

Lord's work among His own peculiar people," and the appeal was remarkably successful, as the preacher paraded his testimonials from foreign consuls, ecclesiastics, and especially from the great Methodist authority, the Rev. Dr. Dwight. He also announced after the collection, without consulting the pastor, that as some of the congregation might wish to contribute something more, he would call on them next day.

Edith spent the morning broiling over the hot stove on a very hot day, and looked red and uncomfortable at dinner and out of temper; for we are sorry to say that even this paragon of perfection was capable on provocation, which our readers will probably admit that she had received, of exhibiting some signs of—let us call it—moral indignation. The Reverend Karl seemed, however, in thoroughly good humour with himself—quite jovial indeed—probably from the inspiriting effects of the large collection which he stowed away in his glazed bag. He devoted himself to the duties of the table with energy, and did ample justice to the bountiful repast. After dinner he declined an invitation to attend the afternoon appointment—probably because he learned that it was at a school-house in the country, and that no collection would be expected. Under the plea of fatigue, he stretched himself upon the parlour sofa, whence his melodious snores could soon be heard.

Edith always attended the Sunday-school, but on this occasion was too tired to go, and besides did not wish, partly from courtesy, and partly from distrust—a strangely blended feeling—to leave the stranger in the house. She, therefore, asked her friend, Carrie Mason, to stay with her, chiefly from a vague feeling of revulsion at being left alone in the house with her strange guest.

In the evening he again declined to attend the service, under the plea that he felt unwell—which, however, did not prevent his making away with what was left of the dinner's roast beef. He then smoked on the verandah his vile tobacco, and in the twilight dusk returned to the little parlour; while Edith and her friend completed the household work in the kitchen. When this was done, Edith proceeded with a lamp to the parlour, when to her surprise she beheld her Reverend—or rather *unreverend* guest—stooping over her cabinet, a sort of combined work-box and writing-desk, which she had received as a wedding present. It contained her gold pen and pen-holder, her gold thimble, five