

At length another preached in his pulpit, an earnest, commonplace man, wise enough to accept with little question accepted truths, only sensitive enough to feel vaguely that he was an alien to the hearts of his people, but attributing the barrier between them to his great superiority. Dole did not forget its duty to the church, but the congregations there were never so great as those which gathered in the churchyard when Sidney came every now and then to talk to them from beneath the elm trees, telling the wonderful truths about Nature, revealing to them in parable the pathos and possibilities of their own lives, bidding them aspire always, expounding to them the miracles writ in letters of flowers upon the hillside, and spelled in starry symbols against the sky. They brought their children to him even as the women brought their babes to be blessed by the Redeemer, and Sidney taught them with unwearied patience, and in more than one instance sowed seed which brought forth a hundredfold. He no longer took solitary walks, for one or other of the Dole children was sent with him always, a happy reverent attendant, whose only duty consisted in suggesting that the dreamer turn towards home at noon or nightfall.

And so we leave Sidney, rapt in the ecstasy of a happy dream, wherein by clairvoyant vision he saw "good in everything."