

It grew dark, but Mr. Douglas ordered lights to be brought,—dim candles it is true, but by their light the masterpiece of the design showed some of its beauty.

Mrs. Gibbs went home with her children unseen by Brownie, who, however, expected no more, since her engagement with her pupils depended on daylight alone; at dusk she was her own mistress and revelled in her freedom.

Standing now behind the admiring group of Park visitors, trying to judge in how far she had been able to carry out her intention, she saw Mr. Douglas knock in the last nail, and approach her.

"You are an artist," he said, after a thoughtful look at the pulpit. "Your design is beautiful."

Brownie felt that at last his eyes left her work, and rested upon herself. Her thoughts had been intent on what she feared was failure, and she looked keenly into his face to read if there was the insincerity written there which did not appear in his voice. Her eyes brightened with pleasure as she saw both truth and sympathy in his expression, and she began rapidly to detail how far from being original was the design he admired. Ere long she had described the bookstall, and its crippled owner, and had told of the old missal which had dwelt so vividly in her memory. She had an interested listener, and it seemed one who had made some study of the subject. The conversation grew more interesting every minute, and had not arrived even at a climax when the dimly-lighted church was locked, and the house reached where Brownie lived.

"I daresay," said Brownie thoughtfully, pausing with her hand on the latch, "that you hardly ever get a meal in comfort, if it is as bad to be a tutor as a governess. Will you have tea with me?"

Mr. Douglas was only too much charmed to do so. Brownie did not

see the smile of surprise that came into his face when she mentioned the word "tutor."

The room she ushered him into was very small; but a cheerful fire burned in the grate, for fuel was cheap in this country place, and the woman of the house loved Brownie and tried to make her comfortable. Tea was laid upon a small deal table, and to the usual fare of bread and butter, Brownie added the luxury of eggs; and having boiled these and put the tea to draw upon the hob, she seated herself at the table and hospitably pressed her guest to eat. Never was there a more charming tea-maker than Brownie, nor a more appreciative guest than Mr. Douglas; and between them both, the meal was prolonged unconscionably. Then when it was done, and the landlady had cleared the table, Brownie got out a tiny work-basket, and kept her deft little fingers busy all the time she talked. It was nine o'clock before Mr. Douglas could tear himself away from this busy little hostess, who, frank, and generous and modest, made the evening as pleasant as she could to a fellow-sufferer.

As Mr. Douglas went home through the Park, he lingered even under the wintry sky. A glimpse of a better, nobler life had been afforded him; he had seen one of the poor of the earth generous and hospitable, he had seen that happiness did not depend entirely on the possession of money. That was a grand thought and remained with him.

In the drawing-room were ladies in silks and laces, and gentlemen who devoted themselves to their amusement. He turned from their society with his accustomed unsociableness, refusing all efforts on their part to draw him within the merry circle now bent on self-amusement. The book to which he devoted his attention repeated to him over and over again the occurrences of that day; and like a man awaking from a dream he saw in all its reality, the difference between himself as he