

himself, "and I daresay is as much the fault of an overworked brain as an actual affair of the heart. Who can tell what form a man's punishment may take if he drives the intellectual steam-engine just a little too hard? The truth is, I want more rest and complete change. I wish to Heaven I could get away to the Tyrol; but that's impossible, I am bound and bound foot, unless I like to fly in the face of fortune, and offend Augusta Vallory."

He did not fly in the face of fortune. He went out in the Airon on the next day and the next, and even rode Weston's chestnut mare in the dusty lanes, to oblige Miss Vallory, while the owner of the beast sat in an office, where the thermometer was at seventy-five, writing rough drafts of letters to be copied by inferior hands, and interviewing important clients. They went to Pevensey Castle together, and dined at the ruined walls. They went to Beachy Head, and heard wondrous stories of distressed barques and rescued cargoes, from the guardians of the point. They got rid of the days in a manner that ought to have been delightful to both of them, since they were almost always together, and Mr. Walgrave made himself more agreeable than usual. This lasted for about ten days; but at the end of the tenth he discovered suddenly that he must go back to Cardiumm *ceruus* Cardiumm, and stuff his brain with *oreoprecendens*; nor would he listen to any arguments which Miss Vallory could urge to detain him. She submitted ultimately, and made no avow of her regret; but she really was grieved and disappointed, for she was fonder of him than she cared to let him see.

CHAPTER XV.

"DOST THOU LOOK BACK ON WHAT HATH BEEN?"

After Hubert Walgrave's departure, the entire story of Grace Redmayne's life could be told in three words: "He was gone." She abandoned herself utterly to the bitterness of regret. She went to and fro by day, and lay down to rest at night, with one great sorrow in her heart—a childish grief perhaps at the worst, but none the less bitter to this childish soul. Nor had she any friendly ear into which to pour her woes. On the contrary, she had to keep perpetual watch and ward over herself, lest she should betray her foolish secret. It was the old story of the worm in the bud, and the damask cheek soon began to grow wan and pale. So changed and haggard, indeed—so faded from her nymph-like beauty did the girl become, that even Mrs. James Redmayne's un sentimental eyes perceived the difference; and that worthy matron told her husband, with some anxiety of tone, that their niece must be ill.

"She's going the way of her poor mother, I'm afraid, Jim," she said. "She's fainted dead off more than once since that evening in Clevedon Glaise. I let her do a hand's turn in the dairy the day before yesterday; for she gets restless and fretful sometimes, for want of work—loping about all day, reading novels or playing the piano. It was light work enough—making up a bit of butter into swags—for it isn't likely I'd give her anything heavy to do; but when she'd been standing in the dairy half an hour or so, she went off all of a sudden as white as a sheet of paper, and I hadn't gone flat down on the bricks, if I would't caught her in my arms; and a regular bother I had to bring her round too. Depend upon it, Mr. Humphreys was right, and there's something wrong with her heart."

"Poor little lass!" murmured the farmer tenderly. He remembered his niece when she had been indeed a little lass, and had sat upon his knee peering into the mysteries of a turquois silver watch—a fragile flower-like child, who used to touch tenderly with his big clumsy hands, as if she had been an exotic. "Poor little lass! seems hard though, Hannah, if there's anything amiss. She's so young, and so bright, and so pretty—as personable a young woman as you can see between this and Turnbridge. And there's her father working for her over yonder. I think it would clean break Rick's heart if he were to come back and find Grace missing. We'd best do something, hadn't we, Hannah take her up to some London doctor, eh?"

"We might do that," Mrs. Redmayne answered thoughtfully, "if the hops are gathered. I could not spare a day between this and then, if it was a matter of life and death, as you may say; and thank God it isn't that! The girl ain't strong, and she's subject to fainting-fits; but there mayn't be anything serious in it, after all."

"You must take her up to London, Hannah, to see some topsawyer of a doctor, as soon as ever the hopping's over."

"I don't mind doing that. It's no use fidgetting ourselves with Mr. Humphreys' fancies. If you've got a sick headache, he looks at you as solemn as if he was thinking of giving a hint to the undertaker."

"I say, mother," Mr. James Redmayne remarked to his spouse, after a pause, "you don't think the girl's got anything on her mind, do you? She ain't fretting about anything, is she?"

"Fretting about anything! Mercy's sakes, what's she got to fret about? All her victuals found for her, and no need to soil the tips of her fingers, unless she likes. She's never known a trouble in her life, except her father leaving her; and she's got the better of that ever so long. What can put such rubbish into your head, father?"

"Well, I don't know; girls are apt to have fancies, you see. There was that chap Mr. Walgrave, for instance, hanging about her, and talking to her a good deal, and on. He may have put some foolish notions into her head—may have flattered her a bit perhaps, and made her think he was in love with her."

Mr. Redmayne made these observations in a dubious tone, and with a somewhat guilty feeling about in his own conduct during that one week of his wife's absence. He had left those two so entirely free to follow their own devices, while he made the most of his brief span of liberty. The partner of his fortunes took him up sharply.

replied submissively; "only I don't like to see Gracey hanging her head—it don't seem natural."

"It's weakness, that's what it is, James. If she'd only drink the hop-ten I make her, she'd pick up her strength fast enough. There's nothing finer than a tumbler of hop-ten every morning; but girls are so obstinate, and think that physic ought to be as sweet as sugar-plums."

So the discussion ended. Grace's health seemed variable. She looked brighter on some days than on others; made little efforts, in fact, to still her sorrow; put on an appearance of life and gaiety; and then relapsed and gave way altogether. When questioned by her aunt or uncle, she said she had a headache—they could never extort more from her than that. Once good-natured James Redmayne took her aside, and asked her, with simple earnestness that touched her keenly, if there were any trouble on her mind; but she answered him very much as her aunt had done on her behalf: "What could there be to trouble her?"

"You are all so kind to me, dear uncle James," she said; "and if my father were only at home, I ought to be as happy as any girl in Kent."

It was rather a vague answer, but to James Redmayne it seemed a sufficient one. He went in to his wife with an air of mingled wisdom and triumph.

"I've got to the bottom of it all, mother," he said. "Gracey's still fretting for her father; she owned as much to me just now."

"More fool she, then?" exclaimed Mrs. James, who did not approve of confidence being reposed in her husband which had not been offered to her. "Fretting won't bring Richard home a day the sooner, or earn him an ounce of gold-dust to bring back with him. She'd better drink my hop-ten, and keep up her health and good looks, so as to do him credit when he does come."

To be continued.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER VIII AND LAST.

And so Tom journeyed along toward the other-end-of-Nowhere, and the strange adventures he met with, and the wonderful sights he beheld would fill a bigger volume than you ever saw.

And at last, he saw before him a huge building, much bigger, and—what is most surprising—a little uglier than a certain new lunatic asylum, but not built quite of the same materials. None of it, at least—or, indeed, for aught that I ever saw, any part of any other building whatsoever—is enclosed with nine-inch brick inside and out, and filled up with rubble between the walls, in order that any gentleman who has been confined during her Majesty's pleasure may be unconfined during his own pleasure, and take a walk in the neighbouring park to improve his spirits, after an hour's light and wholesome labour with his dinner-fork or one of the legs of his iron bedstead. No. The walls of this building were built on an entirely different principle, which need not be described, as it has not yet been discovered.

Tom walked toward this great building, wondering what it was, and having a strange fancy that he might find Mr. Grimes inside it, till he saw running toward him, and shouting "Stop! stop!" three or four people, who, when they came nearer, were nothing else than policemen's truncheons, running along without legs or arms. Tom was not astonished. He was long passed that. Besides, he had seen the navvies in the water move nobody knows how, a hundred times, without arms, or legs, or anything to stand in their stead. Neither was he frightened; for he had been doing so harm.

So he stopped; and when the foremost truncheon came up and asked his business, he showed Mother Cary's pass; and the truncheon looked at it in the oddest fashion; for he had one eye in the middle of his upper end, so that when he looked at anything, being quite still, he had to slope himself, and poke himself, till it was a wonder why he did not tumble over; but, being quite full of the spirit of justice (as all policemen, and their truncheons, ought to be), he was always in a position of stable equilibrium, whichever way he put himself.

"All right—pass on," said he at last. And then he added: "I had better go with you, young man." And Tom had no objection, for such company was both respectable and safe; so the truncheon colled its thing neatly round its handle, to prevent tripping itself up—for the thing had got loose in running—and marched on by Tom's side.

"Why have you no policeman to carry you?" asked Tom, after a while.

"Because we are not like those chimney-made truncheons in the land-world, which cannot go without having a whole man to carry them about. We do our own work for ourselves; and do it very well, though I say it who should not."

"Then why have you a thing to your handle?" asked Tom.

"To hang ourselves up by, of course, when we are off duty."

Tom had got his answer, and had no more to say, till they came up to the great iron door of the prison. And there the truncheon knocked twice, with his own head.

A wicket in the door opened, and out looked a tremendous old brass blunderbuss charged up to the muzzle with slugs, who was the porter; and Tom started back a little at the sight of him.

"What case is this?" he asked in a deep voice, out of his broad bell mouth.

"If you please, sir, it is no case; only a young gentleman from her ladyship, who wants to see Grimes, the master-sweep."

"Grimes?" said the blunderbuss. And he pulled in his muzzle, perhaps to look over his prison-bars. "Grimes is up chimney No. 315," he said from inside. "So the young gentleman had better go on to the roof."

So they stalked along over the leads, and very soothly they were, and Tom thought the chimney-men must want swooning very much. But he was surprised to see that the soot did not stick to his feet, or dirty them in the least. Neither did the live coals, which were lying about in plenty, burn him; for, being a water-baby, his radical humours were of moist and cold nature, so you may read at large in Lemnins, Cushman, Van Helmont, and other gentlemen, who knew as much as they could, and no man can do more.

And at last they came to chimney No. 315. Out of the top of it, his head and shoulders just showing, stuck poor Mr. Grimes; so sooty, and black, and ugly, that Tom could hardly bear to look at him. And in his mouth was a pipe; but it was not a light, though he was pulling at it with all his might.

"Attention, Mr. Grimes," said the truncheon; "here is a gentleman come to see you."

But Mr. Grimes only said bad words; and kept grumbling. "My pipe won't draw. My pipe won't draw."

"Keep a civil tongue, and attend!" said the truncheon; and popped up just like Punch, hitting Grimes such a crack over the head with itself, that his brains rattled inside like a dried walnut in his shell. He tried to get his hands out, and rub the place; but he could not, for they were stuck fast in the chimney.

Now he was forced to attend.

"He's no use," said the truncheon, leaning itself up against the chimney, and looking on. "I tell you, it is no use. His heart is so cold that it freezes everything that comes near him. You will see that presently, plain enough."

"Oh, of course, it's my fault. Everything's always my fault," said Grimes. "Now don't go to hit me again" for the truncheon started upright, and looked very wickedy; "you know, if my arms were only free, you don't hit me then."

The truncheon bent back against the chimney and took no notice of the personal insult, like a well-trained policeman as it was, though he was ready enough to engage in transgression against morality or order.

"But can't I help you in any other way? Can't I help you to get out of this chimney?" said Tom.

"No," interposed the truncheon; "he has come to the place where everybody must help themselves; and he will find it out. I hope, before he has done with me."

"Oh, yes," said Grimes, "of course, it's me. Did I ask to be brought here into the prison? Did I ask to be set to sweep your foul chimneys? Did I ask to have lighted straw under me to make me go up? Did I ask to stick fast in the very first chimney of all, because it was so shamefully clogged up with soot? Did I ask to stay here—I don't know how long—a hundred years, I do believe, and never get my pipe, nor my beer, nor nothing fit for a beast, let alone a man?"

"No," answered a solemn voice behind. "No more did Tom, when you behaved to him in the very same way."

It was Mrs. Redmayne's voice. And when the truncheon saw her, it started half upright—Attention!—and made such a low bow, that if it had not been full of the spirit of justice, it must have tumbled on its end, and probably hurt its one eye. And Tom made his bow too.

"Oh, dear!" he said, "don't think about me; that's all past and gone, and good times and bad times and all times pass over. But may not I help poor Mr. Grimes? Mayn't I try and get some of these bricks away, that he may move his arms?"

"You may try, of course," she said. So Tom pulled and tugged at the bricks; but he could not move one. And then he tried to wipe Mr. Grimes's face; but the soot would not come off.

"Oh, dear!" he said. "I have come all this way, through all these terrible places, to help you, and to see I am of no use at all."

"You had best leave me alone," said Grimes; "you are a good-natured fellow, but little else, and that's the truth; but you'd best be off. The hall's coming on soon, and it will beat the eyes out of your little head."

"Why, had that falls every evening here; and, till it comes close to me, it's like so much warm rain; but then it turns to hot lead over my head, and knocks me about like small shot."

"That will never come any more," said the strange lady. "I have told you before what it was. It was your mother's tears, those which she shed when she prayed for you by her bedside; but your cold heart froze it into hail, but she is gone to heaven now, and will weep no more for her graceless son."

Then Grimes was silent awhile; and then he looked very sad.

"So my old mother's gone, and I never then to speak to her! Ah! a good woman she was, and might have been a happy one, in her little school there in Vendle, if it hadn't been for me and my bad ways."

"Did she keep school in Vendle?" asked Tom. And then he told Grimes all the story of his going to her house, and how she could not abide the sight of a chimney-sweep, and then how kind she was, and how he turned into a water-baby.

"Ah!" said Grimes, "good reason she had to hate the sight of a chimney-sweep. I ran away from her and took up with the sweeps, and never let her know where I was, nor sent her a penny to help her, and now it's too late—too late!" said Mr. Grimes.

And he began crying and blubbering like a great baby, till his pipe dropped out of his mouth, and broke all to bits.

"Oh, dear, if I was but a little chap in Vendle again, to see the clear beck, and the apple-orchard, and the yew-hedge, how different I would go on! But it's too late now. So you go along, you kind little chap, and don't stand to look at a man crying, that's old enough to be your father, and never feared the face of man, nor of worse neither. But I'm beat now, and beat I must be. I've made my bed and I must lie on it. Foul I would be, and foul I am, as an Irishwoman said to me once; and little I heeded it. It's all my own fault; but it's too late." And he cried so bitterly that Tom began crying too.

"Never so late," said the lady, in such a strange soft voice that Tom looked up at her; and she was so beautiful for the moment that Tom half fancied she was his sister.

No more was it too late. For, as poor Grimes cried and blubbered on, his own tears did what his mother's could not do, and Tom's could not do; and nobody's on earth could do for him; for they washed the soot off his face and off his clothes; and then they washed the mortar away from between the bricks; and the chimney

crumbled down; and Grimes began to get out of it.

Tom jumped the truncheon, and was going to hit him on the crown of a tremendous thump, and drive him down again like a cork into a bottle. But the strange lady put it aside.

"Will you obey me if I give you a chance?" "As you please, ma'am. You're stronger than me, that I know too well, and wiser than me, I know too well also. And, as for being my own master, I've fared ill enough with that as yet. So whatever your ladyship pleases to order me; for I'm beat, and that's the truth."

"Be it so then—you may come out. But remember, disobey me again, and into worse place still you go."

"I beg pardon, ma'am, but I never disobeyed you that I know of. I never had the honour of setting eyes upon you till I came to these ugly quarters."

"Never saw me? Who said to you, 'Those that will be foul, foul they will be?'"

Grimes looked up; and Tom looked up too; for the voice was that of the Irishwoman who met them the day that they went out together to Harthover. "I gave you your warning then; but you gave it yourself a thousand times before and since. Every bad word that you said—every cruel and mean thing that you did—every time that you got tipsy—every day that you went dirty; you were disobeying me, whether you knew it or not."

"I did only know, ma'am—"

"You know well enough that you were disobeying something, though you did not know it was me. But come out and take your chance. Perhaps it may be your last."

So Grimes stepped out of the chimney, and really, if it had not been for the soot on his face, he looked as clean and respectable as a master-sweep need look.

"Take him away," said she to the truncheon, "and give him his ticket-of-leave."

"And what is he to do, ma'am?"

"Get him to sweep out the crater of Edna; he will find some very steady men working out their time there, who will teach him his business; but mind, if the crater gets choked again, and there is an earthquake in consequence, bring them all to me, and I shall investigate the case very severely."

So the truncheon marched off Mr. Grimes, looking as much as a drowned worm.

And for aught I know, or do not know, he is sweeping the crater of Edna to this very day.

"And now," said the lady to Tom, "your work here is done. You may as well go back again."

"I should be glad enough to go," said Tom, "but how am I to get up that great hole again, now the steam has stopped blowing?"

"I will take you up; the blackstairs; but I must bandage your eyes first; for I never allow anybody to see those blackstairs of mine." So she tied the bandage on his eyes with one hand, as if with the other she took it off.

"Now," she said, "you are safe up the stairs. Tom opened his eyes very wide, and his mouth too; for he had not, as he thought, moved a single step. But, when he looked round him, there could be no doubt that he was safe up the blackstairs, whatsoever they may be, which no man is going to tell you, for the plain reason that no man knows."

The first thing which Tom saw was the black colours, high and sharp against the cosy dawn; and St. Brendan's Isle reflected double in the still broad silver sea. The wind sang softly in the cedars, and the water sang among the caves; and the sea-birds sang as they streamed out into the ocean, and the land-birds as they bill among the boughs; and the air was so full of song that it stirred St. Brendan and his hermits as they slumbered in the shade; and they moved their good old lips, and sang their morning hymn and their dreams. But among all the songs one came across the water more sweet and clear than all; for it was the song of a young girl; and she sang it as she sang it.

And what was the song which she sang? Ah, my little man, I am too old to sing that song, and you too young to understand it. But have patience, and keep your eye single, and your hands clean, and you will learn some day to sing it yourself, without needing any man to teach you.

And as Tom neared the Island, there sat upon a rock the most graceful creature that ever was seen, looking down with her chin upon her hand, and peering with her feet in the water. And when they came to her she looked up, and beheld it was Elle.

"Oh, Miss Elle," said he, "how you are grown!"

"Oh, Tom," said she, "how you are grown, too!"

And no wonder; they were both quite grown up by this time, and she into a beautiful woman.

"Perhaps I may be grown, she said. 'I have had time enough; for I have been sitting here waiting for you many a hundred years, till I thought you were never coming.'

"Many a hundred years?" thought Tom; but he had seen so much in his travels that he had quite given up being astonished; and, indeed, he could think of nothing but Elle. So he stood and looked at Elle, and Elle looked at him; and they liked the employment so much that they stood and looked for seven years more, and neither spoke or stirred.

At last they heard the fairy say: "Attention, children! Are you never going to look at me again?"

"We have been looking at you all this while," they said. And so they thought they had been.

"Then look at me one more," said she. They looked—and both of them cried out at once. "Oh, who are you, after all?"

"You are our dear Mrs. Donsyowouldbe-donoby."

"No, you are good Mrs. Redmayne's you'd be, but you are grown quite beautiful now!"

"To you," said the fairy. "But look again." "You are Mother Carey," said Tom, in a very low, solemn voice; for he had found out something which made him very happy, and yet frightened him more than all that he had ever seen.

"But you—grown quite young again." "To you," said the fairy. "But look again." "You are the Irishwoman who met me the day I went to Harthover." And when they looked she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once. "My name is written in my eyes, if you have eyes to see it there." And they looked into her great, deep, soft eyes, and they changed again and again into every hue, as the light changes in a diamond.

And Tom was so wondrously, and he is now a great man of a job, and can plan railways, and steam-engines, and electric telegraphs, and rifled guns, and so forth; and knows everything about everything, except why a hen's egg don't turn into a cross-bird, and why three other little things which no one will know till the coming of the Caspian-guns. And all this from what he heard when he was a water-baby, underneath the sea.

"And of course, Tom married Elle?"

"My dear child, what a silly notion! Don't you know that no one ever marries in a fairy tale, under the rank of a prince or a princess?"

"And Tom's dog?"

"Oh, you may see him any clear night in July; for the old dog star was so worn out by the last three hot summers that there have been no dog-days since; so that they had to take him down and put Tom's dog up in the place. Therefore, as new beams sweep clean, we may have for some warm winter this year. And that is the end of my story."

MORAL.

And now, my dear little man, what should we learn from this parable?

We should learn thirty-seven or thirty-nine things, I am not exactly sure which; but one thing, at least, we may learn, and that is this:—We are so off in the ponds, never to throw stones at the trout, or catch them with crooked sticks, or put them into vivariums with stock-bucks, that the stock-bucks may prick them in their poor little stomachs, and make them jump out of the glass into somebody's workshop, and so come to a bad end. For these are not *nothing* else but the water-babies who are stupid and dirty, and will not learn their lessons and keep themselves clean; and therefore, as comparative anatomists will tell you fifty years hence, though they are not learned enough to tell you now, their skulls grow flat, their jaws grow out, and their brains grow small, and their tails grow long, and they lose all their ribs (which I am sure you would not like to do), and their skins grow dirty and spotted, and they never get into the clear rivers, much less into the great wide sea, but hang about in dirty ponds, and live in the mud, and eat worms, as they deserve to do.

But that is no reason why you should ill-use them; but only why you should pity them, and be kind to them, and hope that some day they will wake up, and be ashamed of their rusty, dirty, lazy, stupid life, and try to amend, and become something better once more. For, perhaps, if they do so, then after 379, 123 years, and ten months, thirteen days, two hours, and twenty-one minutes (for aught that appears to the contrary, if they work very hard and wash very hard all that time, their brains may grow bigger, and their jaws grow smaller, and their ribs come back, and their tails wither off, and will turn into water-babies again, and, perhaps, after that, into land-babies; and after that, into grown men.)

You know they won't? Very well, I dare say you know best. But you see, some folks have a great liking for these poor little ones. They never do anybody any harm, or could if they tried; and their only fault is, that they do no good—any more than some thousand of their betters. But what with ducks, and what with pigs, and what with stock-bucks, and what with water-beetles, and what with naughty boys, they are—see, see!—happily off as the Scotsmen say, that it is a wadder how they live; and some folks can't help hoping, with good Bishop Butler, that they may have another chance, to make things fair and even, somewhere, somehow, somehow.

Altogether, if you learn your lessons, and think that that you have plenty of cold water to wash in; and wash in it too, like a true Englishman. And then, if my story is not true, something better is; and if I am not quite right, still you will be, as long as you stick to hard work and cold water.

But remember always, as I told you at first, that this is all a fairy tale, and only for fun and pleasure; and therefore, you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true.

TOM'S "GOLD DUST."

"Uncle," said Tom one day, "it seems to me your things don't look as good as they used to. They were in the garden, and the thing—the boy had his eyes on were the current inches."

"I don't expect they do," replied his uncle. "I'm no great hand at a garden. Well, sir, what can you improve?"

"I can try on the currants," said Tom. "They want to be trimmed-out, and the wood cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't you ever dig around them and put ashes on the roots?"

His uncle had never done these things; did not know that they ought to be done. He thought, he said, "currants to be care of themselves."

"But they can be cared for," said Tom, "and do all the better."

"Suppose you try, boy," said his uncle. His uncle did not believe in such a world of gold, but he had reason to change his mind. Much did come of it. All at once, it seemed to him, for time goes fast to an old man, his bushes were loaded with fruit, like large currants, such as his garden had not seen for many a day, if ever before. People, when they walked into the garden, exclaimed, "What splendid currants you have!"

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said his uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly. That boy I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust?" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—seconds and minutes of time, which boys and girls, and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. He never spent them foolishly, but only in good bargains; "for value received" was stamped on all he passed away. Take care of your gold dust.—Little American.

Is THE MIND a ponderable or an imponderable substance; an essence, vapour, or an insubstantial something which cannot be grasped, felt, or withheld?

Man thinks, studies, invents, tires the brain by overwork, and loses his reason; rests his intellect, becomes calm, uses restoratives, and again thinks.

When we reflect that a power of endurance can be imparted to the brain, and that weak minds have been restored to strength by Feltow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, we cannot but conclude that the subtle power is really ponderable matter, from the fact that the micro-ions are supplied with ponderable support and give it vitality. Persons who study hard should preserve their balance of power by using the Syrup.