

greedy of all forms of homage. She had been, for her, unusually quiet. Now she spoke:

"How good you are, and you have, as Mr. Knellwood once said of my cousin Mary, 'that reserve of the high-minded which adds a mysterious interest to life.'"

Mrs. Hunter smiled anew under the partial mask of moonlight shadows.

"Fine, very fine, that—and, I hope, true!" she exclaimed. "But who is Mr. Knellwood?"

"My rector," replied Kitty; "my confessor," she added, under her breath.

Mrs. Hunter made mental note of it.

"Well, I shall soon be in your city; I shall hope to know him. I have a letter from my own dear old rector at Umstead. I had a Sunday-school class there. Ah, the quiet of that life of peace! Ah, the dear little old village! Well, well! Shall we walk, Katherine, or shall it be bed?"

Miss Kitty, yawning under her hand, thought the latter preferable. Mrs. Hunter had given her so much to think about.

When, in the early morning, Mrs. Hunter parted from Miss Morrow on the pier in New York, it was with a solemn promise not to fail to let Miss Katherine know when she, Mrs. Hunter, would have a chance to see her in her own city and home.

"You will be most welcome, most welcome! And be sure to write to me. I know how busy you are, but do find a little time for poor me."

It seemed that there was an article—Mrs. Hunter had not decided what title to give it—it was for the