

had been there for many a long day. It was only old Malachi, who gingerly curried his master's coat.

Mr. Sampson was fond of cucumbers; he was fond of violets. Therefore, under the warm wall where old espalier'd pears from France spread a thin grey leafage, there were two cold-frames, curiously covered in with leaded glass from the attic windows. The cover of the violet bed was raised. Mr. Sampson, meditating if violets flowering at that season could most properly be termed late or early, sat himself on the edge of the frame and pulled out his book.

The day was sunless, yet generous of silver light. It was a light that flooded all hollows, soaked all shadows, ran everywhere like water, and like water was sweet and chill. The dark thatched house lay drenched in it, looking as immaterial as a shell at the bottom of some luminous sea of air. It seemed that in any wind the house must have loosed its moorings slowly and drifted to a happier anchorage among the trees that rolled all around it, softly as clouds or their shadows. Somewhere at the top of the air-pool a bird sang; all about was stillness and the scent of violets, rich enough to make Mr. Sampson imagine himself warm.

"We who would follow and hold fast to Poverty,"