

about you to-day, and I think it more than probable that I can find you something to do in London. You are a lover of books; even a librarian's post at first would be better than nothing."

"A librarian's post!" repeated Fletcher. "You could not give me anything which I would appreciate more. I have yet so much to learn."

"Ah, well, book knowledge is all very well and valuable in its place; but I don't know that it is of the highest value to the politician. A mere bookworm would never achieve success in the House—he wants to be made of sterner stuff. Well, we can say nothing very definite about it, of course, until I return to town. I shall be back again at Whitsuntide; but in the meantime, if I hear of nothing at all likely to suit you, you may believe I shall not forget your existence."

"I am very grateful, sir; but I would not wish you to trouble yourself about me. I am not afraid for the future. I think I could fight my own battle."

"Very well said," observed the millowner. "I don't dislike your independence; there's too little of it in these degenerate days. At the same time, unless you take advantage of all the stepping-stones available, your progress towards the goal of your ambition is likely to be slow. Miracles sometimes happen, but not often; it is a very long step from the spinning-wheel to the woolsack." Both smiled at the simile, and after a moment Mr. Bremner descended to more practical details.

"I should like you to write me a letter at your leisure, setting forth your qualifications, and, as far as may be, your desires. I may never show it; but it might be of value all the same."