

the horizon, for there were lines of black-blue cloud drawn across the verge of the sky, and the lines were edged with gold. Above was a wide sheet of heavy cloud, low down and flat, like a ceiling of black marble, beneath, and confined by which the whole rays poured on in horizontal lines, catching the edges of mountain and fell, and wood and moor, and casting long shadows from a solitary fir-tree and the finger-post with its long, bare arms. The finger-post pointed, in one direction, to a small town in Cumberland, which I shall call Brownswick, and in the other to a village, which probably would not have had the honour of being pointed out at all had not several gentlemen of the forementioned town thought fit to build themselves country-houses in its neighbourhood. The attraction was a little lake, much less in dimensions, indeed, than Windermere, but hardly less beautiful in the scenery which surrounded it. No indication of such scenery being in the vicinity was afforded from the spot where the finger-post was placed. It was a dull, wide moor, covered with withered heath, and here and there patches of broom and gorse. On one hand you saw down a wide, broken slope, presenting nothing but irregular undula-