

"My affairs," said the Archbishop slowly, "are what might be called *in nubibus*—cloudy, my dear boy, distinctly cloudy. I am, to adopt a homely simile, at present under a neighbour's umbrella, which is not as sound as it might be. Behold me, none the less, in that state of content to which the poet Horace has happily referred: *Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit*. At this moment you discover me upon a pleasant bridge which spans an unknown abyss. I eat, drink, and am merry. What more shall I desire?"

"And Betty here. Does Betty keep out of mischief?"

Sarah answered this.

"I got him a job at Covent Garden, and he's there regular at four o'clock every morning sure as the sun's in heaven. Don't you go thinking nothing about Betty, Mr. Kennedy, and so I tell you straight."

"And what have you done with the Panorama, Sarah?"

She laughed loudly.

"Panorama's among the black men. Them's his oysters as we're eatin' now. Try one, Mr. Kennedy. You look as if a drop of summat would do you good, so help me you do. Take a sup o' stout and rest yourself awhile. It is a surprise to see you, I must say."

"A very pleasant surprise, indeed," added the Archbishop emphatically. "There has been no event in my life for many months which has given me so much satisfaction. We have not so many friends that we can spare even one of them to those higher