

dence has placed you, and to toady to the rich and great, simply because they are rich and great. This is what England is coming to.

Each class is suspicious of that below and envious of that above it. The old feudal attachment of lord or squire and his tenantry, or master and servant, is dying out. The servant apes the master, and serves him grudgingly and not often loyally, and the nobleman is openly told he is only so by sufferance. The very existence of the House of Lords is threatened the moment its members courageously throw out any bill, which, if passed, would probably be inimical to the well being of the commonwealth; and the Crown, itself, is coolly informed by the press, that it is only the ornamental head of a virtual republic. But I am sadly digressing and led away, because old English manners and customs, old English loyalty to the Throne, and the ancient institutions of the country in Church and State, and above all, old English hospitality, are dying out and being cast away into the limbo of the past, as no longer necessary or desirable in the present.

St. Mervin rectory is a very quaint two-storied house, on the brow of the hill, above the little town of St. Mervin, in Cornwall. There is a long verandah in front of it, and under the verandah the geraniums are trained against the wall, and grow to a height of six feet and more, flowering sometimes in the depth of winter, so mild is the climate in this sheltered bit of East Cornwall. There is a long bed of flowers outside, and beyond that a wide stretch of green sward, and then the little garden ends.

It is quite shut in from the road—a sweet sequestered spot. It faces south, and looking across the lovely little land-locked harbor, you see the ruins of St. Salvador's monastery on the opposite hill, and have just a peep of the English Channel, the prospect seaward being somewhat circum-

scribed by the imposing Elizabethan Grammar School on the high ground, a little to the right, which shuts out the view. Looking over the garden wall, you see below you the stately battlemented tower of St. Mervin, with its crocketed pinnacles, the gilded fanes gleaming in the sun this lovely August day. The lofty towers of the castle may be seen through the trees close by, and past the great elms, which arch over the castle tower, to your left you see in the distance King Charles' Walk, on the opposite hill over the river, where the ill-fated monarch used to saunter and admire the view of St. Mervin and the beautiful harbor at his feet.

A comely lady is sitting in the large, old fashioned, low-ceiled drawing room, with the French doors opened to the ground, on to the verandah, whilst her daughter is lying back in an American chair in the garden, reading a letter. She is very fair to look upon; a clear, pale complexion, large lustrous dark eyes, beautifully chiselled aquiline nose, black hair in profusion crowning the head, and fastened up negligently but most artistically behind, a lovely figure, which she displays to great advantage in a fashionably cut and very graceful flowing tea gown, as she rises, and coming across the grass, enters the room and hands her mother a letter she has just received by the morning post.

"Well, Asellya, my dear, and who is your correspondent?" her mother says, pleasantly, in her clear, ringing, musical voice, and with a slight elevation of her eyebrows.

"Mother, dear, who do you think is coming to see us?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"Henry Penhaligon."

"What, your cousin?"

"Yes. I have not seen him for ages. I wonder what he's like."

"What brings him here?"

"He says Lord Esme—something or other—has taken pity on him, and is bringing him round for a cruise in