

THE LIFTED VEIL

its reredos from Canterbury, its pulpit from Cologne. Merely to go round it is to make a miniature grand tour. To read the names of the owners of the pews, inscribed on little brass-framed cards on the desks for books of devotion, is to come close to people of the first distinction. Something of their personalities seems to linger in these consecrated seats, though they themselves may be as far away as Deauville, Lenox, or England. Up the aisles have marched many of New York's most historic brides, now wearing coronets and adorning châteaux and castles. The vested choir is the best and most expensive in the country; the organist was tempted away by an astonishing salary from a work he liked better at Wells. All that is high-priced and handsome is provided at St. Mary Magdalen's and offered to the public free of charge.

Old Doctor Galloway, the rector, had been responsible for this elaboration, in which Bainbridge tried to see an instrument ready to his hand. In mere ecclesiastical dash and splash it had been his task to discover a soul, and indeed he had been selected for that purpose.

"You see," Doctor Galloway explained, at their first interview in Boston, "I'm an organizer. Primarily I'm a man of business. When Mannering left and I succeeded him, thirty-odd years ago, there was a good deal at loose ends. Now everything's shipshape, and we've all the money we want. But what we haven't got is the thing for which this well-equipped institution has been planned and supported. As far as that goes, St. Mary Magdalen's is a barren fig-tree. New York's as rich a field for it as any heathen land, and yet it's out of any line to give. You'd find me as much in need of it as any one."

Bainbridge, who was then but twenty-nine, looked at the leonine white head in dismay. No lieutenant who had