you'll look in on Kent, and let him know as she's got a bit of weshing!"

Andrea did look in on Kent, and found him busy on the treadmill. She shouted her message up at him, adding "love and kisses," which she knew Mrs. Kent would have sent in abundance, had she not been a tongue-tied woman, whose pleasure it was to love a rogue. Kent himself evinced gratification by a wide and flashing smile, and appeared to step more lively.

Between smiles and tears, Andrea turned to the Governor, and upset his equilibrium for the day. "Now," she said, "may I see good Mr. Devil turning the wheel?"

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Sometimes papa and mama had slight differences of opinion on religious matters, although they were both staunch supporters of Church and State.

Papa held a certain Scarlet Lady in ineradicable aversion, but mama preferred disciplinary priest-craft to "snivelling dissent." Charles the First's head invariably played a leading part in these discussions, with contemptuous allusions to "Old Noll," and the Protestant Succession; and mama thought that the Splendid Spoon would have been much more usefully employed "cracking Hanoverian crowns, than in buttering usurpation!"

Andrea remembers one summer Sunday, when the Ranters came to Carillon, and how a perspiring little man in broadcloth asked permission to hold a revival service on the lawn, and how mama refused, or even to lend him a field for the purpose; and how, to the huge delight of the small fry, the indignant minister, with all his flock, plumped down in the dust around the front gate, and, lifting up his voice, prayed "for the softening of that unregenerate 'eart, which, revolving on pride, was trundling down to 'ell, like a waggon down a 'ill!"

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If she had known anything of bacteriology in those days, Andrea would have surmised that "cheap corn" conveyed the germ of every ill to which flesh is heir, and, indeed, an insidious microbe, associated with agriculture, certainly produced heartrending depression. Mama's carriage was superb as ever—but her eyes faded, and she watched the advent of the postman, and consigned all the mean, little blue envelopes to the flames, jamming them down with the poker, so that their fluttering wraiths could not, like the proverbial phœnix, arise and confront papa, when he came to toast his toes on the fender.

It was to agricultural depression that Andrea owed the one priceless year of her life, free from conventional education—the year when "listening to the still," she came as near to the heart of the universe as it was possible for a human creature to press, and learned secrets not yet writ in any tome. It seemed to the girl that some beneficent Goddess let loose elements of surpassing glory. Never again in life was any winter so splendidly strenuous, frost and snow, and sapphire ice—tempestuous and sonorous storms of wind and rain—when, as a mere leaf, she was whirled through space right up to where the great mill stood sentinel over the Vale, swirling round its sails with relentless rhythm.

Here, in late spring, Andrea stood near the now purring mill, ankle deep in cowslips, looking across to Beauvais, where the lordly terraces shone emerald green, and myriads of roots and bulbs, warm in earth, had sent forth their scented flags of divers colours to cense and salute the sun.

Then followed the most sumptuous of all summers—silver rains in the night hours—and long golden hours of blazing light by day. Brief in the bud, the flowers flared riotously into bloom, and exhaled a purple perfume, which Andrea breathed delicately, as with closed eyes she wandered in the wake of Proserpina, through the fields of asphodel.

Calm came autumn. With gratitude man and woman went forth to labour, and garner its wealth.

Later the shrivelled leaves shivered down to mother earth, and were absorbed and reincarnated in her beneficent bosom.

When the "cycle" was complete, and another year was young, Andrea stood at the little white gate, leading from the shadowy grove into far-stretching meadow lands—and bade good-bye to "the still"—a tangible silence, composite of all the dim and soothing murmurs beyond the mist, the caress of water over mossy stones—the ruffle of a bird's wing—the breath of kine—the fluttering ecstasy of love—and somewhere—coming nearer, the sound of a horse's hoofs.

The "still" was broken.

Out of the haze—into the last rays of the blood-red setting sun—rode a horseman.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR OF LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL.

Those who know the difficulties of getting about in the Highlands and Islands are able to appreciate the story of Lady Victoria's life in Tiree.

A cripple from childhood, she had to fight against odds. Her journeys in the Western Isles were usually in winter, and sometimes at night, lying in one of the narrow bunks of the not too comfortable McBrayre steamers. But Lady Victoria was no coward; she knew how to handle a rope, and met difficulties cheerfully. "Give me hold of a rope and throw my legs after me" was a command she would give the seamen when a boat came alongside the steamer to take her off.

With the cheap and inefficient care of the sick poor, Lady Victoria had no sympathy. She established in her lifetime and has *kept* for Tiree a fully trained nurse. She had to fight for this, and even receive unkindliness and want of courtesy; but, like a true Celt, she did not shirk "the bonnie fecht" with those who, in her own words, judge everything by £ s. d.

The Memoir is written by her sister, Lady Frances Balfour.

E. A. S.

previous page next page