

longer be ; the eagle will not feed beside the dove, for doves will not be allowed to consume grain which might have served as human food, and will be extinct as the dodo. It may be all right and fit and proper : a world of harmless vegetarians may be the appropriate outcome of the development of humanity. But we who have been born in a ruder age do not aspire to rise beyond the level of our own times. We have toiled, we have suffered, we have enjoyed, as the nature which we have received has prompted us. We blame our fathers' habits ; our children may blame ours in turn ; yet we may be sitting in judgment, both of us, on matters of which we know nothing.

The storm has passed away, the dripping trees are sparkling in the warm and watery sunset. Back, then, to our inn, where dinner waits for us, the choicest of our own trout, pink as salmon, with the milky curd in them, and no sauce to spoil the delicacy of their flavour. Then bed, with its lavender-scented sheets and white curtains, and sleep, sound sweet sleep, that loves the country village and comes not near a London bedroom. In the morning, adieu to Cheneys, with its red gable-ends and chimneys, its venerable trees, its old-world manners, and the solemn memories of its mausoleum.