

of effect, and a further examination will show that they have been increased in width and length over and over again, but no addition has been made to the height; and if we compare the beautiful little churches of Patricksbourne, the Hospital Church at Harbledown, Barfreston, etc., we shall see that these small churches, which are beautifully proportioned, are quite as lofty as the large churches. Where, as was the case at Chartham and Wingham, the churches were rebuilt in the fourteenth century, the height is in better keeping with the length and width. Unfortunately, the monastic churches in Kent have for the most part disappeared; probably when they were perfect the county would have held its own against others as a field for the study of ecclesiastical architecture. However, we are considering in these articles rather the parochial churches

and their towers as showing the condition of the people, and must therefore only refer to monastic churches where they throw some special light upon the question. Now with regard to the towers of the Kentish churches, we notice at once a peculiarity which is very remarkable: as a rule they are very broad and massive, but are scarcely ever lofty. The early examples are adorned with arcades and are fairly elaborate; they were, and some still are, capped with low wooden spires covered with lead or shingles of stone, but most frequently with wood shingles; a shingle is a small thin slab nailed on to the framework like a slate. There are no stone spires in the county. It cannot be denied that the Kentish towers are very striking, but they often look like buildings erected for purposes of defence: no doubt to a certain extent this was the case, as the county

was particularly exposed to invasion from its extensive coast line. Though, however, the appearance of a castellated structure is common to so many Kentish church towers, the details are generally elegant and refined, showing a high state of civilisation. The example which we illustrate from a sketch carefully made on the spot is that of Lyminge, and it is certainly a very characteristic specimen of a Kentish tower.

Of course there is one remarkable exception, and that is the stately central tower of the cathedral at Canterbury: this is undoubtedly one of the most graceful towers ever erected, and is a masterpiece of exquisite proportion; it has, however, no local character about it, and seems far more akin to the towers of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire than those of Kent.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next few months did not pass very happily for Beattie. She was rather restless and unsettled. She neither heard nor saw anything of Mr. Musgrove. He had theories of life which she could not understand. His proposal had been one of the rare occasions when he had acted on impulse. The result had chilled his unwonted ardour, and he would not give himself the chance of again losing his self-control. Beattie had said, "wait a year;" very well. If at the end of that time there was a possibility of ultimate rejection the less he saw of her the better. At any rate he did not care to be at her mercy under the circumstances in which he found himself at Crabsley. Beattie's power over him was exercised far more when he was with her than in absence; for the sort of fascination she possessed was due to her personal attractiveness. He knew he could not long be offended with her if he remained in her society. He had taken his holiday in Norway, but Beattie knew that he was in London again as soon as she herself.

Mrs. Swannington had had a chill, the result of which had been to bring on an indisposition that made her for a wonder irritable and fractious. She had not yet forgiven Beattie, and on the girl she now vented the ill-humour, for which she was not entirely responsible, but which she made no attempt to restrain. She had to lie down several hours each day, and she took it amiss if her niece did not keep her company for the greater part of the time. Beattie, who hated inaction, and felt it more keenly after the free outdoor life she had just quitted, was, though naturally sweet-tempered, sometimes rather cross towards the end of this confinement, and did not always meet her unkind remarks in the cheerful and forgiving spirit which she would otherwise have shown. And as Aunt Ella was not a person who could bear to be contradicted, there were occasional little quarrels which did neither of them any good, and tended to

widen the barrier which had imperceptibly begun to separate them. Mrs. Swannington turned for protection and sympathy to her husband. She was not able to throw off any little annoyances as she would have done if she had been well and could divert herself with the usual distractions, and so she made much of trifles, and brooded on them, and when Mr. Swannington came home he was bound to hear complaints of his niece. He dared not side with her, for the only occasion on which he did so, or rather laughed and tried to make light of Beattie's offence, Mrs. Swannington got into such a state that he resolved never to waver in his allegiance again. He realised, as he had not hitherto done, his wife's capacity for jealousy, and he loved his own peace and comfort far too well to risk rousing it. So poor Beattie began to feel more and more that she was an outsider in her home, and to dread lest the happy times were over.

But even so she had far too much spirit to marry Cecil or anyone else, because she was not quite as comfortable as she had been. Only she found herself getting fonder of him. Unlike him, absence increased rather than decreased her liking. She began to idealise him, to forget anything in him that dissatisfied her, and to dwell upon that which pleased her. But what chiefly drew her to him was the fear lest she had made him suffer, lest in her ignorance she had underrated his affection for herself. Her aunt and uncle (and the words of the latter had much weight with her) had both expressed their belief in his love. And Beattie had not realised that in refusing to regard him yet as her future husband she would immediately lose touch with him in the way she had done. She began to regard the affair from his (imaginary) point of view, and as just then she had more time for dreaming and speculating on the matter than was good for her, she found her own gradually changing.

Mrs. Gilman was also an unconscious agent in guiding Beattie's mind.

Beattie called there one day to take a doll she had been dressing for Eva. She had seen it in a shop, and thought it like the little girl herself, and had had the idea of dressing it in clothes exactly like those which Eva was wearing that autumn. Eva was greatly delighted, and Mrs. Gilman, who was drawn to anyone who was kind to her child, insisted on Beattie, after she had a promised game with the little girl, spending the evening with herself. She sent a message to Mrs. Swannington, and Beattie, who had left a somewhat stormy atmosphere, was not loth to accept her invitation.

Beattie was not the sort of person who cared to air her grievances, but there was a subject on which she found herself speaking. A day or two ago Norah Gilman had written to her and asked her to spend a little time with her. Beattie, glad at the prospect of a change, had eagerly carried the letter to her aunt and asked permission to go to her friend. To her surprise Mrs. Swannington at once and firmly refused her consent, giving no reason except that she did not wish it. The refusal seemed to Beattie very arbitrary. She had no engagements. There was no cause that could possibly be alleged unless it were the state of her aunt's health, which would probably be better when the time came for going. It had been understood that this visit would one day take place, and Mrs. Swannington had always professed to rather approve of the friendship between the girls.

She was much irritated by Beattie's persistency in desiring reasons.

"I wish the invitation refused, and that is enough," she said. "If you do not mean to obey me you had better not remain under my care."

Ordinarily Mrs. Swannington would have had no objection whatever to Beattie's accepting it. But she knew that Norah's home was also that of the Anstruthers. She could not be certain that Michael had returned to Paris, and if he and Beattie met who knew what complications would arise? Not that