

not always gentle. 'I feel,' said an invalid, laying down 'The Bible In Spain' as she spoke, 'as if I had been gesticulating violently for the space of two hours.' She then sank into a deep sleep, and is now hale and hearty." Truly a tribute this. Of the same book, a page or two farther on he writes, referring to what he calls *its dear deluding title*. "'What have you got there?' has before now been an inquiry addressed on a Sunday afternoon to some youngster suspiciously engrossed in a book. 'Oh, "The Bible In Spain,"' would be the reply. 'It is written by a Mr. Borrow, you know, and is all about—' (then the title page would serve its turn) 'his attempts to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula!' 'Indeed! sounds most suitable,' answers the gulled authority—some foolish sisters' governess or the like illiterate—and moves off. And then the happy boy would wriggle in his chair and, as if thirsting to taste the first-fruits of his wile, hastily seek out a streaky page, and there reads, for perhaps the hundredth time, the memorable words: 'I once saw a Frank rider compete with a Moslem on this beach, and at first the Frank rider had it all his own way and he passed the Moslem, but the course was long, very long, and the horse of the Frank rider, which was a Frank horse also, panted; but the horse of the Moslem panted not, for he was a Moslem also, and the Moslem rider at last gave a cry, and the horse sprang forward and he overtook the Frank horse, and then the Moslem rider stood up in his saddle. How did he stand? Truly he stood on his head, and these eyes saw him; he stood on his head in the saddle as he passed the Frank rider; and he cried "Ha! Ha!" as he passed the Frank rider; and the Moslem horse cried "Ha! Ha!" as he passed the Frank breed, and the Frank lost by a fair distance. Good are the Franks, good their horses; but better are the Moslems and better are the horses of the Moslems.' That boy, as he lay curled up in his chair, doting over the enchanted page, knew full well, else had he been no Christian boy, that it was not a Sunday book which was making his eyes start out of his head, yet, reckless, he cried 'ha! ha!' and read on; and as he read