and the foundation stone was laid, on the particular saint's day to whom the church was to be dedicated. A rod was placed in the ground at the spot, and the shadow it cast as the sun rose, indicated the exact orientation, and was considered the true east and west. It followed, therefore, that, as the sun rises either to the north or south of east, according to the time of year, so the orientation would differ very materially if a church were dedicated to, say St. John the Baptist or St. Andrew."

"Very interesting," said Miss Pen-treath; "I knew it before, though."

"Ah! indeed," said the Rector, who always spoke of everything as if he were the one teacher, and all the rest were ignorant scholars. Ah! indeed. No doubt I told you before, the last time we met."

"Oh! dear no, nothing of the kind," said the young lady. "I have known it all my life. I haven't really," she said, *sotto voce* to her neighbor, "but I have no notion of the Rector monopolising the conversation, and treating us all like schoolboys, who are to be lectured and bullied."

The Rector was silent for a few minutes after this, and the talk became general.

"Roberts," said his lordship to his steward, who was waiting, "fill Dr. Penhaligon's glass."

"Yes, my lord."

"And order the boat; some of us will go on shore."

There was now a general move on deck to see the race between the crews of H. M. training brigs *Sea Flower*, *Swallow*, and *Rattlesnake*, and much excitement, and some small bets in