

burning spot on either cheek testified to inner disturbances.

"The Bishop must have missed his train and will come by the 7 o'clock," she said. Her confidence was trembling. It would indeed be terrible if these people whose opinion was best worth considering were to see her slighted. "I cannot understand what is detaining him."

"The meeting begins at 8" ventured a gentleman who looked a little hungry. In Verneuse the solar system is subservient to the human.

Mrs. Stinchcombe drew her china crêpe shawl very tightly down to her waist, irresolutely rose and walked the length of her drawing-room. She congratulated herself on this apartment. It was properly furnished with three-cornered brackets and whatnots, a correct centre-table and glass-covered wax flowers. For to-night the brown holland covers were off the worked chairs and fire screens. A very different room indeed from Mrs. Prendergast's with its matting, rugs, and gimcrack little tables, wicker chairs and photographs. Mrs. P's. room looked to Mrs. Stinchcombe as if the whole thing had been scratched together in half an hour. Mrs. Stinchcombe's satisfaction in her room restored her confidence and brought her boldly to a massive mahogany card-table leaning against the wall. From between its legs she drew some large glass balls. Looking up with the happy light of inspiration on her face as having found a plank to ford the halcyon moments, she met all shades of disapproval, from discouraging to stern, in the eyes of her company. It would not do. Slowly she replaced the antique game and begging to be excused, withdrew for a few moments.

A rapid conference with the domestics during which the clock inexorably knelled seven, resulted in the removal of the choicest viands in case of the Bishop's sudden appearance, and Mrs. Stinchcombe returned to summon her friends to a pass-over meal, of which they all partook freely much like schoolboys in midnight revel, and as unready ready for an interruption.

Mrs. Stinchcombe was thankful that want of time spared her the necessity of making conversation. It felt a good deal like a moonlight drive without the moon, or a Drawingroom lacking Her Majesty's presence.

Meanwhile the 7.30 train had come, and Mr. Wilkinson, with his head full of points which ought to be brought before

the Bishop, together with the few remarks he must make at the meeting, walked absently up and down the platform. The tall figure of his Reverend Father in the Church and the smaller shabbier one of the missionary from somewhere behind the North Pole, stood in front of him before he had taken in the meaning of the long whistle of the engine now dying out in a whispering sigh.

"Oh, I beg pardon; it is your Lordship, er I mean you have arrived," he stammered confusedly.

"Yes Wilkinson I am here, but I doubt if you are," laughed his Lordship. "This is our good brother from Walrus Bay."

The gentlemen exchanged greetings and then the Bishop hinted making for some destination. Fresh from the smoky town, the blossoming fruit-trees and new-green meadows aroused his memory and imagination. Under that silken bib there beat a sentimental heart. This was a moment when it might safely rebound in natural throbs disregarding of expedience and dignity.

"I know no place more attractive than Verneuse in early summer" he said "and no part of Verneuse more lovely than the Pines. I haven't seen the Pines since -- well, since I was a mere lad -- tell me, who lives in the Laurie's old cottage now, Wilkinson?" "A Mrs. Chittick. Perhaps you remember her, my Lord; she told me she was a member of your congregation when you had charge of S. Stephen's. But dear me, I cannot recall her maiden name. She would be delighted to see you, and," with a sudden impulse upon which Mr. Wilkinson congratulated himself as doing a very bright thing, "we will go there for our evening repast."

So while every step of the way revived long forgotten pains and delights to the Bishop, the three walked on, each full of his own thoughts and only saying a word or two to each other as it seemed necessary to veil their pre-occupation.

Mrs. Chittick had just packed the four youngsters, ranging from three to eight years old, off into the back yard to play while she undressed the eighteen months baby and put him to bed. She was without a servant. She had been battling all day with a stove that refused to draw, and with children who declined to be peaceable or quiet, till now, raging neuralgia proclaimed the anarchy of her nerves. One side of her face was swelling rapidly and did not tend toward compla-