

ing whether he could ever bring her into order, and make her "stand firm"—was he meditating the form of some new promise for her to take? winding in the ends of free action into a new knot which she was to draw tight? But (so circumstances do) it did not terrify her much, if he was; what did try her, was to see him stand there wearing such a face, and to feel that in some way she was the cause of it. So she stood looking at him, not quite knowing all there was in her own face the while; and began to feel tired, and moved a soft step back again, and rested her hand on the great chair.

"Mr. Rollo"—she ventured,—“you never used to mind telling me of any—ways—of mine which you did not like; or—things—I had done. And I suppose I can bear it just as well now. Though that is not saying much, I am afraid.”

At her first word he had looked up, and when she had finished, came and put her into the big chair and sat down beside it. She dared not look at him now; his eyes were snapping with fun.

"What is all this?" he said. "What do you want me to tell you, Wych?"

"I thought—Nothing," she said rather hastily retreating within herself again. "But I did not quite understand you, Mr. Rollo."

"What do you consider the proper thing to do, when you do not understand me?"

A little inarticulate sound seemed to say that the course might vary in different cases. "Generally," said Hazel, "I wait and puzzle it out by myself."

"I would always like to help you."

She laughed a little, shyly, as if asking help were quite another matter, especially about unknown things. But pondering this one minute—it looked so harmless,—out it came in Hazel's usual abrupt fashion.

"What you said about 'comfort' Mr. Rollo,—I did not suppose you had ever wanted comfort in your life."

"Didn't you?"—He did not want much just now!

"Well, what did you mean?"

"You suppose that I have been in a contented state of mind all summer for instance?"

"The point in hand is, why you are less contented to-day," said Hazel preserving her gravity.

"What made you faint at Gyda's?—and why have you slept three whole days since?" he said gravely. "You had better not bring it up, Wych, or I shall want comfort again."

"Oh—these three days?" said Hazel. "I have just been having my own way; as I told Mr. Falkirk; and it has agreed with me splendidly. It was no doing of mine, to send for Dr. Maryland—but Byo always fidgets over me."

"And the fainting?—and the walk over the hill? over rough and smooth, where your little feet must have had a hard time of it;—and you laid it up against me?"

"What had Gyda told him? Not that, for that was not true. But what? Hazel's head drooped lower."

"Mr. Rollo," she said seriously, "if you do not cure yourself of your habit of making statements, some day you will acquire the habit of making mistakes."

"No, I shall not," he said coolly. "You will not let me."

If there were one, Hazel made no attempt to correct it; having no mind just then to deal with any of his mistakes, in any shape; remembering so exactly what some of them had been. So she sat very still, looking down at the two small folded hands, and wondering to herself if Mr. Rollo had cross-questioned Gyda? if he meant to cross-question her?—and if he did, where should she hide? That fainting, that walk across the hill—even now, with three long days of oblivion between, and the sorrow and the doubt all pushed aside; even she could hardly bear the recollection; and just caught the deep sigh that was coming, and shut her lips, tight, and kept it back.

And that was what had troubled him! The colour flitted and changed in her cheeks, in the sort of *live* way Wych Hazel's colour had, and then the brown eyes gave a swift sidelong glance, to see what the owner of the grey ones was about!

He was studying her, as if he had a mind to find out all her thoughts in their secret hiding-places. But his attention was now diverted to something in his fingers, which he was unfolding and unwrapping; and presently he took one of the little folded hands, the left one, and upon the forefinger a ring set with a very large emerald. The ring fitted; the stone was superb. Rollo laid the little hand, so beringed, in his own palm, and looked at it there; then his eye met Hazel's with a bright, sweet, peculiar smile.

"We shall never misunderstand each other again, Wych! Shall we?"

It was queer, to see the colour recede and get out of sight, as if gathering strength for its vivid return. But Hazel did not look at him, nor at the ring, nor at anything,—did not see anything, probably, just then. She caught her breath a little, finding her words one by one—

"But—I—never—misunderstood—you," she said.

"Would you like to stand an examination on that point?"

Hazel considered a little.

"I thought just now you objected to them. However, it will be necessary for me to make a good many, sooner or later, just to make sure that you know what you are about in marrying

me. But to begin with this emerald.—Do you know what it means?"

It did not occur to the girl, as she went on a foray after her thoughts, that she had no immediate intention of marrying anybody! But to use her own words, that was not the point in hand.

"Means?" she repeated,—which of all the five hundred and forty things that it meant did Mr. Rollo wish to have set forth!—"But you are to make statements—not ask questions," she said.

"It is an old jewel that I have had reset for you. I preferred it to a diamond, because it is a finer stone than any diamond in my possession, and because of the meaning, as I said. In the description of John's vision in the Revelation, it is said 'there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.'—In Ezekiel's vision the word is, 'as the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain.'"

Partly shielding her face with her other hand, Hazel sat studying the ring, her eyes intent and grave and wide open as a child's.

"What does the rainbow mean?" he asked.

"It was a promise against desolation—at first," she slowly; very unconsciously betraying what already the emerald was to her.

"The promise was against desolation—the bow was the sign for the faithfulness of the promise. Where is your Bible?"

He went on, talking purposely to let Hazel find her composure, for he saw she was scarcely able to take her part in any conversation. So he went on. He knew she was listening.

"Do you see?—the rainbow 'like unto an emerald'—the rainbow 'round about the throne,'—that is the same as, 'thy faithfulness round about thee,' O Lord, . . . who is like unto Thee, or to thy faithfulness round about Thee?"

So that is what the emerald means;—faithfulness. First, your faith and mine; and then, the strength and repose of that other faithfulness, which is round us both; in which—we will both walk, Hazel, shall we not?"

He could not tell what she was thinking of. Not of him, apparently, for the look on the face was far away, as if thought had followed his words out of sight; yet more to something past than towards other things to come. So leaning her head on her hand she sat, and then—still full of her thought—looked up at him, the same child's look of intentness, with words all ready on her lips.

"Then in those days," she began—But then came the sudden recollection of whom she was speaking to, and what a stranger he was, and that he was not a stranger at all; with probably some quick realization of what she was going to say; for the scarlet flushed up all over her face again, and her head went down on her hand, and she was silent.

"What 'in those days,'—I want the rest of it."

"O, the rest of it is more than you think," said Hazel. "And it is a great way off. I should have to take you miles and miles. And would rather—not."

He smiled at her, seeing the beautiful shyness that did not separate her from him, but only put such a bloom on the fruit—such a fragrance on the flower. He was content. The freedom and fearlessness of older affection would come in time, and it would be pleasant to see it come. He would not hurry her; indeed, as he once had told her he never asked for what he could not have, so neither did he care for what was enforced in the giving. Better a free smile than a kiss bestowed to order. He saw now that she was hardly ready for many things he had it in his heart to say. He could wait. The readiness was there, only latent. He played with the hand and the ring while he was thinking these things.

But now all through the old house rang out the sweet bugle call; signal for luncheon. No bells, as has been remarked, were heard at Chickaree. Just a moment's hesitation came over the young mistress, with visions of Dingee and possibilities of Mr. Falkirk, and one glance at her ring. Then she turned to Mr. Rollo, giving her timid invitation as she rose up.

"You will come?" she said,—and flitted off quick to lead the way, having no sort of mind to go in state. Rollo followed more slowly, smiling to himself.

"Do you often have company from the cottage at this time?" he inquired when he had again caught up with Wych Hazel in the dining-room.

"Sometimes—but I gave Mr. Falkirk such a talk at breakfast that I shall hardly see him again before dinner. Dingee, where is the coffee? You know Mr. Rollo never touches chocolate."

"Know *dat* sertain," said Dingee; "but as' Rollo come in so—"

"Go fetch the coffee," said Hazel, cutting him short.

Rollo remarked as he seated himself at the table, that he "didn't feel as if he could stand Mr. Falkirk to-day."

"He is very much the same as on most days," said Hazel. "I thought you always rather enjoyed 'standing' him, Mr. Rollo?"

"It is becoming necessary for me to make so many statements," said Rollo, "that I am getting puzzled. I am very sorry for Mr. Falkirk. What sort of a talk did you give him?"

"Mr. Falkirk was so uncommonly glad to see me, that I should have been all sugar and cream if he had not beset me with business. As it was, I am afraid I—wasn't."

"Not my business?"

"Your business? The mills?"

"Our business then."

"Hush!—No! I have not got any," said Hazel, whose spirits and daring were beginning to stir just a little bit once more, though she felt a little frightened at herself when the words were out. "Mr. Falkirk wanted to know my sovereign pleasure about retaking the house we had last winter."

"I am very sorry for Mr. Falkirk!" Rollo repeated gravely. "Do you think—by and by, when we have been married a year or two, and he is accustomed to it,—we could get him to come and make home with us?"

Hazel looked at him for a second, as if he took her breath away; but then she looked at nothing else—or did not see it, which came to the same thing,—for some time. Dingee appeared with baskets and bouquets, after the old fashion, which had grown to be an established one at Chickaree; and his mistress looked at them and ordered them away, and read the cards, and did not know what names she read. But in all the assortment of beauties there never a rose one bit sweeter or fresher than the face that bent down over them.

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS ENGLISH PRINTERS.

The better title would be "Famous Printers of English," for many of Caxton's successors were foreigners. And, perhaps, this may account for Caxton's own persistency in announcing his own nationality. He learned his art abroad, and when he died it was chiefly foreign craftsmen who took it up and perpetuated it. And thus we get German, Norman, and Belgian names on the title-pages of the old volumes. In these early books the printer comes before us as an artist, and not as a craftsman. His work is often more interesting than his author. He became, in effect, a patron of literature. He had to make a good and wise selection, for the printing of a volume was no trifling investment. Thus printer and author go side by side, as publisher and author have gone in later days. Caxton and Chaucer are associated as indissolubly as Scott and Constable or Byron and Murray. Most of these old books were what we should call standard, and many of them were law books. Thus, William of Machlinia is chiefly known as the printer of the first edition of "Littleton's Tenures." It is a small folio volume, printed in a coarse gothic letter, without a date, but issued from their office, known to have been near All Hallows Church.

But the most eminent of Caxton's successors was Wynkyn de Worde. He was probably an apprentice, certainly an assistant, of our English printer, worked with him at Westminster, and issued books from the same office after his death. Like Caxton, he was a master in his craft, and introduced many improvements in the new invention. His works are admirable for their neatness and elegance. He designed and cut his own punches, sinking them into matrices and casting his own letters. He was a man of enterprise as well as of taste and education. The catalogue of his issues is known to have included at least 508 examples, of which the most notable is the "Polychronicon." As we have seen, William de Machlinia publishing the first edition of a law book, still quoted in our courts, so Wynkyn de Worde is associated with a school-book of which all scholars and students have at least heard. This is the famous "Lilye's Grammar." There is now no extant copy of the work with the printer's name to it, but a contemporary work of Whittington was repeatedly printed by him. Indeed, most of his books are what we should call educational. Books were then printed for scholars, not for the circulating library, and De Worde's catalogue is largely made of "Accidences," "Lucidaries," "Orchards of Words"—a phrase somewhat analogous to the Latin *anthologia*—and "Promptuaries for Little Children."

A contemporary of De Worde, and a fellow workman with him in Caxton's office, was Richard Pynson, a Norman by birth, and the introducer of that useful series of works which form the basis of subsequent "Year Books," as they were called by him, and still retain his title. Here, again, we find education to be the chief motive of issue. The first treatise on arithmetic published in this country was printed by Pynson—the date 1522, the title "Libri 4 de arte supputandi," and the author one of the first mathematicians of the age, Tonstall, Bishop of London. Pynson styled himself "King's Printer" on his title-pages, but though his successor held a patent, it is not believed that any previous right of that kind had been given by the Crown. The new art was, however, not to be confined to the capital. The men of letters in those days were the bishops and ecclesiastics, and soon all the great cities set up their printing offices and published their issues. But it is notable how the master printer was generally a foreigner. One of the most eminent of them was Peter de Trier, a native of the town now generally known as Trèves, who started his office at the south side of the Thames, where he published Latin works of Cato and Erasmus. From this time presses began to be freely set up. The universities—Canterbury, Norwich, Tavistock—became great centres of this kind of trade, and it is recorded that in 1538, when Cardinal Wolsey visited his native town, he commemorated the visit by establishing a printing-office at Ipswich.

Scotland soon followed in the wake of England, and Ireland came last. Ireland was in

fact the last European country—unless we can call Russia a European country in the 16th century—which received the art of printing. A volume of the Book of Common Prayer, printed in Dublin so late as 1551, is the first Irish book, and this was followed by a liturgy for the use of the Scottish Highlanders printed in the Irish character. The interest of these publications has been chiefly their antiquity. They are curious and archaeological. Clearness and beauty of type came afterwards. In that department our printers have certainly been surpassed by foreigners—Aldus, Elzevir, and even Didot being superior. One of our greatest names is John Baskerville, whose publications are still occasionally to be picked cheap on the London bookstalls. He was no tradesman in his craft, but spared neither pains nor money to make his work worthy of his name. Printing with him was in fact what Walter Shandy would have called his hobby-horse. He is said to have spent £600 before he could get a single letter which came up to his own standard of excellence, and he had invested thousands in the business before he could make it pay. In fact, with him it was not a business, but an art. He did not adopt it to make, but spend money already made. His issues have very much the same kind of excellence as compared with contemporary and subsequent prints that Josiah Wedgwood's plates and vases have with reference to their modern rivals. He saw to everything himself. He manufactured his own printing ink, presses, moulds. Though he was a wealthy man he was not ashamed of the trade which he had adopted. In fact, it was not a trade for him, but an occupation. On the panels of his carriage he had caused to be painted a series of the different processes in printing. His chief excellence was in the construction of his italic letters. They are thought by judges to stand unrivalled for freedom and symmetry. Many of his books were printed from silver types, and thus gained a delicacy which makes the paper almost like vellum. We shall scarcely again have such a printer. The man was an eccentric; found his reward, not in what he made by his books, but in what he made them. He died at the beginning of this century, and ordered that he should be buried in his own garden, and his dying wish was respected. Since his day science has been busy in invention and its application to art, but his work holds its place still. We have had greater printers, but we have scarcely had better printed books.

ARTISTIC.

MR. MILLAIS has almost finished his portrait of Mr. Carlyle, and it is suggested that so important and interesting a work should be acquired by the trustees of the National Gallery for the nation.

THE excavations undertaken by the German Government in Olympus continue to give the most satisfactory results. The latest object found is a statue by Praxiteles: a Mercury in *maestà* holding under its arm a young Bacchus.

A DISTINGUISHED artist is painting for Baroness Burdett Coutts a series of sketches of Mr. Henry Irving in his various characters on the stage. The portraits of Mr. Irving in the *Courier of Lyons*, as seen in the shop windows, are very curious—the one on the right of the spectator reminds one of "Leech."

AN interesting discovery has been made by the contractor for the erection of the buildings for the new cemetery at Keynsham. About three feet below the surface an ancient Roman floor was found intact. All the stones, which are of the white lias formation, are exactly an inch square, and appear to have been laid with a kind of cement, some of which is still adhering to the stones.

HUMOROUS.

ONE of the most common spectacles on the street just now is a young man with a long duster, a carpet-bag, and some borrowed money, speeding away to spend his vacation in the country.

THE gleam of joy that illumines a man's face as he feels in his vest-pocket and thinks he has got just one match left to light his cigarette with, is only equalled by the look of dire despair that settles upon his brow when he finds that that match is only a second-hand toothpick.

A SPLENDID item about a man getting kicked all to pieces by a horse recently, was utterly spoiled by the carelessness of the man himself, who climbed into the haymow and stayed there until the horse quit kicking, and yet a cold world may blame the reporter for this.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* keeps up the mark it has already made as, not merely the only illustrated weekly published in the Dominion, but one of the best in the world. The number for last week contains a full family group, "Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the members of the Royal Family." Every one desirous of possessing this magnificent picture should order the *Illustrated News* of last week.—*Shertrooke Gazette*.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Lily's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMORE, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.