

## III.

The race thou may'st not gain,  
 Yet strive with might and main !  
 Hearts in conflict higher beat,  
 Sweeter, purer pleasures meet.

## IV.

And lowly thought and deed  
 May claim a higher meed,  
 Than all idle pomp can claim  
 Of renown or noisy fame.

SPES.

## A LORD OF THE CREATION.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

"Aye, what besides?" seeing he hesitated.

"I wish I could see Caroline," he entreated.

"That is quite impossible," Miss Kendal answered, with stern decision. "Go on with what you have to say to me. I cannot spare much more time."

"Your ears are poisoned against whatever I might say. It is useless for me to intrust my perplexity of grief to you."

"Heaven forbid you should attempt it. That, I presume, could scarcely be the object of your visit."

Again he was silent.

Miss Kendal's patience was at ebb-tide. "You chafe me, Vaughan Hesketh," she exclaimed, in her resonant tones—her deliberated utterance heightened and hastened to something like impetuosity. "I can see no good to be gained by your presence in this house. What object you propose to yourself I know not, but out of my old experience, my mind misgives me, that when you plan good for yourself, it means evil to another. Go your ways."

"But how shall I know—how hear?"

"Whatever it is requisite you should know, shall be written to you. Is there not a penny postage? Communication by pen and ink is the very thing for you and me," she cried, in much wrath. "I have told you before, you chafe me, and you take up my time. I object to both those inevitable results of your visits. Come here no more."