

THE LIFTED VEIL

some large enterprise in Canada, Cuba, or South America. Once or twice, in conversation with Canadians whom he chanced to meet, it occurred to him to ask if the baronet had married, but he repressed the inquiry as verging too closely on mere curiosity. He speculated now and then on what might have happened between Grant and the woman after the former had left his door; but as far as he was able to control his thoughts, he kept himself from doing even that. He made it a point of honor to believe that a man in his position should give himself wholly for the moment to the sins and sorrows that were being aired, and then dismiss all recollection of them from his mind. He found that in proportion as he could put these secrets away till it became necessary to take them up again he won peace for himself and ease of manner for his confidants, when he met them again.

Finding himself useful, he saw the city in which he labored with more and more sympathetic eyes. The rush, the din, the brutality grew incidental. His parish, of which he was assistant rector, became a little world in itself, in which he was brought into contact with the whole round of human nature in epitome.

If you know New York you must know St. Mary Magdalen's—the quaint, dumpy, architecturally monstrous, sentimentally attractive, red-brick church with Doric brownstone portico, between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth streets, on the right-hand side as you go toward the Park. Erected in the days when there was not too much money to spend on it, it is now adorned with costly offerings wherever the authorities can put them. Its bronze doors have been copied from those of the baptistry in Florence, its stained-glass windows from Chartres and Bourges, its choir-stalls from Lincoln,