

Julian hesitated. The sight of Sedgwick's honest, ruddy face filled him with regret and something like confusion. His cousin had been so kind and so faithful in all their adventures, and had done him so many good turns! It seemed almost cruel to tell him of the success which had befallen himself, and of that wondrous room hidden away behind the clock-case, at the top of those creaking and worm-eaten stairs.

But Nicholas, who had set his heart upon Julian's ultimate triumph, and had early seen the promise of success in the boy, was troubled with no regrets whatever. He straightened himself to attention—a grotesque figure, an anachronism in that joyous sunlight,—he waved his hand as if inviting all the landscape to share in his joy, and to proclaim, as he was about to proclaim, Julian's triumph. He took off his hat and bowed ceremoniously to his young hero, who now shared in his heart the place long occupied by the traditional Anselm Benedict alone. Then he spoke out in tones clear and vibrating, which caught every echo and mingled with the hoarse voice of the waves:

“Know ye all, and be it known to you,