

'I fain would climb but that I fear to fall.'

"Yes," said she, "and Queen Elizabeth wrote underneath—

'Who fears to rise had best not climb at all.
Was not that it?'"

"Penhaligon, give me a help up, will you," said the young lord, with a look full of meaning at his fair cousin.

"Certainly, why not?"

Diggory had already clambered up, had got to the first storey, climbed up the stairs into the second storey, and stood for a moment at the doorway with the moon full upon him.

Lord Esme followed. It was dangerous work. The stones were old and loose; five hundred years had not steadied the structure, and a false step on a broken stair would probably prove fatal.

However, they got down again quite safely, until Lord Esme called out to his friend Penhaligon that he was going to jump from the lower storey, about ten feet. Before they could warn him not to do so he had leaped down, missed his footing on the jagged rock below, and would probably have rolled over into the water had not Asellya caught him. When they raised him his head was bleeding, and they found he had severely sprained his ankle. Miss Penhaligon looked pale as death, but was quite composed; whilst Miss Pentreath, who was generally supposed to be the strong-minded one, gave a little scream.

They helped him up the cliff with great difficulty, and intended to take him up to Mr. Pentreath's, but when they got into the road they met a trap which had just been taking some tourists to lodgings at Harbor-terrace, close by, and Dr. Penhaligon insisted that his friend, who he considered was his patient, should be taken to the Rectory.

It was a very bad sprain, and Lord Esme had to lie on the sofa for six or eight days, but as Asellya sometimes read or played to him, and lent him

her album to look at, in which she had painted some wild flowers exquisitely, which he admired, or said he did, very much, the time did not seem to hang very heavily on them; and they were left, either by accident or design, very much to themselves. Probably the former, as Mrs. Penhaligon worked a good deal in the parish, and the Rector was as frequently absent.

"Do you like these things," he said to her, pointing to a group of armors she had painted very cleverly and naturally.

"What! lords and ladies? Yes, very much."

"In real life?" he asked.

"I only know one lord," she said, archly.

"And do you like him?"

"I shall not tell you," she answered, as she left the room.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEAD POET.

"Penhaligon, who wrote these lines?" said Lord Esme, a day or two after, to his friend, who had just bandaged his foot afresh for him.

"What lines?"

"I will read them;" and the young lord read, with great feeling, the following:—

TO LITTLE EDITH.

(From the Chicago Voice of Masonry.)

In the evening twilight I know a little maiden
Who loves to sit and play to me when I
am very tired;
And whether they are airs she heard in
some far distant Aiden,
Or whether by musician's skill she hath
been now inspired—

I know not, but the art divine is in her
slender fingers,
And the light of genius is surely in her
eyes;
And I listen to the music as it slowly
lingers,
And, dreaming, watch my little rose-bud
with a glad surprise.