

THE GUARDED FLAME

—one of that noble British group of noble men, the little band of philosophers and not merely "scientists": Darwin, Spencer, Bain, Burgoyne, and two or three more, the lustre of whose names will surely never fade. He is Richard Burgoyne, old and honoured, last of the glorious hand.

Husband and wife stop at two seats on the homeward climb. It is the daily routine—the same seats always, whence they look down on the queer little harbour, the iron swing-bridge, the dirty, sluggish river trickling out to soil the yellow sand, to stain the clean blue sea. From a black collier, high and dry by the wooden pier, with attendant carts and carters, there rises a pleasant music of open air toil—men's voices, the song of the chains, and the rhythmic beat of rope and block. As the old man sits for his appointed rest he and his young wife talk very happily, like two children, taking childlike joy in the bright sun, the glittering waves, the moving air, the murmur of life.

Then, climbing again, on the high road now, within sight of the flint walls that surround their garden, he stops and points. A fly has driven into their gate.

"O Sybil! We are attacked. Shall we hide?"

It is a dreadful thought—that a visitor who cannot be turned away has come to squander the precious afternoon. And like children they slip round a corner—between the garden walls, in the narrow lane, from the road to the cliff path—and like children lurk and laugh at their own fears.

"O Dickon. Let's be brave. Only some newspaper man!" and she looks up at him with a wistful tenderness.

It would be horrible if to-day he were to be caught and made to suffer the torment of unhidden guests—some vagrant American biologist who has corresponded with him for years, some professor of a German university, armed with letter of introduction from an illustrious confrère, and like a stout highwayman, using the weapon in the good old stand-and-deliver fashion. To-day, since dawn, he has been threatened with one of his headaches. Yet he has worked all through his regular morning hours; the air and the walk have done him