

gesture had in it as much of seeking as of giving. He was conscious that for the first time in his self-dependent life he touched a fellow-being thus; but the stream that has once begun to draw from long-sealed springs is quickly the river. They both stood silent.

"Ought I to give it up, sir?"

"No," said Dr. Gilbert, slowly—"no, I think not." He spoke more as if arranging his thoughts aloud than talking to another. "I think the trouble was in the way you first told her. If you had then understood all that you were asking of her, you would have told her quite differently. You do understand now."

Martin shook his head heavily. "That's all right for you, sir. You got education; you know how to say things different ways. I'd say 'em to her your way fast enough if I knew how."

"I don't know that," said Dr. Gilbert, quickly. "You don't know it yourself."

He was silent so long that Martin moved uneasily, trying to see his face; and then, with a curious diffidence of tone, Dr. Gilbert went on, but hesitatingly, as if feeling both for thoughts and the words to express them:

"Since you ask me—since you called me in for this—if I were in your place, if I had made your mistake, I think I should first plainly confess to myself that I had been a brute, and then I'd go to her—to my wife—and tell her I—tell her you are ashamed of yourself. Then—here I know I am right—I would not hurry her in any way. Tell her she may

stay here with her father and mother until she is quite ready to follow you. A man must of course go where his work calls him, and if his wife isn't willing to follow him—the chances all are it's his own fault somehow."

The unwonted hesitation dropped from Dr. Gilbert's voice and manner; he was speaking again with the force, the authority which was his accustomed note, but that new power of persuasion, that depth of tone, that sympathy of inflection, was still, even in his own ears, enriching and enforcing his utterance. His hand dropped from Martin's shoulder; he stood upright, his shoulders squared, his words coming more and more incisively.

"It's not for you to make your wife go with you, Martin, but to make her *want* to go. That's the whole secret, and that's where you failed. But it's not too late to succeed—it's not too late. I am sure of that, too. Let your wife rest to-night, and to-morrow morning begin all over again as you ought to have begun to-day. Make her understand that until she *wants* to come to you, you will not have her come. She may tell you then that she'll follow you to the world's end—or you may have to wait for that; but wait or not, that's the one and only way to take her with you, and it's what I shall—"

Dr. Gilbert was moving hastily down the garden path. His last words came back humorously over his shoulder:

"Like it or not, that's our medicine, Martin! Good-night! Good luck!"

The Kinvad Bridge

(PERSIAN)

BY WILLIAM HURD HILLYER

AT the end of the path that all men tread, at the end of the road called Time,
Where the land slopes off to the cliffs of death, and the dolorous vapors
climb,

Over the cloudy gulf of hell and the chasm of dim despond,
The Kinvad Bridge swings frail and far to the heavenly heights beyond.

Nine javelins wide is the Kinvad Bridge when passeth a righteous soul;
Royally ample and safe it leads to the distant shining goal;
But when others come to the cliffs of death—ah, yes, the bridge is there—
But, oh, what a narrow thread that spans the gray gorge of despair!

Bell Music

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS

EDITED BY HIS SON, L. HAWEIS

I HAD only a year or two before been appointed to St. James's, Marylebone, and was spending a fortnight's summer vacation in visiting the dear old Belgian town of Louvain, and I was fascinated with the charm of all Time set to music in those little floods of delicate harmony floating down from the old church, and beating out the minutes, days, and hours with their pulses of winged consecration.

It was the symphony of busy life by day as the citizens went to and fro on their appointed tasks until the evening.

It was the symphony of sleep what time the night should be filled with music,

And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

I am standing in the Van Aerschodt parlor, awaiting my first sight of Severin, the bell-founder. There is a rush and scramble of children through the hall. . . . Ah, well-a-day! 'Tis many years ago!

In another moment Severin Van Aerschodt comes forward, and madame vanishes with the children. I explain; Van Aerschodt listens. We talk—I English, he Belgian French. I wish to see his bell-foundry.

"Yes, but 'tis very dusty and black."

"That is just what I want to see."

"Are you in the trade?"

I protest!—only an ignoramus—a *littérateur*—an enthusiast over the Belgian bells, anxious to know their qualities.

"Come, then," he said, frankly. "Tomorrow we cast a bell, and to-day you can see the mould, all ready in its *couche*, at a few metres from the furnace."

So chatting, I entered for the first time the large room in Van Aerschodt's bell-foundry.

There were big bells, little bells, all sizes from some tons to only a few hundredweight, lying on their sides or standing bottom upwards, to be sounded. Two of them, ready to be sent off, looked like frosted silver, beautiful with inscriptions and scrolls and Gothic windows and saints in bass-relief. Others were garlanded with bronze flowers, girt with processions, veritable works of art, as well as subtly compounded bits of metal moulded into the special proportions which constitute the Belgian bell, the survival of the fittest form for the production of a musical note of exquisite timbre.

Ah, those proportions! Twenty-three to thirty per cent. of pure tin (according to the size of the bell), and the rest pure Rosette Drontheim copper, and tin and copper both *de première qualité* and *de première fusion*. No melting up again and again until the stuff is as brittle as glass and as porous as pumice! Then a few handfuls of some other metals, thrown in like a pinch of salt or pepper—*why*, the founder himself hardly knows!—only knows that, if done at all, it must be just when the whole mass is molten to white heat flushed with faintest rose, azure, and green—iridescent, all glowing, mystical; and presently the whole is rushed into the mould, and there comes forth a true bell!

Timbre? Ah, it requires the trained, sympathetic ear to discern this true bell *timbre*: not vulgar and brassy, not shallow and jingly, not hard like an anvil-stroke, still less Frenchy, characterless—almost a pure tone like the tuning-fork, but complex, "mashy," soft yet male, warm, generous, something reminiscent of a girl's mellow contralto and a Stradivarius violoncello. No! Fail adjectival analogues borrowed from the sense of touch and taste and even sex, and then