The state of the state

THE WEEKLY MAIL : TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 18:6.

	SEL SORCERY.	Record with a start of the second	Si
	BEL BORCERT, Starter	Benoni, with an air of resignation, as if life or death were immaterial to him mersonally	ach ach
	And morn's first freehness had not left the sky,	death were immaterial to him personally. He always called Sir Jasper "my lord,"	wi
	As our small craftshot past the harbour buoy,	He always called Sir Jasper "my lord," and, although he could speak four languages, had never yet mastered the difference be-	ph
	And stood right out into the glistening bay,	had never yet mastered the difference be-	m
	IBLA SOLUCIEN. Chaserily hive the soft mideummer wind, and morn's first freehness had not left the sky. As our small craft solt past the harbour buoy, and scot right out hav the glinseming sy. The source of the solt of the solt of the solt title great waves that broke upon the rock. Tossing the rock wead multy to and fro ; Leaving behind the voices dest and sweet of happy ohlidren playing on the beach, and the one sacient, immesorial mas, which are size, sat with eyes cast down, which are size, sat with eyes cast down, wondering what luck his lines would have that day.	tween a baronetcy and a peerage. "If it is written in the book of fate	at
	Tossing the rock-weed madly to and iro ; Leaving behind the voices clear and sweet	that we are to die of the small-pox, we shall	1100
	Of happy children playing on the beach,	get it, wherever we may be. Did it not	ai
	Whose dory rocked amid the boiling surf,	reach the French King upon his throne, t'other day ? You may order the carriage for noon, Floric. And you need take but little trouble about my things-half-s-dozen	to
	Wondering what luck his lines would have that	for noon, Florio. And you need take but	ch
	day.	little trouble about my things -haif-a-dozen	We
	Down dropped the spires below the violet line	the coonelicot suit, and the myrtle-green-	N
	day. Dimmer and dimmer grew the distant shore ; Down dropped the spires below the violet line Where see and sky were married into one, And still we sailed.	Intelestonnes about my sample sample sample waiscosts, and a dozen or so of cravats- the coquelisot suit, and the myrtle-green- the gree utfany, perhaps. I may not stay above a week. The piace will be deadly dell as dembt I am only coing to get some	tu
		above a week. The place will be deadly	tal
	And more and more there fell Upon our spirits such a subtle charm. So weird a spell of see-wrought servery, That all things grow unto our spirit strange. Strange see used the sky above, and strange the		
	So weird a spell of sea-wrought sorcery, That all things grew unto our spirit strange.	money. That cursed Faro has exhausted my funds, and the midsummer rents ought to be	an
	Strange see med the sky above, and strange the	got by this time." It was only the second week in July ; but	of
	sea, And strange the vessels flitting here and there Across the bay. Strange seemed we each to	Sir Jasper's necessities made him eager.	wi sci
		Sir Jasper's necessities made him eager. Benoni's looks expressed a grave interest.	aft
	And to ourselves; and when our voices smote The stillness, half they see ned like voices	" My lord is going to get money from his land ?" he inquired.	du
	heard	"What else dost thou suppose the earth	alt
	heard In lives long gone, or lives that ware to be. Little we spoke, and loss of words our own ; But now and then some poet's music, heard In that old time before we sailed away I might have been a hundred years age. Dream-like grew all the past, until it seemed To be no past of ours.	was made for ? We do not keep corn-fields	ly,
	But now and then some poet's music, heard In that old time before we sailed away-	or farm yards for playthings. Land bestows a certain kind of distinction upon an Eng-	sho
	It might have been a hundred years ago.	a certain kind of distinction upon an Eng- lishman, Benoni ; but 'tis a deuced bad in-	Mr. the
	To be no past of ours.	vestment of his fortune. If my father had	ed a
	Båt when the sun	employed his capital in commerce and been	and
	Began to linger toward the western verge, We turned our prow and bade him be our guide:	lucky in his ventures, I should have thou- sand where I have hundreds. But heaven	the
	guide ;	made me a country gentleman, and I must	Was
	Yet more in doubt than faith that we should find The land from which we once had sailed	e'en be content."	Mil
	The land from which we once had sailed	Eleven o'clock struck before Sir Jasper left his dressing room ; but Benoni had his	Bao
	away- Ay, whether such a land there was at all.	master's portmanteaux packed and the tra-	cott
	Save as some baseless phantom of our brains. And when again we heard the roaring surf, And saw the old, familiar, storm-bleached	velling chariot at the door upon the stroke	him
	And saw the old, laminar, storm-bleached crags,	of twelve. When Sir Jasper came out of the dining-room, where he had been sipping	into
2	And the long curve of pebbly beach beyond, The wonder grew, till it was keen as pain.	his chocolate and trifling with an epicurean	Was
2	Whether, indeed, we sailed away that morn.	preakingt, Sepastian Ioliowed close upon his	awk
	Whether some few brief hours had flitted by	master's heels, fawning upon him, and whin-	alto
	Between the morning and the evening stars, Or generations had arrived and gone,	ing as if he suspected mischief. "The faithful brute thinks I am going to	whe
	crass. And the long curve of pebbly beach beyond. The wonder grew, till it was keen as pain. The wonder grew, till it was keen as pain. Or in some dim gray morning of the world : Whether some faw brief hours had filted by Between the morning and the evening stars. Or generations had arrived and gross. And justice grown more sample on the earth. Theore sat the ancient, immemorial man, Tending his libe and the boiling surf. Be long had he been there, it seemed not grange.	leave him," said Sir Jasper, pstting the big blunt black head which had thrust itself	the
	There sat the ancient, immemorial man,	blunt black head which had thrust itself	flip-
	Tending his bne amid the boiling surf. And still the spell was not dissolved quite.	affectionately against his breast. "My lord will not take the dog to	Dor
	So long had he been there, it seemed not strange	Somersetshire ?" exclaimed Benoni, astonish-	the
	That he should sit a thousand years and more, Paying no heed to sught that passed him by. At length, our moorings reached, our anchor	ed.	the
	At length, our moorings reached, our anchor	"Not take him ! Dost thou think I'd leave a beast that loves me to the tender	The Pari
	And any and the second states of the second states	mercies of a St. James' lodging house ? He'd	long
	A crowd whose faces looked a trifle strange,	be starved, or poisoned, or stole, perchance, before I came back. No ; Sebastian goes	din
	And put her hand in mine, and lifted up her	with his master."	ter
	face For kisses. Then the charm was snapped.		hap
	For kisses. Then the charm was snapped. And I went homeward, glad to be restored To the firm earth and its familiar ways.	CHAPTER IL	fest
	JOHN W. CHADWICK.	AT HIS GATES.	I
	-Harper's Magazine for September.		to
2		The longest journey must end at last ; and after lying at inns three nights and travel-	joy
	SEBASTIAN.	ling for four long summer days-stopping to	hun the
		see an old church or a noted mansion now	of B
	·	and then-Sir Jasper's chariot drove through the gates of his own domain.	
	BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUD-	The gates were opened by the lodge-	offle
	LEY'S SEORET," dec.	keeper's daughter-a tall girl, with bright	trai
	(chestnut hair, brown eyes, and a milk white complexion, powdered with freekles. The	new
		sight of this damsel recalled a little bit of	The
	CHAPTER L	family history to Sir Jasper's mind. Thirty	and
	A FINE GENTLEMAN.	years ago his father, Sir Everard, had given the lodge and an acre of garden adjoining it	Sir
	A FINE GENTLEMAN.	to a poor relation of his own-a bookish man.	com
	When Sir Jasper Lydford came home from	who had done well at Oxford, but nowhere	mai
	the grand tour, he brought with him, be- sides a large and various collection of	else in the world, and had been at very low water, when his distant kinsman, Sir Ever-	span A
	cameos, intaglios, mosaics, and other	ard Lydford, offered him a temporary shel-	ster
	trumpery palmed upon him by astute foreign	ter	DOU
	was instly prond. The first was Florio	"There's the lodge," said Sir Everard, "It was once a dower house, but part was	not
	traders, two living treasures, of which he was justly proud. The first was Florio Benoni, his Italian valet; the second was	pulled down in Queen Anne's time. There's	not tied goo able on t ed o for
	Nebastian, his favourite dog-an animal of	a good garden, and 'tis a roomy cottage even now. You can keep a lad to open the gates,	able
	the true St. Bernard breed, purchased by Sir Jasper at the hospital in the mountains,	and you may have as much fruit and	on
	where he had spent a night with much	and you may have as much fruit and vegetables, and milk and butter and eggs	for
	satisfaction to himself and the monks, whose	as you like from the farm. This may serve	
	courtesies he had acknowledged with becom- ing liberality.	while you look about you for a fresh start in life."	Flor
	Sir Jasper was fourth baronet of a good	He asked Sir Everard for permission to	key whi
	old Somersetshire family, and the owner of a	live and die there, and Sir Everard grant-	elab
	fine estate between Porlock and Wivelis- comb. It is just a century ago since he	ed the boon with all his heart. His kinsman was modest, and asked for nothing more	nun —di
	comb. It is just a century ago since he finished his stately perambulation of Europe	than had been offered in the first instance.	cup
	in his own coach, and crossed from Antwerp	All the servants on the estate adored him.	cup
	in a clumsy old tub of a vessel, after four years of slow and industrious travel. He	They had never known so perfect a gentle- man. So life went on, without a ripple, for	1
	was five and twenty, and had been his own	about ten years ; and then the poor sch lar	COR

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