

—which very likely I do—he will not be a rival to despise. Except, indeed, that he may have one fault which in the present day would be enough to unfit him for public life.”

“And what is that fault?”

“Treason to the blood of the Chillinglys. This is the age, in England, when one cannot be too much of a Chillingly. I fear that if Kenelm does become bewildered by a political abstraction—call it, no matter what, say, ‘love of his country,’ or some such old-fashioned crotchet—I fear—I greatly fear—that he may be—in earnest.”

CHAPTER THE LAST.

IT was a field night in the House of Commons—an adjourned debate, opened by George Belvoir, who had been the last two years, very slowly creeping on in the favour, or rather the indulgence, of the House, and more than justifying Kenelm’s prediction of his career. Heir to a noble name and vast estates, extremely hard-working, very well informed, it was impossible that he should not creep on. That night he spoke sensibly enough, assisting his memory by frequent references to his notes; listened to courteously, and greeted with a faint “Hear, hear!” of relief when he had done.

Then the House gradually thinned till nine o’clock, at which hour it became very rapidly crowded. A cabinet minister had solemnly risen, deposited on the table before him a formidable array of printed papers, including a corpulent blue book. Leaning his arm on the red box, he commenced with this awe-compelling sentence:

“Sir,—I join issue with the right honourable gentleman opposite. He says this is not raised as a party question. I deny it. Her Majesty’s Government are put upon their trial.”

Here there were cheers, so loudly, and so rarely greeting a speech from that cabinet minister, that he was put out, and had much to “hum” and to “ha” before he could recover the