

But Christophe had been petted by women all his life, and to him Jeanne was no wiser than the rest; she was his old nurse, and sure to be blind in matters relating to him.

"Thou art croaking," he spoke gaily; "to hear thee one would think Jean Marie was like one of the West India planters the sailors of Le Croisic talk about, and that I should be lashed to death. Besides, Jeannette, I believe I am to have the mill of Rusquec."

A look of incredulous wonder lightened in the old woman's eyes; but she did not volunteer an opinion.

"There are tenants there for the present," was all she said, and then she mounted one of the oak benches, lifted down a skin of lard, took a spoonful from it, and replaced it. Then she lifted the lid from the soup-pot, in which herbs and vegetables had long been simmering, as it hung on the great iron chimney-hook, and stirred the grease well into the boiling liquid.

"The master is late," she said, still bending over the blazing logs.

"Yes; and I am hungry. Give me my dinner, Jeanne, as soon as it is ready."

A yellow dog that had been lying asleep jumped up and ran out with a whine of welcome.

"There he is—well?" Christophe turned inquiringly; he had begun to wish for the mill.

Jean Marie took no notice; he seemed occupied with his own thoughts. He seated himself beside the rough table, waiting for his dinner. There was abundance of homespun table-linen in the armoires both upstairs and down, but it was only used on high festivals.

Christophe went up and touched him on the shoulder. "Well, brother, how about the mill? Is it settled? When am I to take possession?"

Jean Marie turned slowly and looked in Christophe's face, to gather in the meaning of his words. The remembrance of their talk yesterday had been so overshadowed by the impression Louise had made on him, that it cost him some effort to understand his brother's meaning. The point at which memory was most distinct was his own proposal that Christophe should possess the mill through Louise. A flush spread over his swarthy skin, and his eyes grew darker with anger.

"The mill is not for thee," he said, roughly; "it is in good hands; thou art not wanted there."

Christophe stood with open mouth, surprised at this outburst; but Jeanne did not give him the chance of answering.

"Pardon!" she pushed by him with a red porringer full of steaming soup, and set it down before Jean Marie, and then took a long, dark-looking loaf from a basket, and placed it on the table. As she handed another bowl of soup to Christophe, she said,

"Eat, my boy; for thou art hungry."

The peaceful look in her eyes quieted Christophe.

"Jean Marie is cross, because he wants his dinner," he thought; "I shall let him come round by himself."

So the young man swallowed his meal hastily and in silence, and went out. He had done a good morning's work—why should he not take a little rest? constant work was bad. Jean Marie had made himself at thirty a middle-aged man; he had worked too hard.

A little way beyond the farmhouse the ground on the opposite side of the high road goes down in a sudden precipitous descent to the valley of rocks which is so special a feature of Huelgoat; it is not easy to descend into it from this side; the orthodox way to it lies at the end of the village past the old water-mill, and across a bit of rock-strewn waste land, gay just now with a golden wealth of furze and broom blossoms.

But Christophe was an expert climber. He slid down the craggy basin between huge masses of grey rock, some of them twenty feet high; and arrived half-way down the hollow, he niched himself comfortably between two rocks, on a heap of brown heather, and lit his pipe. All about lay the gigantic rounded blocks of granite. Above him was a little brown lark circling higher and higher to the blue sky.

"This is pleasanter than fishing," thought Christophe. He lay listening to the lark, and watching the thin wreaths of tobacco smoke disperse as they tried to mount. All at once, another sound mingled with the lark's song; but it did not at first arouse him. In his state of easy enjoyment, the plaintive notes sung in a clear treble came as a pleasant contrast to his own happy feelings. He was too lazy to think of the cause, only he listened with more and more awakened sense as the sound resolved itself into a village song he was used to sing himself.

Then he raised himself on one arm and listened intently. The voice was young as well as sweet. Christophe looked about, but he could see only stones. He got on his feet and looked down into the valley.

On the other side, approaching the bottom of the rocky dell from the furzy waste above, was the figure of a young girl. As Christophe rose up she saw him, and her song ceased. They were some distance apart, but they were struck with each other's appearance. Louise said to herself, "This is Christophe Mao;" but the young man only wondered who the pretty creature could be, and from whence she came.

"Doubtless I have not seen all the girls of Huelgoat; there was not a woman on all the islands of the Morbihan to compare with this one. She and I must make acquaintance."

Christophe was not conceited, but a man who has been petted by women is rarely shy with them; and chance now helped him. Louise's foot slipped on a smooth, moss-grown stone, and she fell on the grass with a little outcry of pain.

Christophe sprang down the hollow and up the other side like a goat.

"Are you hurt?"

Louise blushed, felt her ankle, and then smiled at him, and quickly got up.

"No; oh no; only a little shaken. I came down to look at the Ménége de la Vierge. I have not peeped into the Gulf since I was a little child. Hark! I can hear the water now."

The Ménége de la Vierge was one of the mysteries of the wild place. From the lake of Huelgoat the stream issued in a canal which carried water to the mine about two miles away, and also in a cascade which fell some sixty feet and

then disappeared among these enormous stones, below where Louise's foot had slipped. But at the bottom of the valley came a sound of rushing water.

"It is nothing here," said Christophe. "Let me take your hand and guide you to the grotto."

Louise smiled, and then she blushed with pleasure.

"Thank you," and then she placed her hand frankly in his.

Christophe's heart beat more quickly as he clasped her hand. This was not the first pretty girl he had helped on her way; and yet, as he now gazed freely at Louise, he thought he had never seen any beauty like this before.

"Take care;" and as she climbed from one monstrous rounded grey mass to another which looked more slippery, he pressed the girl's hand tightly. "Now rest a moment; there is a still more difficult bit to get over. Do you live in Huelgoat?" he added.

"Oh, no; but if you knew where I live, you would say, 'I ought not to need your help.'" She looked at him archly; "Why, I live on stones like these. I am Louise Rusquec, and I live at the Mill of St. Herbot."

Christophe felt full of delight; his eyes shone on the young girl.

"Ah, I might have known it; had you belonged to Huelgoat I must have seen you sooner."

"Are you Christophe Mao?" she asked; but her eyes drooped, and she felt timid.

"Yes! I am Jean Marie's brother!" he said. They had reached the grotto: it was only a natural shelter, made by the juxtaposition of some of the enormous stones. Behind rose the wooded hill, and about and among the stones the lady-fern and harts-tongue showed wherever they could get a hold; and brambles and brake clung everywhere. The rush of the unseen water had grown louder under their feet, and now, as they advanced into the cavern, the noise was deafening. At length they descended to the mouth of the gulf; the stones were so steep and slippery, and the whirling rush of water below so bewildering, that Louise shivered, and clung, giddy and terrified, to her guide. Christophe put his arm strongly round her and drew her back from the edge of the gulf, and for a moment he stood clasping her, while the girl lay passive on his arm. But this was only for a moment; Louise recovered her scared senses, she pushed the young man's arm from her waist, and began to walk back alone.

Christophe felt rebuffed, and for him it was a new and discouraging sensation.

"Can you get back alone?" he said, timidly.

"Yes, I thank you; it is easy now," and she seemed really anxious to escape from him.

"What have I done?" the poor fellow thought; "I meant no offence. I only feared she would slip into the gulf, and now she will not even look at me."

Louise thought in this fashion, "Ah, he despises me; he thinks me too free; he shall not think so again; he shall not even touch my hand; I will guide myself."

After all it was much easier to get up the steep rocks than to get down them, and she climbed so well that Christophe had no excuse for proffering help. She stopped at the place where she had slipped.

"Good-bye, Monsieur," she spoke, coldly; "thank you for helping me."

Her unkindness stung him to speech.

"I have offended you against my will. How can a man know what to do? Should I then have let you fall into the gulf?"

Louise felt greatly troubled.

"I have not blamed you, Monsieur. I thank you: farewell!" She spoke quickly, and hurried away, without one look to warm her cold words.

(To be continued.)

This is true liberty, when freemen having to advise the public, may speak free; which he who can and will, deserves high praise, and he who neither can nor will, may hold his peace. What can be juster in a State than this.—*Euripides*.

The only ends for which governments are, and obedience rendered to them, are the obtaining of justice and protection; and they who cannot provide for both, give the people a right of taking such ways as best please themselves in order to their own safety. The whole body of a nation cannot be tied to any other obedience than is consistent with the common good, according to their own good.—*Algernon Sydney*.

THE TITLES of some seventeenth and eighteenth century sermons were strange, and to modern apprehension comical and irreverent:—"Baruch's Sore Gently Opened, and the Salve Skilfully Applied." "The Church's Bowel Complaint." "The Snuffers of Divine Love." "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion." "A Pack of Cards to Win Christ," etc. "A Spiritual Spicery: containing sundrie sweet Tractates of Devotion and Piety," written by Richard Brathwaite, published in 1638; with an odd quotation from Canticles, c. i., 12, and c. v., 13. "The White Wolfe, a sermon," 1627. "The Nail Hit on the Head," 1644. "The Wheel Turned," 1647. "Love and Fear, a marriage sermon," 1668. "Two Sticks made One," sermon, 1691. "The Divine Lanthorne," 1686. "The Best Fee Simple," 1657. And a religious book by one Homer, called Cuckoldom's Glory, or the Horns of the Righteous exalted, with an emblematical engraved frontispiece. "Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace." And again, "Deep things of God, or milk and strong meat, containing spiritual and experimental remarks and meditations, suited to the cases of babes, young men, and fathers," etc., 12mo., 2s., boards, Matthews, 1788. "A box of precious ointment for souls' sores." "A Subpoena of the Star Chamber of Heaven," 1623. "A Funeral Handkerchief, to which are added," etc., 1691. "A Divine Balance to weigh religious Fasts in," 1643. "Leap Year Lectures: a collection of Discourses delivered on the 29th of February, to a select society; committed to the press because improper for the pulpit." London: Bladon, 4to., 1777. "The Lancashire Levite Rebuked, a discourse, etc., 1699. "A Cluster of Grapes taken out of the Basket of the Canaanitish woman," 1660. "Matches lighted at the Divine Fire." The Gun of Penitence." A volume containing extracts, among others, from the sermons of the fathers, is called "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary." Another is called "Sixpenny-worth of the Divine Spirit." But what shall we say to the following? "Some fine Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."—*Curiosities of the Pulpit*.

IN our next issue we shall commence a department devoted to Horticulture, Domestic Economy and new Discoveries and Inventions. We shall be glad to answer any queries on the above subjects and to receive communications which must be short and to the point.