

hen! Had he never learned Christ! The poor gentleman took himself by the throat that night, and was as miserable as any of us would be if we could push aside our respectability and circumstance and face the naked self inside with all of its possible meannesses and antics.

Usually, when he woke in the morning, the consciousness of himself, impregnable in respectability, good taste, and piety, was an armor of proof to him: other people touched him as through a brass plate; but to-day he was cowed and beaten,—a worm, and no man. These strangers about him seemed to him to have abnormal good qualities,—tenderness and generosity. He was full of gratitude and admiration. He did not notice Mr. Sperry's red neck-tie and blazing diamond scarf-pin when he helped him to dress and wheeled his lounge into the wide low-ceiled parlour. When, too, Mrs. Finn flew to heap his pillows and to pat and purr over his ankle, it did not occur to him that her soft crimson gown and airy manner would not have been seen on any widow of fifty in the Third Church.

The lounge was drawn up to the wood-fire; a great tiger-skin lay in front of it; the breakfast-table, gay with amber napery and red porcelain, stood in the middle of the room; outside, the snow lay in lonely unbroken stretches for miles. While Mrs. Finn buzzed about him, Jane patiently waited on her father and Bob, who were both cross and grumpy, teasing, joking with them, forcing them to laugh. Mr. Imlay could not take his eyes from her when she was in the room. This strange woman seemed more womanly to him than any he had ever seen. His interest in her, he told himself, was wholly due to her having tried to save his life. Still, he did observe the soft curves of her figure as she stooped over the coffee-urn, and her dark questioning eyes.

Mr. Imlay presently sent a telegram to his mother. "Tell her," he said, "what has happened, and that I am safe in the care of kind Christian friends."

Mr. Sperry wrote it, and then read it to Mrs. Finn outside in the hall; "Add a message from me," she said quickly. "Invite her to come to us at once; she must be very anxious."

"No, Emily. It would not do. I saw the old lady. She would not get on with the profession at all. She would think her boy was Samson in the hands of Delilah and the Philistines."

Mrs. Finn tossed her chin and laughed, the colour rising in her cheeks.

"Of course she would," persisted Sperry. "Suppose she had seen you rehearsing your old Juliet at him over his toast just now! Lord, Em! d'ye mind when you first went on as Juliet, twenty years ago, in Richmond?"

"Yes, indeed! Shives was Romeo. He went into Bigg's Minstrel Combination just after I married John Finn. Do you know this young man reminds me of Shives?"

"You could make just such a fool of him, for all your forty years, if you put your mind to it. How that donkey used to go dangle round the country after you! And this young man—"

"That will do, Uncle George. I'm too old for that sort of talk," gravely.

"Well, I was only going to say you had better let Jane entertain him. She'll never damage any man's heart. She stands and sings with her eyes on the footlights, as solid as the gallery-posts."

Mrs. Finn accordingly sent Jane in to read to Mr. Imlay, and called in the farmer, to talk over the early crops with him. But the angry heat still burned in her face. Delilah, indeed! George Sperry's jokes were always coarse. Mrs. Finn (or, as she was known in "the profession," Belle de Vere) might have had certain too salient points in her history thirty years ago, but in the mean time she had been a faithful, hard-working wife to John Finn. She was now a shrewd farmer and manager, anxiously scraping the dollars together to give her big boys a start in life. When she had opened her house, with her heart full of pity, to take in this wounded minister of the gospel, why could not his mother come into it without fear of soiling her skirts! Delilah! Mrs. Finn's heart was bitter within her against George Sperry as she sat talking to John about celery-troughs.

Jane went in unwillingly to entertain Mr. Imlay. She had her work to do. She carried in a big basketful of Bob's clothes to patch, and, giving her patient a magazine, soon forgot that he was there. The girl had neither the culture nor the ready tongue of Emily Finn. Beyond a child's schooling, she had been taught only to sing, dance, and the business of the stage. She knew nobody but her father and half a dozen other players, and them only in a business way. The young girl's brain was not very nimble nor strong, and the task of bringing clothes and food for three persons out of ten dollars a week had thus far taxed it to the extent of its powers.

Mr. Imlay watched her over his book. What wretched old clothes she mended! How anxious she was about them! Her one good winter dress was wet last night, and she wore a faded gown which she had long outgrown. It better showed the white arms and the shapely foot, but it touched Mr. Imlay's heart with pity. He had a nice taste in clothes. What patience and tenderness were in this poor teacher's lovely face! How it kindled at sight of her father and the boy! Mr. Imlay wondered how long she would have to carry that heavy burden. If he could secure her a position somewhere, higher than in Kneedles's school!

Presently he began to talk to her, and naturally of the subject most interesting to him,—

himself and his sermons. "I had intended to preach on St. John's life to-morrow," he said, "and I think I had a new view of it."

Jane dropped her sewing; her eyes turned on him with a timid surprise and excitement which flattered him greatly. It was the first time she had ever met a clergyman, and that he should actually talk to her of his sermon amazed and delighted her. If she could only get Bob in to hear! She was so anxious to make a good boy of Bob. Though Jane knew nothing of clergymen or church doctrines, and had sometimes heard a good deal of ugly talk in the wings, she was a decent, pure girl, and had naturally a devout soul. She knew that her mother had been an Episcopalian, and, wherever the troupe might be on Sundays, she would steal off to a chapel and there join in the prayers, and in the afternoon would read to Bob out of an old prayer-book and show him their mother's name in the fly-leaf.

"How are they getting along?" asked Mrs. Finn presently of Mr. Sperry, who had paid a flying visit to their patient.

"Oh, capitally! He is explaining apostolic succession, and Jane listens breathlessly as if it was to Kean in 'Shylock.'"

So it came about that for a week Mr. Imlay and Bob were left to Jane's care. Mrs. Finn, who was to play the Queen in 'Hamlet' next week, was busy trimming her robes with imitation ermine, and Mr. Sperry, who was the heavy villain in a stock company in New York, came and went every day.

During one of these visits Mr. Imlay began to talk to him of Jane with his usual awkward dignity: "It may seem intrusive in me, sir. But Miss Shannon has been most kind and considerate of me. Some steps should be taken to relieve her of this crushing weight of responsibility. I regret to speak of details, Mr. Sperry. But her salary in that school is absurdly small, and I observe—I observe that—her self-sacrifice amounts to actual suffering. Why, her gowns really seem inadequate to protect her from the cold."

"Well, what can be done?" said Mr. Sperry, with a puzzled, searching glance at him. "One could hardly offer Jane clothes."

"Certainly not!" Mr. Imlay's face burned hotly. "But if some permanent relief could be devised—There is a Home for the Blind in Philadelphia, to which, by a little influence, her father could be admitted. I think I could manage that. Robert could be placed at school. Then the child could breathe."

"Why, you're a regular brick!" Mr. Sperry gave him a tremendous clap on the back.

"I beg your pardon!" Mr. Imlay drew himself up stiffly.

"I beg yours. But men of your cloth are not often such hearty good fellows, and you really took me by surprise. Well, suppose the old gentleman and Bob out of the way, what do you want done with Jane? Ten dollars a week is not much; but, you see, it's a certainty with Kneedles."

Mr. Imlay was silent. The question raised a sudden unexpected storm of emotion within him which frightened him. What did he want done with Jane? What on earth was Jane to him!

Mr. Sperry, after pouring out a flood of opinions, postponed the subject and hurried away to catch his train. Miss Shannon was in the outer room, sewing. "I say, little girl," he said, halting, "there's no good of your telling your patient in there that you or we belong to the profession. Heh? It might make him uncomfortable."

"Very well. I don't want to make him uncomfortable," said Jane indifferently, measuring her work.

"Kneedles will let you stay until Wednesday. On full salary."

"Then I can finish these shirts," smiling and pleased. "I have not had such a chance to sew for years."

Mrs. Finn followed him out. "I'll buy her off from Kneedles till Wednesday," he explained anxiously. "She has made an influential friend in there. Perhaps—" nodding significantly.

"There is nothing in that," said Emily Finn decisively. "She does not care a straw for him. Her head is full of her shirts."

Mr. Imlay was curd and dry with his nurse all day. What was this Jane Shannon to him? He read over again a letter which had arrived from Miss Clara Lowry. Mr. Imlay was not engaged to Miss Lowry, but all the Third Church expected him to marry her. There really was no reason why he should not marry her. She was handsome, refined, dignified; his mother was fond of her; there was no better blood in the State than that of the Lowrys; she had a settled income. She was already energetic in the church; she managed all the affairs, taught the men's Bible-class. He tried to think of her as his wife, sitting by his study-table, planning out his sermon,—which, indeed, Clara was quite competent to do. What had Jane's rosy, eager face to do in the picture? Why did he seem to feel continually her firm, light touch on his ankle? He was angry at her and himself. He dressed his foot himself that afternoon, and then, the moment she came in, he asked her to adjust the bandages. Imagine the high-bred decorous Miss Lowry dressing a man's bare foot. But this warm-hearted, tender girl would do it, if need be, for a tramp or a dandy, as Sperry had said.

He turned his back on Jane and pretended to be asleep, and then furtively watched her as she sat by the window, in the fast-fading light, stooping over her work. How thin her oval

check was! and her breath, too, came quick and short. He did not like that. She had said once that her mother had died of consumption. If she had an easy life, she might be saved. If she could go a little farther south with some one who would watch and care for her—

If—Mr. Imlay flushed hotly from head to foot. He started up on the sofa. It seemed to him as if all the world must have heard his thought.

In the mean time, it had grown so dark that Jane had dropped her work and was singing to herself some pathetic ditty about a dead child. Mr. Imlay had not heard her sing before; he listened with astonishment. Presently he forgot to be astonished; his throat choked; the tears crept down his cheeks. Deep, wordless meanings were in the voice. Surely the girl's soul spoke in it, and spoke to his. How rapt was the look in her eyes as she sang!

Jane was amused when she saw his tears, but good-naturedly sang on. She was used to see people cry when she sang that ballad,—the fine ladies in the boxes and the boys in the gallery. For herself she did not like the song; she had such trouble with the high C. As for the rapt expression, she was wondering just then whether Bob could possibly pull through the winter with that overcoat.

As the poor young fellow on the sofa listened, passion and hopes such as he had never known surged up within him. It was not the dead baby that wrenched his heart and drew the hopeless longing tears to his eyes. It was the girl yonder sitting in the yellow light; it was the something in her which had been lost out of his own life. He must have it! No matter what the Third Church or his mother or Miss Lowry thought, he must have it.

He called to her. She rose and came quickly up to him. "Jane!" he said. He was hoarse; he coughed to control his voice. He was quite right in what he was going to do! It would not do for him to be swept away by any flood of passion, but Jane was the only real thing to him in the world. Even if you reasoned about it, there was a fibre, a gentleness, about her; her hard work, her unselfishness, even her fun and laughter, made Miss Lowry seem like a chilly shadow. He took her hand. "Jane," he said again, looking up into her face.

"What is it? Can I give you anything, Mr. Imlay?"

"You can give me—" he began passionately, then he coughed—"a cup of tea. No,—water."

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE sale of Lord Beaconsfield's furniture realized 2,400/. Most of the things were bought on commission for the noble Earl's friends.

It is said that the chapel of Lincoln's-inn, which is slated to have been designed by Inigo Jones, is about to be altered and enlarged under the superintendence of Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., Q.C.

THE Prince of Wales recently sold his yacht *Formosa* to Mr. Bisschoffsheim, and has since become the purchaser of the handsome schooner yacht *Aline*, late the property of Lord Hastings, which is now being fitted out.

NICELY attired lads have recently been sent along the platforms at Derby, carrying a glass tray loaded with glasses with milk in them, the whole adorned with a tasteful bouquet of flowers. The idea is worthy of imitation where there are plenty of cows.

THE prevailing toilette for gentlemen is plain white surah, a large peasant's flowing cravat, a Prince of Wales's soft hat, and a white umbrella lined with green silk. Ladies are all in fancy mottled surahs, save where painted flower patterns can be afforded.

VERY hot weather or very cold seems to be almost equally fatal in England. Last week the mortality in London went up to the very high figure of 25.5 per thousand. The difference between the ill-effect of heat and that of cold is that the former mainly affects the very young, the latter the very old.

THE lessees of the Alexandra Palace announce that they have engaged a staff of nurses for the bank holiday on Monday, so that mothers may deposit their babies in the cloak-room, taking a ticket for them the same as for a waterproof or an umbrella. It is to be hoped that the attendants will exercise great care, and not deliver the wrong baby to any applicant with a ticket. The consequences of such a mishap are too dreadful to contemplate.

A CHARACTERISTIC story of Dean Stanley and Lord Beaconsfield is told us by the chaplain of one of the Inns of Court. The liberal Dean's aversion to dogmatic propositions is well-known, and in one of his sermons he gave full expression of his feelings. Lord Beaconsfield, who happened to be among the congregation, approached the preacher after the service, and said with a quiet smile, "Your arguments are all very well, Mr. Dean, but you must remember—No dogma, no Dean."

CARDINAL Newman is reviving an old contro-

versy. Are we to pronounce our Latin as our fathers and grandfathers did, and as our ancestors did from the days of Queen Elizabeth down, or are we to adopt the pronunciation of all the other scholars in Europe? The argument of following the steps of our forefathers is very powerful, but on the other hand it is absurd to find ourselves in a minority of one against the scholars of the world. At the Birmingham Oratory the Continental style is adopted, and it has at least this to recommend it,—that all classicists can understand it.

Most people have heard the late Dean of Westminster preach, and will remember his unemotional manner and total absence of gestures. Therefore he was surprised once at creating a visible sensation, and on returning home asked his wife whether she had noticed with what strange and marvellous intensity the congregation had gazed upon him as he preached his sermon. "How could they help it, my dear," she replied, "when one of your gloves was on the top of your head the whole time." The Dean's glove had fallen on his head when he took off his hat, and his unemotional position in the pulpit caused it to remain quietly there.

WHEN the scheme for the amalgamation of the opera is carried out, Her Majesty's Theatre will possibly be taken over by the Post Office and turned into a huge receiving house for the West End. Before that result is brought about, however, the theatre is to have another season devoted to American minstrelsy, under the direction of that enterprising Yankee, Mr. Haverly. Last time, Haverly's Minstrels were white men, corked to the requisite shade of blackness, but on the present occasion we are promised real niggers—male and female. The novelty of the entertainment ought to attract, even though the negro business is now just a little bit overdone.

VARIETIES.

PROVING HIS SEAMANSHIP.—A little French steamboat was coasting between Nice and Marseilles. One of the passengers said anxiously to his neighbour, "The captain keeps too close in. I don't believe he knows the reefs." At the same instant came a bump. The boat struck with a violent shock. The captain turned with a triumphant air to his passenger. "You think I don't know the reefs, eh? Well, this is the 'Mariner's Terror.' What have you to say now?"

THE late William M. Hunt used to go to Magnolia every year, and his quaint studio still stands there. He was greatly troubled, the Boston *Courier* says, by visitors who came about him while he was painting, asking him questions, and interrupting him in his work. So one day he appeared with a huge placard, which he placed in plain sight, bearing the inscription: "This man is deaf and dumb," meaning, of course, that he did not care to be talked to. The man who painted it, being somewhat deficient in his orthographical attainments, had omitted the letter b in the word "dumb," but this only made the sign more attractive to Mr. Hunt, who wouldn't have it corrected for all the world.

NOTHING could have been kinder, in its way, than the act of Sir Walter Scott, writing out sermons for a young aspirant to the Scottish ministry, whose state of nerves made him unable to grapple with the task and satisfy his Presbyterian. Similar, though in a quite different sphere, was the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant woman who invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The woman was an intelligent and devout peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit; but having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was persuaded that if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, was interesting.

"Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him?"

"Yes," she replied; "and at last I have found one who has humbled me."

"Humble you! Mr. Vinet is not the man to humble anyone."

"Yes, humbled me, and humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness I felt all my pride give way."

Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way that she felt as if he was her brother. A few days after, Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends.

NATURE MAKES NO MISTAKES.—Nature's own remedy for bowel complaints, cholera morbus, cholera, cramps, vomiting, sea-sickness, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all diseases of a like nature belonging to the summer season, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which can be obtained of all dealers in medicine.