SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED)

"You spoke about the Park a few minutes ago," he says, slowly; "you know now you can have it back again if you will."

"But not in that way. Did you think I was hinting?" growing rather red. "No; please don't say another word. I wonder you can be so silly."

"Silly!" somewhat aggrieved; "I don't know what you mean by that. Surely a fellow may ask a woman to marry him without being termed 'silly.' I ask you again now. Lilian, will you marry me?"

"No, no, no, certainly not. I have no intention of marrying any one for years to come,—if ever. I think," with a charming pout, "it is very unkind of you to say such things to me,—and just when we were such good friends too; spoiling everything. I shall never be comfortable in your society again; I'm sure I never should have suspected you of such a thing. If I had——" A pause.

"You would not have come here with me to-day, you mean?" gloomily.

"Indeed I should not. Nothing would have induced me. You have put me out terribly."

"I suppose you like Chetwoode," says Archibald, still more gloomily. Having never been denied anything since his birth, he cannot bring himself to accept this crowning misfortune with becoming grace.

"I like everybody,—except Florence," returns Lilian, composedly.

Then there is another pause, rather longer than the first, and then—after a violent struggle with her better feelings—Miss Chesney gives way, and laughs long and heartily.

"My dear Archibald, don't look so woebegone," she says. "If you could only see yourself! You look as though every relation you ever had was dead. Why, you ought to be very much obliged to me. Have you never heard Mr. Punch's advice to young men about to marry?"

"I don't want any one's advice; it is late for that, I fancy. Lilian—darling—darling—won't you——"

"I won't, indeed," recoiling and waving him back, while feeling for the first time slightly embarrassed; "don't come a step nearer; nobody ever made love to me before, and I perfectly hate it! I hope sincerely no one will ever propose to me again."

"I shall!" doggedly; "I shan't give you up yet. You have not thought about it. When you know me better you may change your mind."

"Do not deceive yourself," gently, "and do not be offended. It is not you I have an objection to, it is marriage generally. I have only begun my life, and a husband must be such a bore. Any number of people have told me so."

"Old maids such as your aunt Priscilla, I dare say," says Archibald, scornfully. "Don't believe them. I wouldn't bore you; you should have everthing exactly your own way."

"I have that now."

"And I will wait for you as long as you please."

"So you may," gayly; "but mind, I don't desire you."

"May I take that as a grain of hope?" demands he, eagerly grasping this poor shadow of a crumb with avidity, only to find later on it is no crumb at all. "Don't be cruel, Lilian: everyone thinks differently after a while; you may also. You have said I am not hateful to you; if then you would only promise to think it over——"

"Impossible," airily: "I never think: it is too fatiguing. So are you, by the by, just now. I shan't stay with you any longer, lest I should be infected. Good-by, Archie: when you are in a pleasanter mood you can return to me, but until then adieu."

So saying, she catches her train in one hand and runs away from him fast as her fleet little feet can carry her.

Down the pathway, round the limes, into another path runs she, where suddenly she finds herself in Taffy's presence.

"Whither away, fair maid?" asks that youth, removing the cigar from his lips that he is enjoying all alone.

"I am running away from Archie. He was so excessively dull and disagreeable that I could not bring myself to waste another moment on him, so I ran away and left him just plante là," says Miss Chesney, with a little foreign gesture and a delicious laugh that rings far through the clear air, and reaches Archibald's ears as he draws nearer.

"Come, I hear footsteps," whispers she, slipping her hand into Taffy's. "Help me to hide from him."

So together they scamper still farther away, until at last they arrive breathless but secure in the shrubberies that surround one side of the house.

When they had quite recovered themselves it occurs to Taffy that he would like to know all about it.

"What was he saying to you?" asks he, a propos of Chesney.

"Nothing," promptly.

Taffy, curiously: "Well, certainly that was very disagreeable."

Lilian, demurely: "It was."

At this Taffy lays his hands upon her shoulders and gives her a good shake.

"Tell me directly," says he, "what he was saying to you."

"How can I?" innocently; "he says so much and none of it worth repeating."

"Was he making love to you?"

"No. Oh, no," mildly.

"I'm certain he was," with conviction. "And look here, Lil, don't you have anything to do with him: he isn't up to the mark by any means. He is too dark, and there is something queer about his eyes. I once saw a man who had cut the throats of his mother, his grandmother, and all his nearest relations,—any amount of them,—and his eyes were just like Chesney's. Don't marry him, whatever you do.

"I won't," laughing: "I should hate to have my throat cut."

"There's Chetwoode, now," says Taffy, who begins to think himself a very deep and delicate diplomatist. "He is a very decent fellow all round if you like."

"I do like, certainly. It is quite a comfort to know Sir Guy is not indecent."

"Oh, you know what I mean well enough. There's nothing underhand about Chetwoode. By the way, what have you been doing to him? He is awfully down on his luck all day."

"I!" coldly. "What should I do to Sir Guy?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, but girls have a horrid way of teasing a fellow while pretending to be perfectly civil with him all the time. It is my private opinion," says Mr. Musgrave, mysteriously,—"and I flatter myself I am seldom wrong,—that he is dead spoons on you."

"Really, Taffy!" begins Lilian, angrily.

"Yes, he is: you take my word for it. I'm rather a judge in such matters. Bet you a fiver" says Mr. Musgrave, "he proposes to you before the year is out.

"I wonder, Taffy, how you can be so vulgar!" says Lilian, with crimson cheeks, and a fine show of superior breeding. "I never bet. I forbid you to speak to me on this subject again. Sir Guy, I assure you, has as much intention of proposing to me as I have of accepting him should he do so."

"More fool you," says Taffy, unabashed. "I'm sure he is much nicer than that melancholy Chesney. If I were a girl I should marry him straight off."

"Perhaps he would not marry you," replies Lilian, cuttingly.

"Wouldn't he? he would like a shot, if I were like Lilian Chesney," says Taffy, positively.

"'Like a shot'—what does that mean?" says Miss Chesney, with withering sarcasm. "It is a pity you cannot forget your schoolboy slang, and try to be a gentleman. I don't think you ever hear that 'decent fellow' Sir Guy, or even that cut-throat Archibald, use it."

With this parting shaft she marches off overflowing with indignation, leaving Mr. Musgrave lost in wonder at her sudden change of manner.

"What on earth is up with her now?" he asks himself, desperately; but the dressing-bell ringing at this moment disarms thought, and sends him in-doors to prepare for dinner.

Mrs. Boileau has asked no one to meet them except a lank and dreary curate, who is evidently a prime favorite with her. He is an honorable Mr. Boer, with nothing attractive about him except a most alarming voice that makes one glance instinctively at his boots under the mistaken impression that the sound must come from them. This is rather unfortunate for the curate, as his feet are not (or rather are) his strong point, Nature having endowed them with such a tremendous amount of heel, and so much sole, innocent of instep, as makes them unpleasantly suggestive of sledge-hammers.

He is painfully talkative, and oppressively evangelical, which renders him specially abhorrent to Lilian, who has rather a fancy for flowers and candies and nice little boys in white shirts. He is also undecided whether it is Miss Beauchamp or Miss Chesney he most admires. They have equal fortunes, and are therefore (in his clerical eyes) equally lovely. There is certainly more of Miss Beauchamp, but then there is a vivacity, a—ahem—"go," if one might say so, about Miss Chesney perfectly irresistible. Had one of these rival beauties been an heiress, and the other rich only in love's charms, I think I know which one Mr. Boer would have bowed before,—not that I even hint at mercenary motives in his reverence, but as it is he is much exercised in his mind as to which he shall honor with his attentions.

I think Lilian wins the day, because after dinner he bears down upon her determinately, and makes for the fauteuil in which she lies esconced looking bored and ennuyee to the last degree. Dinner has been insipid, the whole evening a mistake; neither Guy nor Archibald will come near her, or even look at her; and now Mr. Boer's meditated attack is the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

"I consider the school board very much to blame," begins that divine while yet some yards distant, speaking in his usual blatant tones, that never change their keynote, however long they may continue to insult the air.

"So do I," says Lilian, very gently and sweetly, but with such unmistakable haste as suggests a determination on her part to bring the undiscussed subject to an ignominious close. "I quite agree with you; I think them terribly to blame. But I beg your pardon for one moment: I want to ask Mr. Chetwoode a question that has been haunting me for hours."

Rising, she glides away from him over the carpet, leaving Mr. Boer—who takes a long time to understand anything, and could not possibly believe in a rebuff offered to himself in person—watching the tail of her long sweeping gown, and wondering curiously if all the little white frillings beneath it may not have something to do with a falling petticoat. At this point he pulls himself together with a start, and fears secretly he is growing immodest.

In the mean time Lilian has reached Cyril, who is sitting at a table somewhat apart, gazing moodily at a book containing prints of the chief villages in Wales. He, like herself, is evidently in the last stage of dejection.

Bending over him, she whispers in an awful tone, but with a beaming smile meant to mistify the observant Boer,—

"If you don't instantly deliver me from that man I shall make a point of going off into such a death-like swoon as will necessitate my being borne from the room. He is now going to tell me about that miserable school board all over again, and I can't and won't stand it."

"Poor child," says Cyril, with deepest sympathy; "I will protect you. If he comes a step nearer, I swear to you I will have his blood." Uttering this comforting assurance in the mildest tone, he draws a chair to the table, and together they explore Wales in print.

Then there is a little music, and a good deal of carefully suppressed yawning, and then the carriages are announced and they all bid their hostess good-night, and tell a few pretty lies about the charming evening they have spent, etc.

"Cyril, will you drive me home?" Lilian says to him hurriedly in the hall, while they are being finally cloaked and shawled. As she says it she takes care to avoid his eyes, so she does not see the look of amused scrutiny that lies in them.

"So soon!" he says, tragically. "It was an easy victory! I shall be only too charmed, my dear Lilian, to drive you to the other end of the world if need be."

So they start and drive home together placidly, through the cool, soft night. Lilian is strangely silent, so is Cyril,—the calm beauty of the heavens above them rendering their lips mute.

"Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length—
Apparent queen!—unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

The night is very calm, and rich in stars; brilliant almost as garish day, but bright with that tender, unchanging, ethereal light—clear, yet full of peaceful shadow—that day can never know.

"There is no dew on the dry grass to night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry and light."

Lilian sighs gently as they move rapidly through the still air,—a sigh not altogether born of the night's sweetness, but rather tinged with melancholy. The day has been possessed by the spirit of gayety, now in the subdued silence of the night the reaction setting in reduces her to the very verge of tears.

Cyril too is very quiet, but *his* thoughts are filled with joy. Lifting his gaze to the eternal vault above him, he seems to see in the gentle stars the eyes of his beloved smiling back at him. A dreamy happiness, an exquisite feeling of thankfulness, absorb him, making him selfishly blind to the sadness of his little companion.

"How silent you are!" Lilian says, at length, unable to endure her tormenting revery any longer.

"Am I?" smiling. "I was thinking of some line I read yesterday: the night is so lovely it recalls them. Of course they are as well known to you as to me; but hear them:

"How beautiful is the night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air:
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths."

"Yes, they are pretty lines: they are Southey's, I think," says Lilian, and then she sighs again, and hardly another word is spoken between them until they reach home.

As they pull up at the hall-door, Guy, who has arrived a little before them, comes forward, and, placing one foot upon the step of Cyril's T-cart, takes Lilian in his arms and lifts her to the ground. She is so astonished at the suddenness of this demonstration on his part that she forgets to make any protest, only—she turns slowly and meaningly away from him, with lowered eyes and with averted head.

With a beseeching gesture he detains her, and gains for a moment her attention. He is looking pale, miserable; there is an expression of deep entreaty in his usually steady blue eyes.

"Lilian, forgive me," he whispers, anxiously, trying to read her face by the moonlight: "I have been sufficiently punished. If you could guess all I have endured to-day through your coldness, your scorn, you would say so too. Forgive me."

"Impossible," returns she, haughtily, in clear tones, and, motioning him contemptuously to one side, follows Cyril into the house.

Inside they find Lady Chetwoode not only up and waiting for them, but wide awake. This latter is a compliment so thoroughly unexpected as to arouse within them feelings of the warmest gratitude.

"What, Madre! you still here?" says Cyril. "Why, we imagined you not only out of your first but far into your second beauty sleep by this time."

"I missed you all so much I decided upon waiting up for you," Lady Chetwoode answers, smiling benignly upon them all; "besides, early in the evening—just after you left—I had a telegram from dear Mabel, saying she and Tom will surely be here to dinner to-morrow night. And the idea so pleased me I thought I would stay here to impart my news and hear yours."

Every one in the room who knows Mrs. Steyne here declares his delight at the prospect of so soon seeing her again.

"She must have made up her mind at the very last moment," says Guy. "Last week she was undecided whether she should come at all. She hates leaving London."

"She must be at Steynemore now," remarks Cyril.

"Lilian, my dear child, how pale you are!" Lady Chetwoode says, anxiously taking Lilian's hand and rubbing her cheeks gently with loving fingers. "Cold, too! The drive has been too much for you, and you are always so careless about wraps. I ordered supper in the library an hour ago. Come and have a glass of wine before going to bed."

"No, thank you, auntie: I don't care for anything."

"Thank you, Aunt Anne, I think I will take something," interposes Florence, amiably: "the drive was long. A glass of sherry and one little biscuit will, I feel sure, do me good."

Miss Beauchamp's "one little biscuit," as is well known, generally ends in a substantial supper.

"Come to the library, then," says Lady Chetwoode, and still holding Lilian's hand draws it within her arm, and in her own stately Old-World fashion leads her there.

When they have dismissed the butler, and declared their ability to help one another, Lady Chetwoode says, pleasantly,—

"Now tell me everything. Had you an agreeable evening?"

"Too agreeable!" answers Cyril, with suspicious readiness: "I fear it will make all other entertainments sink into insignificance. I consider a night at Mrs. Boileau's the very wildest dissipation. We all sat round the room on uneasy chairs and admired each other: it would perhaps have been (if *possible*) a more successful amusement had we not been doing the same thing for the past two months,—some of us for years! But it was tremendously exciting all the same."

"Was there no one to meet you?"

"My dear mother, how could you suspect Mrs. Boileau of such a thing!"

"Yes,—there was a Mr. Boer," says Florence, looking up blandly from her chicken, "a man of very good family,—a clergyman——"

"No, a curate," interrupts Cyril, mildly.

"He made himself very agreeable," goes on Florence, in her soft monotone, that nothing disturbs. "He was so conversational, and so well read. You liked him, Lilian?"

"Who? Mr. Boer? No; I thought him insufferable,—so dull,—so prosy," says Lilian, wearily. She has hardly heard Miss Beauchamp's foregoing remarks.

"His manner, certainly, is neither frivolous nor extravagant," Florence returns, somewhat sharply, but he appeared sensible and earnest, rare qualities nowadays."

"Did I hear you say he wasn't extravagant," breaks in Cyril, lazily, purposely misconstruing her application of the word. "My dear Florence, consider! Could anything show such reckless extravagance as the length of his coat-tails? I never saw so much superfluous cloth in any man's garment before. It may be saintly, but it was cruel waste!"

"How did you amuse yourselves?" asks Lady Chetwoode, hastily, forestalling a threatening argument.

"As best we might. Lilian and I amused each other, and I think we had the best of it. If our visit to the Grange did no other good, it at least awoke in me a thorough sense of loyalty; I cannot tell you," with a glance at Lilian, "how often I blessed the 'Prints of Wales' this night."

"Oh, Cyril, what a miserable joke!" says Lilian, smiling, but there is little warmth in her smile, and little real merriment in her usually gay tones. All this, Cyril—who is sincerely fond of her—notes with regret and concern.

"Guy, give Lilian a glass of Moselle!" says his mother at this moment: "it is what she prefers, and it will put a little color into her cheeks: she looks so fatigued." As she says this she moves across the room to speak to Florence leaving Lilian standing alone upon the hearth-rug. Guy, as desired, brings the wine and hands it to Lilian.

"No, thank you," turning from him coldly. "I do not wish for it."

"Nevertheless take it," Guy entreats, in a low voice: "you are terrible white, and," touching her hand gently, "as cold as death. Is it because *I* bring it you will not have it? Will you take it from Taffy?"

A choking sensation rises in Miss Chesney's throat; the unbidden tears spring to her eyes, it is by a passionate effort alone she restrains them from running down her cheeks. As I have said before, the day has been a distinct failure. She will not speak to Guy, Archibald will not speak to her. A sense of isolation is oppressing and weighing her down. She, the pet, the darling, is left lonely, while all the others round her laugh and jest and accept the good the gods provide. Like a spoiled child, she longs to rush to her nurse and have a good cry within the shelter of that fond woman's arms.

Afraid to speak, lest her voice betray her, afraid to raise her eyes, lest the tell-tale tears within them be seen, she silently—though against her will—takes the glass Sir Guy offers, and puts it to her lips, whereupon he is conscious of a feeling of thankfulness,—the bare fact of her accepting any thing at his hands seeming to breathe upon him forgiveness.

Lilian, having finished her Moselle, returns him the glass silently. Having carried it to the table, he once more glances instinctively to where he has left her standing. But she has disappeared. Without a word to any one, she has slipped from the library and sought refuge in her own room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fashionable Women of To-day.

When women were brought up to be the pets and playthings of men they were educated to be happy in the place assigned them. Their hands were trained to deftness in embroidery and music, and their minds were left in a condition of quiescent content with their status. If they learned to read, the literature given them was that of romance and entertainment solely. The higher learning was withheld, and conversation in their presence never took the form of discussion touching the serious problems of life. They were treated with a sort of deference, but it was deference to their charming incapacity, and not at all to their acquirements or intellects. Doubtless they enjoyed the sort of worship they received and were content with their position of carefully nutured exemption from serious cares. When the women whose strong help contributed to the conquest of this continent and the founding of this nation were required to manage homes which were in truth factories, their minds were fully occupied and their lives satisfactory. They washed the wool, carded and spun it, wove it into cloth, made the clothing of the family, preserved the fruits of summer for winter use, brought up large broods of children, cared for the sick, comforted the afflicted, did their household work and often lent willing hands to the work of "the men folks." Those women were doubtless happy. They had no leisure for discontent or idle longings for the unattainable. Their education was practical, and embraced nothing that looked to an intellectual development beyond the range of their lives and duties. But what of the women of our own time? We educate their minds to the highest alertness. Increased wealth exempts them in large degree from the old necessity for work. Even in the absence of wealth changed industrial conditions have made it cheaper to buy the things women once made than to carry on domestic manufactures. The result is that women of the educated class are to-day largely women without adequate employment for their highly trained faculties, without occupation of an absorbing character for their awakened and alert minds.

In this condition contentment is well-nigh impossible to human beings. The mind that is cultivated demands active, strenuous and worthy work. The intelligence and character of our women fit them for serious and earnest activities, and so long as circumstances deny such activities to them, restlessness, discontent and nervous prostration must continue to be characteristic of a sex held in subjection to unfit conditions. The question is not What are we going to do about it? but, What are women going to do about it? Will they in future generations insist upon bearing their full part in the outer activities of life? Will they enter upon the conduct of business for themselves, making it the rule rather than the exception that women, like men, shall have definite interests and occupations, finding the real employment of their time in the outer world and making of home, as men do, a retreat for rest merely? The strongly felt need of educated womankind for earnest employment tends unmistakably to development in that direction. But in that event what is to be done with the children? Are they to be made a public care as in the old Greek commonwealth? Are they to be nurtured by system and for hardihood, without the education of tender sympathy and loving partiality of protection? Is softness of sentiment to be eliminated from their natures in the process of education? Are we to breed a race of men without tenderness and women without a yearning to coddle and comfort their own little ones? After all, is it safe to consider the question of happiness as the sole guide in determining what conditions women shall seek for their lives? What is the opinion of women themselves on the subject? That at last will determine the matter.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

The Opening of the First Railroad Built in Palestine.

A correspondent sends the following account of the opening of the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The event was celebrated on the part of the Mohammedans by an address from an imam, one of their priests of high rank in Jerusalem, after which three sheep were slaughtered on the platform of the station as a kind of propitiatory sacrifice, and on the part of the company it was celebrated by a dinner given in the evening under tents at the Jerusalem station. Delal Pasha, aide-de-camp to the sultan, was present from Constantinople to represent the sultan in the opening exercises. M. Collas, the president of the road, and several eminent engineers from Paris were also present, likewise the governor of Jerusalem and Palestine, together with the civil authorites and the members of the diplomatic and consular corps. One hundred and fifty guests sat down at the tables.

The road just completed, the first ever built in Palestine and Syria, is a little over fifty-three miles long, thirty miles of which are on plain land and the remaining twenty-three in the mountains. There are no tunnels on the road, the builders preferring to go around bluffs that might be tunneled rather that to bore through them. The wooden ties brought from France cost 80 cents apiece. The road has five engines, all made in Philadelphia, and the cars, which were made in the north of France, open at the end, with a passage running lengthways through them, and there are compartments divided by partitions and doors. Coal is brought from Cardiff and from Belgium, and 200 tons are required a day.

Between Jaffa and Jerusalem, not including these, there are five stations. For the station in Jerusalem, which is one mile from the city, a little more than eight and a half acres of land were purchased at a very high price—not less than $25,000—land which thirty years ago was sold for $1 per acre.

The men who did most of the stonework—blasting through hills, lying walls to support embankments, and cutting stone for stations and bridges—were from Bethlehem and the nearest neighboring village to it, called Beit Jala, men whose ancestors have been stone-cutters from ancient times. The Arabs on the plain received 30 to 35 cents per day, the Egyptians and others 40 to 50 cents per day, while the men who could work in stone received from 70 cents to $1 per day. The company erected barracks along the line of the road, where laborers could sleep free of charge, but they provided their own food. Twice a week physicians passed along the line of the road wherever there were workmen to render any medical assistance that might be required.

The time between Jerusalem and Jaffa is three and one-quarter hours down and three and one-half hours coming up, and the fare is $2.50 first class and $1 for the second class.

The Pharmacy Act.

A bill to amend the Pharmacy Act will come before the Ontario legislature at the forthcoming session that aims one more blow at the liberty of trade. It provides that none but licensed druggists shall sell patent medicines. Under it none but the qualified druggist will be able to sell such simple articles even as Castor Oil, Salts, Senna, Turpentine, Horse Medicine, and other common household articles that have been sold in country stores ever since Canada was first settled. It is undoubted that the general store-keeper is just as capable of selling such medicines as any druggist. The people are not asking for legislation or any change and they appear perfectly satisfied with the protection they now enjoy. The proposed change is certainly not for the benefit of the masses, but rather for the enrichment of a few who wish for a monopoly. There are only about 125 druggists in business in Ontario, outside of cities, towns and incorporated villages, while in the same territory there are about 3300 general stores and groceries, nearly all of whom handle simple medicines like the foregoing. It is easy, therefore, to understand the loss of revenue to them should the Bill pass. While with lawyers and doctors ruling the roost we are hardly surprised at any law being enacted that solidifies a combine, seeing that those two classes are in themselves the greatest combines the world knows, we yet can hardly believe that Sir Oliver Mowat will yield to the pressure of the druggists and prevent the people from enjoying the liberty of purchasing a simple remedy for a simple ailment from the corner store. It is against the law now for a druggist to prescribe and, if this kind of thing goes on, the time will not be very far distant where a simple pain in the first instance will mean prolonged suffering in the end, or an immediate visit and the payment of one or two dollars to the doctor. There are undoubtedly too many medical men now, but if there were twenty times as many it would be impossible for one always to be on the spot when wanted. If general storekeepers respect their own rights, and the rights of their customers, they will straightway take this question in hand and raise such a howl that doctors and lawyers will alike understand they have had about enough legislation in their interests and that now the people propose to have some in theirs.

Liberty of Conscience.

European governments entertain curious ideas with regard to liberty of conscience—that is, freedom of religion, which is theoretically conceded by every one of their constitutions. In the Prussian Diet the Minister of Public Instruction declared the other day that parents who sent their children to school were at liberty to have them taught any creed they pleased providing it was a positive creed. He, however, denied the legal right of Agnostic parents to have their offspring brought up according to the doctrines which they profess. In Austria the Government draws the line at Methodism, while in Spain the recent troubles which have taken place in connection with the attempt to open a Protestant place of worship in Madrid show plainly that the Peninsular Government, while guaranteeing the liberty of conscience prescribed by the Constitution, draws the line at Protestantism. The truth is, that there are few people or governments who do not draw the line against religious liberty somewhere, resembling therein Oliver Cromwell, who proclaimed that all creeds should be tolerated, but added that if anybody thought he was entitled thereby to celebrate mass in Great Britain he would find himself speedily mistaken.