

to 23, 1890," and the names of the colleges in the order of starting printed in blue letters on the inside. The "order of finish," from "B. N. C." to "St. Edm. Hall," is in Mr. Bertie Corke's handwriting. I'm not a sentimentalist, but I liked the Eighties, and I mean to keep this souvenir.

XXIII.

Of course it was Miss Corke who took me down in Fleet Street to see where Dr. Johnson used to live. I did not hear the name of Dr. Johnson from another soul in London during the whole of my visit.

"This," said Miss Corke, as we emerged from a dark little alley occupied by two unmuzzled small boys and a dog into a dingy rectangle, where the London light came down upon unblinking rows of windows in walls of all colors that get the worse for wear, "this is Gough Court. Doctor Johnson lived here until the death of his wife. You remember that he had a wife, and she died?"

"I have not the least doubt of it," I replied. "I have no patience with you!" cried Miss Corke, fervently. "Well, when she died he was that disconsolate, in spite of his dictionaries, that he couldn't bear it here any longer, and moved away."

"I don't think that was remarkable," I said, looking round, to which Miss Corke replied that it was a fine place in those days, and Johnson paid so many pounds, shillings and pence rent for it every Lady Day.

"I am waiting," she said, with ironical resignation, "for you to ask me which house."

"Oh!" said I. "Which house?"

"That yellowish one, at the end, idjit!" said Peter, with exasperation. "Now, if you please, we'll go."

I took one long and thoughtful look at the yellowish house at the end, and tried to imagine the compilation of lexicons inside its walls about the year 1748, and turned away feeling that I had done all within my personal ability for the memory of Dr. Johnson. Miss Corke, however, was not of that opinion.

"He moved to Johnson's Court somewhat later," she said, "which, you must be careful to remember, was not named from him. We'll just go there now."

"Is it far?" I asked. "Because there must be other celebrities."

"Far?" repeated Miss Corke, with a withering accent. "Not ten minutes' walk. Do the trains run everywhere in America? There may be other celebrities—London is a good place for them—but there's only one Samuel Johnson."

We went through various crooked ways to Johnson's Court, Miss Corke explaining and reviling at every step.

"We hear," she remarked, with fine scorn, "of intelligent Americans who come over here and apply themselves diligently to learn London. And I've never met a citizen of you yet, she went on, ignoring my threatening parol, "that was not quite satisfied at seeing one of Johnson's houses—houses he lived in! You are a nation of tasters, Miss Mamie Wick, of Chicago!"

At which I declared myself, for the honor of the Stars and Stripes, willing to swallow any quantity of Dr. Johnson, and we turned into a little paved parallelogram seven times more desolate than the first. Its prevailing idea was soot, relieved by scraps of blackened ivy that twisted along some of the window-sills. I once noticed very clever ivy decorations in iron upon a London balcony, and always afterward found some difficulty in deciding between that and the natural vine, unless the wind blew. And I would not like to commit myself about the ivy that grew in Johnson's Court.

"Dear me!" said I. "So he lived here, too?"

"Yes," she said, "he lived here too, miss, at No. 7, as you don't appear to care to know. A little intelligent curiosity," she continued, apparently appealing to the Samuel Johnson chimneys, "would be gratifying."

We walked around these precincts several times, while Miss Corke told me interesting stories that reminded me of "Collier's English Literature" at school, and asked me if by any chance I had ever heard of Boswell. I loved to find myself knowing something occasionally, just to annoy Peter, and when I said certainly, he was the man to whom Dr. Johnson owed his reputation, it had quite the usual effect.

"We shall now go to Bolt Court," said my friend, "where Samuel spent the last of his days, surrounded by a lot of old ladies that I don't see how he ever put up with, and from which he was carried to Westminster Abbey in 1784."

"Nowhere between here and there?" I asked. "No friend's house, for instance, where he often spent the night? Where did that lady live who used to give him nineteen cups of tea at a sitting? Couldn't we pause and refresh ourselves by looking at her portraits on the way?"

"Transatlantic impertinence," cried Miss Corke, leading the way out, "is more than I can bear!"

"He went from here to Westminster Abbey, I think you said," I remarked, respectfully, to Peter.

"In 1784," said Peter, who is a stickler for dates. "And has not moved since!" I added with some anxiety, just to aggravate Peter, who was duly aggravated.

"Well," I responded, "we saw Westminster Abbey, you remember. And I took particular notice of the monument to Doctor Johnson. We needn't go there."

"It's in St. Paul's!" said Peter, in a manner which wounded me, for if there is an unpleasant thing it is to be disbelieved.

XXIV.

Mr. Mafferton frequently expressed his regret that almost immediately after my arrival in London—in fact, during the time of my disappearance from the Metropole and just as he became aware of my being with Lady Torquillin—his mother and two sisters had been obliged to go to the Riviera on account of one of the Misses Mafferton's health.

(The day before they left, I believe) Lady Torquillin and I, coming in, found a large assortment of cards belonging to the family, which were to be divided between us, apparently. But as Mr. Charles Mafferton was the only one of them left in town, my acquaintance with the Maffertons had made very little progress—except, of course, with the portly old cousin I have mentioned before, who was a lord, and who stayed in London through the entire session of Parliament. This cousin and I became so well acquainted, in spite of his being a lord, that I used to ask each other conundrums.

"What do they call a black cat in London?" was a favorite one of his.

But I had the advantage of Lord Mafferton here, for he always forgot that he had asked the same conundrum the last time we met, and thought me tremendously clever when I answered:

"Puss, puss!"

But, as I have said before, there were very few particulars in which this noble man gratified my inherited idea of what a lord ought to be.

One of the Misses Mafferton—the one who enjoyed good health—had very kindly taken the trouble to write to me from the Riviera a nice friendly letter, saying how sorry they all were that we did not meet before they left town, and asking me to make them a visit as soon as they returned in June. The letter went on to say that they had shared their brother's anxiety about me for some time, but felt quite comfortable in the thought of leaving me so happily situated with Lady Torquillin, an old friend of their own; and was it not singular?

Miss Mafferton exclaimed, in her pointed handwriting, signing herself mine ever affectionately, E. F. Mafferton. I thought it was certainly singularly nice of her to write to me like that—a perfect stranger; and while I composed an answer in the most cordial terms I could, I thought of all I had heard about the hearty hospitality of the English—"when once you know them."

When I told Mr. Mafferton I had heard from his sister and how much pleasure the letter had given me, he blushed in the most violent and unaccountable manner, but seemed pleased, nevertheless. It was odd to see Mr. Mafferton discomposed, and it discomposed me. I could not in the least understand why his sister's politeness to a friend of his should embarrass Mr. Mafferton, and was glad when he said he had no doubt Eleanor and I would be great friends and changed the subject. But it was about this time that another invitation from relatives of Mr. Mafferton's living in Berkshire gave me my one

always-to-be-remembered experience of the country in England. Lady Torquillin was invited too, but the invitation was for a Tuesday and Wednesday particularly full of engagements for her.

"Couldn't we write and say we'd rather come next week?" I suggested.

Lady Torquillin looked severely horrified. "I should think not," she replied. "You're not in America, child. I hardly know these people at all; moreover, it's you they want to see, and not me in the least."

And Lady Torquillin gave me her cheek to kiss and went away and wrote to Mrs. Stacy as she had said.

An hour or two beyond London the parallel tracks of the main lines stretched away in the wrong direction for me, and my train sped down them, leaving me for a few minutes undecided how to proceed. The little station seemed to have nothing whatever to do with anything but the main line. Presently, however, I observed, standing all by itself beside a row of tulips under a clay bank on the other side of the bridge, the most diminutive thing in railway transport I had ever seen.

It was quite complete—engine and cab and luggage-van and all, with its passenger accommodation properly divided into first, second, and third class—and it stood there placidly, apparently waiting for somebody. And I followed my luggage over the bridge with the quiet conviction that this was the train for Pinbury, and that it was waiting for me. There was nobody else. And after the porter had stowed my effects carefully away in the van he also departed, leaving the Pinbury train in my charge. I sat in it for awhile and admired the tulips, and wondered how soon it would rain, and fixed my veil and looked over the "Daily Graphic" again, but nothing happened. It occurred to me that possibly the little Pinbury train had been forgotten, and I got out. There was no one on the platform, but just outside the station I saw a rusty old coachman seated on the box of an open landau, so I spoke to him.

"Does that train go to Pinbury?" I asked.

He said it did.

"Does it go to-day?" I inquired further.

He looked amused at my ignorance.

"Oh, yes, lady!" he replied. "She goes every day—twice. But she 'as to wait for two hup trains yet. She'll be huff in about 'alf an hour, now!" this reassuringly.

When we did start it took us exactly six minutes to get to Pinbury, and I was sorry I had not tipped the engine-driver and got him to run down with me and back again while he was waiting.

Two of the Stacy young ladies met me on the Pinbury platform and gave me quite the most charming welcome I have had in England. With the exception of Peter Corke (and Peter would be exceptional anywhere), I had nearly always failed to reach any sympathetic relation with the young ladies I had come in contact with in London. I rejoiced when I saw that it would be different with Miss Stacy and Miss Dorothy Stacy, and probably with the other Misses Stacy at home. They regarded me with outspoken interest, but not at all with fear.

We drove away in a little brown dog-cart behind a little brown pony into the English country, talking a great deal. Miss Stacy drove and I sat beside her, while Miss Dorothy Stacy occupied the seat in the rear when she was not alighting in the middle of the road to pick up the Pinbury commissions, which did not travel well, or the pony's feet, to see if he had a stone in it. The pony objected with mild viciousness to having his foot picked up, but Miss Dorothy did not take his views into account at all—up came the foot and out came the stone. The average American girl would have driven helplessly along until she overtook a man, I think.

Of course, Miss Stacy wanted to know what I thought of England in a large, general way; but before I had time to do more than mention a few heads under which I had gathered my impression, she particularized with reference to the scenery. Miss Stacy asked me what I thought of English scenery confidently, including most of what we were driving through, with a graceful flourish of her whip. She said I might as well confess that we hadn't such nice scenery in America.

"Grandeur, you know—more mountains, and lakes, and things," said Miss Stacy, "but not really so nice, now, have you?"

"No," I said; unfortunately it was about the only thing we couldn't manage to take back with us, at which Miss Stacy astonished me with the fact that she knew I was going to be a treat to her—so original, and I must be simply craving my tea, and it was good of me to come, and flicked the pony severely, so that he trotted for almost half a mile without a pause.

But we returned to the scenery, for I did not wish to be thought unappreciative, and the Misses Stacy were good enough to be interested in the points that I found particularly novel and pleasing—the flowering hedges that leaned up against the fields by the wayside, and the quantities of little birds that chirruped in and out of them, and the trees, all twisted round with ivy, and especially the rabbits, that bobbed about in the meadows and turned up their little white tails with as much naivete as if the world were a kitchen-garden closed to the public. The "bunnies," as Miss Dorothy Stacy called them, were a source of continual delight to me. I could never refrain from exclaiming "There's another!" much to the young ladies' amusement.

"You see," explained Miss Dorothy, in apology, "they're not new to us, the dear, sweet things! One might say one has been brought up with them—one knows all their little ways. But they are loves, and it is nice of you to like them."

XXV.

I drove in at the gates of Hallington House as one might drive into the scene of a dear old dream in a dream that one has half believed and half doubted and wholly loved and dreamed again all one's life long. There it stood, as I had always wondered if I might not see it standing in that far day when I should go to England, behind its high brick wall, in the midst of its ivies and laburnums and elms and laurel bushes, looking across where its lawn dipped into its river at soft green meadows sloping to the west—a plain old solid graystone English country house so long occupied with the birthdays of other people that it had quite forgotten its own. Very big and very solid, without any pretentiousness of Mansard roof or bow-window or balcony or veranda, its simple story of strength and shelter and home and hospitality was plain to me between its wide-open gates and its wide-open doors, and I loved it from that moment.

It was the same all through—the Stacys realized the England of my imagination to me most sweetly and completely. I found that there had been no mistake. Mrs. Stacy realized it—pretty and fresh and fair at fifty, plump and motherly in her black cashmere and lace, full of pleasant greetings and responsive inquiries. So did the squire, coming out of his study to ask, with courteous old-fashioned solicitude, how I had borne the fatigue of the journey—such a delightful old squire, left over by accident from the last century, with his high-bred phraseology and simple dignity and great friendliness. So did the rest of the Stacy daughters, clustering round their parents and their guest and the teapot, talking gaily with their rounded English accent of all manner of things—the South Kensington Museum, the Pinbury commissions, the prospects for tennis. Presently I found myself taken through just such narrow corridors and down just such unexpected steps as I would have hoped for to my room, and left there. I remember window flung back on its hinges, swelling out the muslin curtains and bringing with it the sweetest sound I heard in England—a cry that was quite new and strange, and yet came in to me from the quiet hedges of the nestling world outside, as I sat there bewitched by it, with a plaintive familiarity—"Cuckoo!"—"Cuckoo!" I must have heard it and loved it years ago, when the Wicks lived in England, through the ears of my ancestors.

"Cuckoo!" from the hedge again! I could not go till the answer came from the toppling elm boughs in the field corner. "Cuckoo!" And in another minute, if I listened, I should hear it again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE QUIET HOUR.

Short Views.

Too long outlooks are bad. They are depressing—disheartening. We have not the faith or the energy necessary to cope with them. Many a possible result has never been attained because the way to it seemed so long. An aged woman said to a little child, "If you look at the whole length of your seam you will never get it sewn; look only at the little bit between your thumb and finger." Our life is mercifully cut up into "littles." God knows that the "whole" of many things cannot be presented to us at once. And so our Lord taught us to pray for our daily bread, and said that sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof. God does not will His children to be crushed with anything too heavy for them. Let us be content to do each "little" as it is presented to us, and then the "great" will be attained. The great is always the aggregate of littles. While we are doing only some one "little" we are making progress—we are on our way to the end. There are many attainments, both spiritual and temporal, which we could never have arrived at but by a progress of littles. It is not God's measures which crush us—it is our own. We will not become small enough—simple enough. We want to have to do with years, when God only means us to have to do with days. God's years are made of days.

"The Harvest Home."

That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.—St. John iv. : 36.

From the far-off fields of earthly toil
A goodly host they come,
And sounds of music are on the air—
'Tis the song of the Harvest Home.

The weariness and the weeping,
The darkness has all passed by;
And a glorious sun has risen—
The sun of Eternity!

We've seen those faces in days of yore
When the dust was on their brow
And the scalding tear upon their cheek—
Let us look at the laborers now!

We think of the life-long sorrow
And the wilderness days of care;
We try to trace the tear-drops,
But no scars of grief are there.

There's a mystery of soul-chastened joy
Lit up with sunlight hues;
Like morning flowers most beautiful,
When wet with midnight dews.

There are depths of earnest meaning
In each true and trustful gaze,
Telling of wonderful lessons
Learned in their pilgrim days;

And a conscious confidence of bliss
That shall never again remove—
All the faith and hope of journeying years
Gathered up in that look of love.

The long waiting days are over;
They've received their wages now;
For they've gazed upon their Master,
And his name is on their brow.

They've seen the safely-garner'd sheaves,
And the song has been passing sweet
Which welcomed the last in-coming one
Laid down at their Saviour's feet.

Oh! well does His heart remember
As those notes of praise sweep by,
The yearning, plaintive music
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does He know each chequered tale
As He looks on the joyous band—
All the lights and shadows that cross'd their path
In the distant pilgrim land;

The heart's unspoken anguish,
The bitter sighs and tears,
The long, long hours of watching,
The changeful hopes and fears!

One hath climbed the rugged mountain-side—
'Twas a bleak and wintry day;
The tempest had scattered his precious seed,
And he wept as he turned away.

But a stranger-hand had water'd
That seed on a distant shore,
And the laborers now are meeting
Who never had met before.

And one he had toil'd amid burning sands
When the scorching sun was high,
He had grasp'd the plow with a fever'd hand
And then laid him down to die.

But another and yet another
Had filled that deserted field,
Nor vainly the seed they scatter'd
Where a brother's care had till'd.

Some with eager step went boldly forth,
Broadcasting o'er the land;
Some water'd the scarcely budding blade
With a tender, gentle hand;

There's one—her young life was blighted
By the withering touch of woe;
Her days were sad and weary,
And she never went forth to sow;

But there rose from her lonely couch of pain
The fervent, pleading prayer;
She looks on many a radiant brow
And she reads the answers there.

Yes! sowers and reapers are meeting,
A rejoicing host they come!
Will you join the echoing chorus?
'Tis the song of the Harvest Home!

—P.

If "Do as you would be done by" were made the "Common Law" much less parchment would be used.