

The Boy's Anthem.

THE Bass was on his way to choir practice—rehearsal they call it now—with a big sheaf of Easter music under his arm. The streets were almost deserted, and it was wet and cold. There was a little snow on the ground, and the electric lights swayed two and fro in the wind and made uneven, undulating circles of brightness on the pavement.

The Bass had nearly reached the Cathedral when he became aware of a small attendant shadow that kept closely at his heels. He turned sharply. The shadow stopped and whimpered, with a knuckle to its eyes.

"Go away," said the Bass sternly, "I haven't any change."

"Chinge!" squeaked the shadow wrathfully. "I'm an Hinglishman, I am. Who arsked you fer chinge? Car'n a gent tike an evenin' promenade without bein' insulted? Keep your chinge—keep it fer yer supper."

"Well, what do you want?" said the Bass, amused, for the rags that decked the scarecrow flew loosely in the wind and gave him an elfish look.

"You can go arn now," said the battered little thing; "I ain't got no more use fer you."

"I don't see ——" began the Bass, rather bewildered.

"I don't mind informin' yer," interrupted the other with an air of generosity, "as you an' yer umbreller makes a werry respectable buffer for the wind." Them slim ones is no sorter satisfaction; gimme a big cove with a pair o' shoulders, an' I declare it's like walkin' down a bloomin' conservatory," and he shivered as a sudden blast nearly bore him off his sticks of legs.

"Are you cold then?" asked the Bass, pityingly.