

I scarcely heard the conclusion of the sermon; I only know that it was in the same style as its commencement, and seemed in my opinion, as utterly incongruous with the passionate burst of eloquence which had interposed between, as an oration of Mirabeau's thrust into the middle of Calvin's sermons.

CHAPTER III.

And now the closing blessing was uttered, and the congregation rose to depart. I was one of the first out, but my rustic beauty was before me, and without staying to exchange a single greeting with any one, she took her way towards the mountains; her grey cloak hiding her figure as she vanished across the moor, but not concealing the grace of her movements or the elasticity of her step. As I was still watching her retreating figure, indifferent to the country beaux and belles, whom horses, jaunting-cars and even carriages, were bearing away, my shoulders were grasped from behind, and when I turned, my friend's handsome face met my view, bright and speaking, as I had often seen it in days of yore.

"Walter! old fellow, how are you? How did you find me out?"

"Is it really your own self, Eardley, and not your double? I can hardly believe it. What in the name of caprice are you doing here, and why have I never heard from you?"

"Oh, it is a long story, and not very agreeable, and so I reserved it for a *viva voce* communication, for I am meditating a speedy trip to Dublin, where of course I should have seen you. But never mind that now; we'll talk of it by and bye. The sight of your face in this land of anthropophagy is like a draught of good old wine."

"I am glad you think so," I answered, laughing, "but are such bon camarado comparisons suitable to your new character?"

"New character," he repeated, ironically, as he passed his arm through mine and drew me into a path leading towards a spur of the chain of hills that enclosed the moor, "habits change, opinions vary, creeds alter, but character remains ever the same—and so do I."

"You proclaimed as much in my ears to-day, Eardley."

"Did I? well, it is true. Ambition was the governing principle of my life when you first knew me, and it is so still."

"Yet to bury yourself in this obscure spot seems a strange road to greatness. I shall expect to hear of your going as a missionary to the Esquimaux, next."

"On my word, it would be better than the life I lead now. There would be the dog-trains to carry one over the snow, and seals and walruses to hunt, and other excitements of the same kind, but here —. Can you imagine anything more stultifying than babbling homilies to the gaping rustics, fox-hunting squires, pudding-making dames, and their