

For these two shuddering souls, they say,
do vainly wander
Amongst the caves and crannies within
the Castle Cove,
And may be seen where moonbeams glim-
mer. Hist! what is that yonder?
We'll leave this gruesome, haunted place,
and here no longer rove.

As she said the last words she touched his arm, and he half started, as though he really expected to see something.

"Why," he said, "you positively made me shudder."

They sauntered on to the Parade.

"Did I?" she said, laughing. "Mother says, sometimes, I ought to have been an actress."

"You ought to have been a Peeress. Asellya—Edith, I cannot let this opportunity pass without telling you I have come down expressly to ask you a very important question. I love you very dearly. Circumstances have prevented me declaring myself before, and, indeed, I have not been my own master. I have, indeed, striven to forget you, but I cannot do so. Will you try to like me a little?"

Asellya was silent.

"Do not refuse me, dearest. I shall never marry unless I may proudly claim you as my wife."

Asellya raised her beautiful eyes to his. He read his answer there, and then they sealed their compact with the first kiss he had ever snatched from those sweet red lips. No one saw them but the moon and the stars, for they had wandered on and on, up the steep pathway to the Wishing Gate, leading to the summit of St. Catherine's Hill, and where Love Lane ended.

"Dear me," our heroine said, half-an-hour later, after they ascended to the summit of the hill above the Castle, built in the reign of Henry VIII., and admired the view up the harbor by moonlight, and gazed out across the English Channel, where they vainly peered for a sight of the Eddystone. "Dear me, I quite forgot I had to go and see Mary Pentreath. What will she think of me?"

CHAPTER IX.

A SIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED.

Masonry was all agog; the Roman Catholics thought it was *in extremis*. The Marquis of Ripon had suddenly gone over to Rome; had abandoned Masonry; and thrown up his high office as Grand Master. The enemies of Masonry, and they are many and powerful, were delighted beyond measure, and thought that now the most powerful secret society in the world would surely fall. The Prince of Wales, who had previously been installed as Grand Master of the Knights Templar, when Lord Esme acted as one of the Aides-de-Camp, now graciously intimated that he himself would become Grand Master of the Craft, if the brethren thought fit to elect him.

Needless to say, this noble conduct of His Royal Highness was duly appreciated. He was unanimously elected by acclamation at the ensuing Grand Lodge, and, in the Albert Hall, on the 28th April, 1875, he was duly installed Most Worshipful Grand Master of England.

Dr. Penhaligon was there as Worshipful Master of the Lodge of Harmony, sitting next the venerable Dr. Oldham. Bro. Wroath came in the procession as a Grand Officer, as Grand Sword Bearer, and also Representative of the Argentine Republic.

Nearly ten thousand Masons were present: the Grand Officers in purple and gold, the Past Masters wearing their sky-blue colors, the Grand Stewards in crimson. The brethren were told they were to stand in silence when the Prince entered, and that, of course, he would be saluted afterwards in the usual way known amongst Masons. The names of brethren forming a deputation of the greatest noblemen in England, including the Marquis of Earsdon, were read out by Garter King-at-Arms, when those distinguished brethren proceeded through the serried ranks of Craftsmen, and conducted His