

ideas in your landlord garden! Turn the ground of it — enrich it — change it — try experiments! How long will this England leave the land to you landowners, unless you bring some mind to it — aye, and the best of your *souls!* you — the nation's servants! Here is a great tract left desolate by one man's wickedness. Restore the waste places — build — people — teach! Heavens, what a chance!" His eyes kindled. "And when Faversham and Lydia come back — yoke them in too. Curator! — stuff! If he won't own that estate, make him govern it, and play the man. Disinterested power! — with such a wife — and such a friend! Could a man ask better of the gods! Now is your moment. Rural England turns to you, its natural leaders, to shape it afresh. Shirk — refuse — at your peril!"

THE END