

bells came tinkling through the taste of our Scotch broth.

That night I retired to rest with a strange feeling possessing me—who would not be grateful for it were it only his privilege to experience it?—a feeling of escape from the Furies of modern life, disillusion, doubt, and democracy. People often talk of their heart being brought into their mouth. Life in these days brings the hearts of many of us into the devil's mouth, and he gnaws them as Dante's devil gnawed Judas and Brutus, whilst the eyes and lips of their owners seem to smile with enjoyment. But here was a sudden rest, and peace breathed upon my pillow. Nor was this merely a night's passing illusion. Happy was the light that came to my eyes next morning. Joy came with it, freshness, and expectation. Nothing interfered with my mood except the rapid discovery that Scotty was not very clever at folding or brushing trousers; and Colonel Falkland's garden, when I came down to breakfast, smelt like the gardens I had known in the morning of boyhood.

Mrs. and Miss Falkland said that at twelve o'clock they would come out with me and give me a glimpse of the unknown world I was living in. When the time came we all of us sallied forth into the street through which I had driven two days previous. It was perfectly silent, but there were a few figures moving in it. The walls of the houses to a height of twelve or fifteen feet were, with rare exceptions, perfectly blind and blank except