

... "Listen to me, Brent—no defence of Schiller's conduct. I cannot admit any. The boy has been a disappointment to me. If you magnanimously pardon it, I cannot condone his behaviour. Gladys is exceedingly angry with him for selling his half share in the estate. You put him out there, in those gardens and, ah, groves, to provide him with occupation—'ealthy occupation—to give him an established position—and to develop the estate to the utmost capacity. You never intended him to turn it into cash, and go off with the proceeds—to tempt luck elsewhere. Gladys and I are excessively angry. Schiller has disappointed us—and not for the first time. . . .

... "But this is life, Brent, and I make no complaint of it. Let me tell you, that when you get to my age, you too will be something of a philosopher. Here is a maxim for you. When a man is down, the world thinks he never can get up again. . . .

... "Look at me—I don't admit that I am done with—I don't feel I'm done with—that is, if I could get a lucky turn. This cough is nothing. Say I throw it off with the warm weather—Dr Irwin assures me I may—I have a very good opinion of Dr Irwin. Then I say—if I could get a helping hand—I am ready to start again. Brent, I could do it. I needn't go to London. London is not what it was—London may be played out—for me, at any rate. No, I'd open in York—not necessarily under my own name—a tip-top furniture emporium. Why, bless my soul, I'd almost guarantee in two years to have branches at Leeds, Hull, and, ah, every big town in Yorkshire."

He was feebler this autumn. He was fast fading. Yet he was bright-eyed as ever, sanguine as a child, indomitable.

... "Very pleasant day—treat to be alive on days like this." In the warm spring weather of another year, Mr Copland's drafts on Seymour's time became heavier—but they all were met and honoured. Lord Brentwood now was walking beside the bath chair, through the village street. "And what a view that is, Brent!"

At the bottom of the narrow street, one looked across the widening plain to a distant blue vapour, in which sky and earth met and mingled. Mr Copland pointed with a shaky hand; and then something in the view displeased him—something of too great space, of immensity stretched out