

ed him. For surely there could be nothing in the cheery letter folded in his breast-pocket that could vex any one.

"Is Miss Priscilla at home?" He had stopped by the little oak door over which the roses and honeysuckle clustered so lovingly.

"Yes, sir." Jane had appeared in answer to his knock, and he noticed that she had lost the brisk, complacent bearing of former days.

"Then tell her I am here, please."

Mr. Hornby entered and seated himself on one of the pretty, chintz-covered chairs in Miss Priscilla's cool, fresh little drawing-room. How pretty everything was, from the handful of roses and ferns in the glass dish to the light curtains swaying in the breeze! But how could any adjunct of Miss Priscilla's ownership be other than pretty? And to fancy her toiling for a pittance in his brother Tom's household! Again the disgusted look spread itself over his countenance, and this time it could not be due either to the dust or to the sun.

"Have you heard of anything?" he said, anxiously, as Miss Priscilla entered.

"No; but you have." She wore a snowy cap and a gown of some soft stuff, and she was smiling at him, although there were troubled lines about brow and eyes.

"I! Oh, no; it is worth nothing; only a letter from Tom's wife."

"And is she like all the rest, anxious to help and so sorry—so very sorry, that she knows of nothing suitable just now?"

There was a little anger in the smile that played over Miss Priscilla's lips as she put her question.

"No; she does not write that exactly." He rose hurriedly, and went to the window, and stood looking out at the honeysweet blossoms of the woodbine that pressed against the panes.

"Then what does she write? It is very important to me."

Mr. Hornby groaned.

"You will believe that I have done my very best for you?" he said anxiously.

"Yes, yes; but what is it?"

"Mrs. Tom Hornby wants a governess for her five children, and because I know you and recommend you she will engage you if you wish."

"Oh, how good you are—how grateful I am!" Her lips quivered as she spoke, but she could not let the tears fall, though they nearly blinded her.

"And you would think of it?" looking at her mournfully.

"Of course I would; beggars must not be choosers. There are not likely to be many people eager to engage an old woman brought up to no employment. Besides, I want to ~~earn~~, and I am very glad that I can make my essay in the household of a friend of yours."

"I do not hold myself responsible for Mrs. Tom," he answered.

"You mean to say she is not perfect? Well, neither am I, so we are likely to suit each other. Will you write to her, and ask her to let me know all she requires?"

"I can not bear it. It hurts me horribly," the rector said with needless warmth.

"Don't be so foolish. I have brought it all on myself. It will be time enough to pity me when I begin to complain."

"You would never do that—not if things were killing you."

"Possibly not. I was always better at scolding other people than at speaking of myself. But never mind me now. What will you say to your sister-in-law?"

"I shall tell her to come and meet you at my house, and make all her own arrangements, since you are willing to accept her offer."

Miss Priscilla looked at him with a little scorn.

"Mrs. Tom has been the first to offer me tangible help, and you will kindly write and say that I am very grateful, and that I await her orders."

She was more like her old self as she spoke than she had been since the hour of her sacrifice.

"I shall write to her that you will meet her at my house any time she wishes to see you," Mr. Hornby answered doggedly.

"But what will she think of that when my own house is here? Remember that she is my future employer, and that I want her approval in everything."

"But she is my sister-in-law, and a domineering woman, and I want her to understand what I think of you, and what place I wish you to take in her household."

Miss Priscilla looked at him doubtfully.

"If only you don't make a mess of things after all," she said.

He stared a moment, then a change came over his countenance, and he sat down and fairly roared with laughter.

Concluded Next Month.

THE Grand Lodge Library of Iowa, located in the Library building at Cedar Rapids, has inspired the editor of the Cedar Rapids *Republican* to prepare a series of articles explanatory of its literary riches, the first of which is devoted to the volumes respecting Mythology and Religion. Every effort to call attention to the great libraries of the craft will accomplish good. Books are to be consulted and read, not to be food for moths.