

Sometimes a sparkling tune, like fairy music stealing,
She gaily playeth to me while I lie still and rest;

And straight there cometh over me a strange and pleasant feeling
Of childhood's days of joyousness, when I was happy, blest.

Anon a mournful cadence of melancholy sweetness,
Like the weird strains from some Eolian harp,

Comes from the noble instrument; then, with a fickle fleetness,
She strikes some minor chords again, stridulous and sharp.

And sometimes my musician, who hath seen but two lustres,
Playeth a grand psalm, majestic, full of peace;

And I see the Promised Land, the wine-press, and the clusters
Of the True Vine, high in Heaven; then it all doth cease.

Oh! my little maiden, a gracious gift God gave thee,
When those sweet, sad harmonies He taught thy hands to play;
There is a soul in music, and perchance it may be
That we shall hear it in the realms of Everlasting Day.

Like Israel's sweet psalmist, who can tell the sorrow
Thou may'st, with thy heaven-born gift, cause to pass away?
Many a sufferer, ere 'tis night, wisheth for the morrow,
And the ministry of music caseth pain away.

"I like those verses very much; they are signed 'W. E. P.'"

"Oh! they are by my grandfather; he died about five years ago, and was one of the Cornish poets."

"Indeed; and who was little Edith?"

"Here she is, let her speak for herself," the Doctor said, as Asellya entered the room. "You must excuse me," he added, "I have to go over the water to Polvethan, to see a patient for Dr. French, who wants my advice."

Lord Esme looked up admiringly at the fair girl who came in, and who colored a little under his ardent gaze.

"And so you have been immortalized under the name of Edith?"

"Oh!" said she, "did you not know my name was Edith?"

"Now, how should I, when they never call you so?"

"Well, it is my first name; but grandmamma, who was a Trevennen, and who was very proud of her Cornish descent, would have me called by a Cornish name."

"Pardon me if I prefer the Saxon."

"Do you? What shocking bad taste. How do you like Miss Rowatt's name?" she asked.

"What is it?"

"Jenefer."

"Don't care about it or her, whom I met in Wessex; though I like her brother."

"Why, I thought you admired her very much; and I was quite——"

Then she stopped short; she was going to add, "jealous," but she thought it would look too much like appropriating her cousin's friend, which she certainly had no intention of doing; so she added, "I was quite sure you would like anyone whose name was the same as your yacht and King Arthur's Queen."

"What, Guinevere?"

"Yes. Jenefer is only the modern corruption of Guinevere."

"Do you admire Tennyson?"

"I love the 'Idylls of the King.'"

"And do you believe in King Arthur, Geraint, and all the rest of them?"

"Do I not? Why, King Arthur was born at Tintagel, only thirty miles from here; and Geraint is buried to the westward about the same distance from us, in a golden coffin shaped like a boat, with silver oars."

"Then I suppose you are romantic and poetical?"

"Am I not a Cornishwoman?"

CHAPTER VII.

HOW LORD ESME BECAME AN M.P.

Three years have rolled away. St. Mervin stands as it did, in no whit changed, except that one or two new