

MR. SAMPSON'S PHILOSOPHY 5

he meditated, continuing his philosophy, "are greatly hindered by God, who hath set such liberal Possessions in His World that no man may wholly escape a Share of them. If it were not that Remembrance may weight the wing of a bird and Sorrow lie so heavy on a Violet's leaf"—he leaned for a moment over the bed—"how Hardly should we enter into the Kingdom of the Poor."

Malachi came slowly out of the stables with the coat, a mouldy brush of equine aspect under his arm. Mr. Sampson rose and introduced one arm into the garment with the air of a man who knew not what to expect of fresh departures in the lining. He stood so, listening. There was a far-off sound in the woods as if a gust of wind had suddenly been born; but all the trees were still. Malachi, to hurry him, said, "Ponies."

Mr. Sampson still stood listening at his leisure, not loath to remind Malachi in some such negative way who was master. The sound rolled nearer, could be told for the quick drumming of small hoofs. Malachi again said, "Ponies. They're galloping down the beech-ride. They'll pass close under the wall," and jerked at the coat.

"Then you're wrong," said Mr. Sampson, with some complacence; "there's a heavier beast