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"Ever so much. I was deeply interested in it. Ben Hur's wanderings, hair breadth escapes and thrilling adventures with their numerous perils, and the incidents in the life of Christ, and the crucifixion are so graphically pictured."

"While the strange meeting of the Egyptian, Hindoo and Greek, the strange story they tell in their search for the truth, the invisible Supreme God, the command given to each in a dream to follow the guiding star to the scene of the incarnation are full of interest. While their arrival at Bethlehem, then thronged with people going up to Jerusalem, the incidents in the khan, the strange, mystical light that lit up the vicinity and hovered over one of the outhouses, that so excited, alarmed and awed the early morning worshippers, but which revealed to the travellers the place where our Lord was born, are events so well told that while they may not add anything new to what is chronicled in the gospels, yet certainly clothe them in a novel and attractive garb. It also gives one an idea of the customs of that time, and makes to me, at least, that event clearer."

"Yes," added Marjorie, "books like Ben Hur, that are based on historical events are certainly great helps in the study of history, for they invest dull facts with the pleasing dress of romance, and many become acquainted with them who would not otherwise pore over dusty details. But, by the way, what was the opinion of the club in regard to our American novelists, Howell and James. You know that I was unable to be present at the meeting."

"Well, it was rather unsatisfactory, although it was generally conceded that they were the greatest of our novelists. Some were of the opinion that James was too

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"You and she are confidants, I suppose?"

"We are and we are not. Somewhat of a paradox isn't it?"

"It seems like one. Parker comes nearer being a confidant of mine than any one else; but there are some things it is not wise to tell even our best friends. In other words, as poor Richard says, "When you keep your own counsels you know they are well kept." This is perhaps what you mean by your paradox, is it not?"

"You have hit it perfectly, Mr. Stanley. We seem to agree admirably this afternoon."

"Then we are agreeable, to compass the whole matter."

Both laughed at his attempt at wit.

"The heart, Miss Stone, is like the earth, dull and unattractive, but from it springs beauty and wealth of sentiment, and in its recesses are many hidden treasures. It needs to be penetrated by influences that separate and bring out its desirable qualities, like the flowers that bring forth pleasing colors and rich perfumes."

"Your similies are fine, Mr. Stanley. I think you would make a great poet. Only with poetic geniuses do such sentiments flow so readily."

She stopped then as if she thought she had said too much, and maintained a quiet reserve for the rest of their drive.

On different occasions like these arguments were indulged in, outside of the small talk that generally accompanies conversations. He trying to impress upon her, while arguing in the abstract, that a change in his life was going on, and that an incentive for it had been found. He was pained, however, because she seemed to have joined in the general verdict against him, but to what extent it prejudiced her against him, he could not

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