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SEYMOUR had lost one fortune, and had come into another fortune. His loss was money ; his gain was time. But, as he thought, money is valueless : time is the only possession that reasoning men should call wealth. He had sufficient time now for everything—time to work all day in the fields ; and yet time for reading, writing, thinking ; and, above all else, time for love. He could scarce understand it. While he was hurrying to and fro, piling up the futilities, he had not a moment to spare—he felt bankrupt in time. Now he felt that he would never run short of it. And this is the difference between reality and futility, between true work and sham work. A man will easily and contentedly construct a mile of railway, fight a campaign, or rescue some ice-bound explorers at the North Pole, while another is laboriously and painfully getting up a Hunt Ball, adjusting the dispute of the squire and the parson, or tracing the thief who robbed the orchard of half a bushel of apples—and that is because the first is solid work, and the second is futility.

Then freely spending this new fortune, Seymour managed his wife's estate wisely and well. He reclaimed her yellow marshes, he drove back her purple moors, he wrestled with her silvery snakish foe, the treacherous river. He made embankments, sluices, dikes, and culverts for her ; he won dry ground, firm pasture, fair crops for her out of quag and chaos ; he built houses and schools for her ; he guarded and trained and taught her people committed to his charge. And thence onward, through the years, this was his full and yet leisured life.

Ample time for the bailiff's task, and time for all else.—He wrote again : minor poetry of a firm but musical note, letters to *The Times*, long articles for the reviews. He had found time at last really to look after those four sons of his brother, to play his promised part of guardian and adviser with purpose