

the arms of his chair, like a patriarch giving judgment. Deryk looked despairingly at Hatherly, but no support was forthcoming; Hatherly had deserted him.

"I *want* to try for this fellowship," he objected, rather breathlessly.

"It will be time enough to consider what you really want to do, when you come back."

"It'll be too late then."

"You are of age, Deryk," said Lancing, in conclusion, "but as long as you live here I shall expect my wishes to be consulted."

For two days the boy carried about a scowling face and a tragic manner; on the third he capitulated, after a talk in which Hatherly came like an unsuccessful ambassador to explain that, so long as Aylmer Lancing controlled the finances of the house, opposition was impracticable. "You haven't got the fellowship yet, but, if you had, I *tr*'e it that you wouldn't want to break with your father and try to live on it. Ycu've got to give in, so you may as well do it with a good grace." A month later the travellers set out, and, before the boat reached Alexandria, he had forgotten his wild charges of injustice and tyranny in the rapture of entering new worlds; their time-table was thrown into disorder at the outset, and from Bombay he cabled home for leave to extend their programme. His father smiled a little wearily and cabled back his approval; he had taken the trouble to think this thing out, and it would save so much time and acrimony if other people would think a little more instead of hastily opposing him and afterwards admitting he was right. No one ever knew how much he grudged the extra year's absence, nor how hard he found it to inquire on Deryk's going; but the boy had to be taught by his own observation and experience what would be expected of his position; he must see wherein he was different from his fellows. No doubt it was very interesting to pore over his books and establish where a caravan route had run three hundred years before Christ, but that sort of thing led nowhere at all, it could not be combined with the