

remained for Helen the lounge, and Bayard, perforce, seated himself beside her. He did not remark upon the deficiency of furniture. He seemed as much above an apology for the lack of upholstery as a martyr in prison. His face was radiant with a pleasure which no paltry thought could poison. The simple occasion seemed to him one of high festivity. It would have been impossible for any one of these comfortable people to understand what it meant to the poor fellow to entertain old friends in his lonely quarters.

Helen's eyes assumed a blank, polite look; she said as little as possible at first; she seemed adjusting herself to a shock. Mrs. Carruth warbled on about the opening of the season at the "Mainsail," and the Professor inquired about the effects of the recent gales upon the fishing classes. It was Bayard himself who boldly approached the dangerous ground.

"You came on Saturday, I suppose? I did not know anything about it till this minute."

"We did not come till night," observed Helen, hurriedly. "Mother was very tired. We did not go out anywhere yesterday."

"The Professor did, I'll be bound," smiled Bayard. "Went to church, didn't you, Professor?"

"Ye-es," replied Professor Carruth, hesitating. "I never omit divine service if I am on my feet."

"Did you hear Fenton?" asked Bayard, with perfect ease of manner.

"Yes," more boldly from the Professor, "I attended the First Church. I always look up my old boys, of course, too. It seems to be a prosperous parish."

"It is a prosperous parish," assented Bayard, heartily. "Fenton is doing admirably with it. Did you hear him?"

"Why, yes," replied the Professor, breathing more freely. "I heard Fenton. He did well—quite well. He has not that scope of intellect which I never considered him our ablest man; but he preached an excellent sermon. The audience was not so large as I could have wished; but it seemed to be of a superior quality—some of your first citizens, I should say?"

"Oh, yes; our first people all attend that church. You didn't find many of my crowd there, I presume?"

Bayard laughed easily.

"I did not recognize it," said the Professor, "as a distinctly fishing com-

munity—from the audience; no, not from that audience."

"Not many of my drunkards, for instance, sir? Not a strong salt-fish perfume in the First Church? Not a whiff of old New England rum anywhere?"

"The atmosphere was irreproachable," returned the Professor, with a keen look.

Bayard glanced at Helen, who had been sitting quietly on the sofa beside him. Her eyes returned his merri-ment.

"For my part," said Helen, unexpectedly, "I should like to see Mr. Bayard's church—if he would stoop to invite us. . . . I suppose," she added thoughtfully, "one reason saints don't stoop is for fear the halo should tumble off. It must be so inconvenient! Don't you ever have a stiff neck, Mr. Bayard?"

"Why, Helen!" cried Mrs. Carruth in genuine horror. She hastened to atone for her daughter's rudeness to a young man who already had enough to bear. "I will come and bring Helen myself, Mr. Bayard, to hear you preach—that is, if you would like to have us."

"Pray don't!" protested Bayard. "The Professor's hair would turn black again in a single night. It won't do for you to recognize an outlaw like me, you know. Why, Fenton and I haven't met since he came here; unless at the post-office. I understand my position. Don't feel any delicacy about it. I don't. I can't stop for that! I am too busy."

The Professor of Theology coloured a little.

"The ladies of my family are quite free to visit any of the places of worship around us," he observed with some dignity. "They are not bound by the same species of ecclesiastical etiquette—"

"We must be going, mother," said Helen, abruptly. Her cheeks were blazing; her eyes met Bayard's with a ray of indignant sympathy which went to his head like wine. He felt the light, quick motion of her breath; the folds of her summer dress—he could not have told what she wore—fell over the carpet lounge; the hem of the dress touched his boot, and just covered the patch on it from sight. He had but glanced at her before. He looked at her now; her heightened colour became her richly; her hand—she wore a driving-glove—lay upon the cretonne sofa pillow; she had picked