CHAPTER IV.

He was a wight of high renowne.

And shou are but of low degree—
'Tre pride that puts this countrye downe.

Man, take thine old cloake about thee. Percy's Relics

"That," said Hamond, leaning over the back of his chair, and seeming to speak half in soliloquy, as he remained with his eyes fixed on the door—" that is one of the peculiarities—the invulnerable privileges of this polished world, which make it so miserable to me—that finery of insult which makes resentment appear ridiculous, and yet the insulted free from does not leave the insulted free from
the responsibility of meanness, if he
should remain quiescent. You look
fretted, Miss Bury," he added gently,
but firmly, "at my humiliation but I
shall not need your commiseration long.
I am about to leave Dublin."
"Leave us Mr. Hamond!" said

Emily, taken by surprise.
"Leave Dublin, I said," resumed

Hamond. For any considerable time?" " Yes,

"Yes,"
There was an embarrassed pause of a
few moments, during which, Hammond
seemed to experience a relapse into his
natural timidity. At length mastering
himself by a moment's reflection on the
urgency of the occasion, he said:

"If you think, Miss Bury, that we

are not likely to be interrupted, I have something very particular to say to

Emily was, as we have before said, very young, and though she frequently listened without much emotion to the fashionable rhapsodies of those who thought it fashionable to be her admirers, yet this was the first time that she had been menaced with a methodi-cal declaration: and from one, too, so tender, so delicate, and so sincere. She felt all the awfulness of the occasion. Her color changed rapidly, and there was a troubled consciousness in her laugh, as she said, in assume

levity-'' No tragedy now, Mr. Hamond, let

me entreat. I declare, I—"
"O Miss Bury," said Eugene, smiling, but with much seriousness of tone and look, "let me meet anything but trifling now. Hear me attentively, I beseech, I implore you. When we first met, I was on the point of flying for ever from a world where I had experienced little comfort, where I found nothing but taunting looks, cold and repulsive words, and haughty indifference, even from those who, like that man who just now left the room, had nothing more to allege in justification of their unkindness than—no matter I had satisfied myself that I was wrong in ever supposing that any circumstances could entitle a man to elevate himself above the rank in which Heaven had placed him-

had placed him—"
"Oh surely you were not wrong, Mr. Hamond," said Emily, in a tone of bashful remonstrance, "there were circumstances — your talents — your education, I should say—"
"Yes," said Hamond, "this, Miss

Bary, it was which detained me. should have been long since in the re tirement of my native village, but for the sweet words of encouragement with which you honored me. Your kindness, your condescension, and—you need not blush, Miss Bury, for it is true, or l would not say it—your beauty, too, held me back awhile, and enabled me to endure a little longer the inconveniences I have mentioned to you. y have been mistaken, nevertheless the motive of that kindness," he added more slowly, and with great an-xiety of manner. "Do not mistake me, xiety of manner. "Do not mistake m Miss Bury. Dearly as I prized ar treasured every word and look of kind-ness with which my heart was soothed am ready to take all the responsi bility of my own inference upon my own hands. If I must do so, let me beg of you to speak freely. I love you far too wish that you should make the least sacrifice for my happiness-I am sure. Mr. Hamond. I-

"Let me entreat you to be convinced of this, Miss Bury, before you speak. Pray be confident with me. You may find that I am not selfish nor unworthy, although "—Hamond added, after a pause, "although you may think I stooped too low to win what you with-

hold from me.' sincerity of the young gentleman's declaration had its effect on the mind of the lady. We have not learned what were the precise terms of her reply, but its meaning was evident from the conduct of Hamond. He flung him-self at her feet, and suffered his ecstacies to expend themselves in certain antics and grimaces, which the respect due to the character and gravof a hero forbids us, as his friend d historian, to expose to the public

When Martha O'Brien returned, alone to the room where she had left her griend, she found the latter pale, trembling and thoughtful (in quite a differ which we have ent mood from that in left her now accepted lover), her arm and forehead resting against the harp, in the manner of a weeping muse. "Bless me! where's Eugene Hamond

gone?" said Martha, casting a sharp glance at Emily.
"Home, I believe," said the latter,

seriously.

Check-mated, I'll lay my life!"

"Nonsense, Martha, don't be foolish

Scholar's mate, after all!"

Pish! pish!" Enily said, pettishly. Well, how was it, Enily? What did he say to you?—do, do, tell me, and I won't say a word about the 'ripe peaches,' nor the 'little holiday,' nor the 'three moves, nor the 'drawn game,' nor—"

Poo! poo! I really believe your little portion of common sense

Well, there! I won't laugh againthere, now is a sober face for you. Now tell me how it was."

"Pon my word, Martha, I hardly know myself. I scarcely knew where I was when —I don't know—but I believe the fellow asked me to marry him used for drinking the coagulated resi.

"And you—but you look paler, Emily!—you are trembling—lean on me—there—I'm sure I would not have said a word if I thought—"

The strangeness of the scene which she had gone through, the hurried manner and intense passion with which she had been addressed, the importance and seriousness of the consequences which she had drawn upon herself, only now rushed upon Emily's mind, and filled her with agitation. She drew a long, deep sigh, less of the scene which agitation. She drew a long, deep sigh and flinging her arms around the neck g friend, wept aloud upon Many of our sensible readof her young her bosom. ers may wonder at all this, but every girl as young as Emily will feel that we are telling the truth.

we are telling the truth.

There is a pleasure to those who are
possessed of faculties microscopical
enough for the investigation, in tracing up to their first cause the thousand im-pulses which govern the actions of that ex who are most the creatures of impulse—in winding through the secret recesses of the female heart, and detecting in the very centre of the "soft laby-rinth" the hidden feeling, whatever it is, which dictates the (to us) unaccou able caprices we are so frequently made so privately that even they, the victims of its influence and the slaves of its will, seem almost unconscious of its ex-

istence. Few, however, are gifted with the fineness of penetration requisite for such delicate scrutiny, and we are too honest and charitable to wish to be among the number. Neither, perhaps, is precision requisite for our purpose, is precision requisite for our purpose, whose business is rather with action than with motive, and whose part it is merely to submit a certain train of results which are to be accounted for, and acknowledged or rejected, by the philosophy, the feeling, and the imagination of the reader. We shall not, therefore attempts any labored analysis therefore, attempt any labored analysis of the new causes of disagreement which speedily sprung up between the lovers, after every thing appeared to have be so smoothly arranged between them, after the consent of Enily's guardian had been obtained, and even Mr. O'Neil had began to reason himself into a toleration of the young nabob. Ham-ond's ready talking had taken Emily quite by surprise; and it is pretty certain that if she had been left a longer time to deliberate. Hamond would have been put to a longer term of probation. She felt vexed with her own easiness and a little alarmed at the inference her lover might draw from it. She had not done justice to her own value. Besides, Hamond's way of love-making was any thing, she pursuaded herself, but flattering to her desire of influence. He had not sufficiently kept her super

iority in mind — he had

oudently collected and sensible, so presumptuously self possessed. The more she thought on the subject the more

convinced she was of the necessity of impressing him with a proper sense of he honor he had obtained. The means which she adopted to ac complish this, however, were not the happiest in the world. Hanond was not much struck by the pettish and sometimes rather cold manner in which she was accustomed to receive him, as there was nobody more disposed to make allowances for the influence of a peculiar education; but when he ob ness in her demeanor, when she began to speak fluently of genealogies in his presence, to quote Marmontel and De Lolme on the advantage of titles, to talk pathetically of ill-sorted matches of poor Addison and his high-born dowager-he felt as if a new light, or rather a new darkness, were rushing into his soul. He hushed up his feel ings, however, with the utmost caution, resolving to creep unawares and with velvet footstep into the very centre of her character, and shape his conduct according to the conformations which

would be there revealed to him.
"I begin to believe," said he, " that was mistaken in supposing could even be an exception to the general position, that it is as easy to brush the shades of her phases from th moon's disk as to sift out the draff of single lonely instance begins to fail me. will try it farther, however.

Hamond thus proceeded, hiding his apprehension of her meaning from her, consequently drawing her out every day into more decided slights and sneers. He had almost made up his mind on the subject, when, one even-ing, as he was sitting by her side at a small party of friends, some of whom had come to town for the purpose of assisting at the nuptial ceremony, the conversation happened to turn on the comic peculiarities of our friend Remmy

"O, he's the drollest creature in the world," said Emily.

He never troubles himself to inquire what the object may be of any commis-sion that he receives, but just does whatever you ask him, like a clock, not out of stupidity neither, but merely from a wish to steer clear of any responsibility to himself. It was only a week since, Hamond told him, as he was going to bed at night, that he would want to send him here to Miss Bury in the morning, expecting of course that poor Remmy would ask to know his message in the morning, before he set off. But Remmy would not ask. Not he, indeed. He was here with me first light, as he said himself., Remmy, said I, what brought ere so early? 'Whethin, I dun Well. Remmy,' you here so early?' 'Whethin, I dun know, Miss,' says Remmy, 'but the master told me he'd want me to step over to your honor to day mornen, so I thought most likely, Miss, you must know what is it ail'ded him.' Hamond was telling me a still more curious anecdote about him. He was sent once to a fair in Munster, the fair of Hanna - Venna - Shana - what was it,

"Shanagolden," said Eugene, bowing

and smiling.
"O yes, the fair of Shanagolder His mistress wanted to purchase half a

dozen mug—hog—pig."
"Piggins, they were," said Hamond in reply to her puzzled look, "p-i-g pig, g-i-n-s gins, piggins," spelling the word, to show how coolly and eq ably he took it. "A kind of wooden vessel

duum of milk, called by the peasantry

"Yes," added Emily. "Well, his mistress desired Remmy to purchase mistress desired Remmy to purchase half a dozen piggins, and provided him with money for those as well as many other articles. She was rather an anxious poor lady, however, and fearing that Remmy might forget his message, charged about a dozen other friends of hers, who were also going to the fair, to repeat it to him if they should come in contact with him. They all did as a second to the s contact with him. They all did so, as it happened, and Remmy, determined to punish the good lady for her distrust in his talents, took each as a separate message, and came home in the evening s heavily loaded with piggins as Moses

Primrose with his green spectacles."

After the merriment which was occaoned by Emily's arch manner and the exquisite imitation, which she contrived to introduce, of Hamond's native dia-lect, had subsided, some one asked who this Remmy O'Lone was?

"O'pon my honor, that would puzzle the heralds themselves to tell you, I believe," said Emily, rapidly and lively. "Who is he, Hamond? No

The moment she had uttered the words, she would have given a great deal that it had been in her power to unsay them. Ninety-nine men in a hundred might have passed over the jest, but she ought to have known enough of Hamond to judge that he would be the hundredth man in the Even those of the company, who secretly enjoyed her little cuts at Hamond, looked grave and silent at this broad insult. The young man himself grew pale and red, attempted to say something good-humored in reply, but his voice failed him, the mirti stuck in his throat—and fell back upon his heart in a burning flood of gall and bitterness. He did not attempt to speak again—and the general tone of the conversation acquired an air of re straint and awkwardness, which was still more observable in the portion that Emily contributed to it than in any other. Hamond addressed himself, during the remainder of the evening, to Martha O Brien, while young E --took place by the side of Emily, and succeeded in persuading himself, not withstanding her occasional fits of absence and indirect answers, that he had made more way in her estimation on this night than on any other since he had achieved the honor of her acquaintance. His assiduity, however, was absolute torture to Emily, who was anxiously looking out for an opportun His assiduity, however, te torture to Emily, who ity of doing away the unkindness she had blundered upon. None occurred Once only as she glanced towards him she met Martha's eyes, who compressed her lips, raised her hand slightly, and ossed her head, as much as to say. You have done it!" to which Emily's frightened smile as plainly responded

The company at length separated Hamond shook hands with Miss O Brien, bowed formally to Emily, and hurried out of the house, appearing not to notice the slight action which the latter used to detain him. This indication was too palpable to be miscon ceived. Emily clasped her hands pressed one against her brow, shuddered a little, and did not speak during that

when she arose the next morning, the following letter lay among other on her toilet. A fearful misgiving clung about her heart as she recognis the hand. She made the door fast, and prepared herself by summoning all her oride to her assistance, before she ventured to break the seal. The con tents were simply these :

" For the last week I have been led to think, by your demeanor towards me, that the consent with which you honored me was the effect rather of a hurried and momentary kindness than o the free and settled affection which therefore, intended to restore it to you before last night; although, I believe you will do me the justice to acknow edge that I abstained (in violence to my own heart) from using any of the privi leges of passion in seeking it, appealed rather to your reason than your feeling throughout. But a circumstance which took place last night, and which, I suppose, you renember, has shown me (I say this after much re-Section) that ours would not, under any circumstances, be a fortunate union. The woman who can wound the feelings of her lover can hardly be expected to respect those of her husband. I thought too that I could discern a cause for your demeanor towards me. I wish not that my own selfish affections should interfere with that. Mine must be a bitter fate from henceforth, Emily, but I had rather endure it all than make it light and happy at the expense of your in clinations. I return to my humble station with a wiser head and a heavier heart than when I left it. I go from the scorn of the rich to the pity of the poor, from the busy mirth of this fascinating world to the lowliness of my provincial life, to the solitude of a fireside that I once fondly dreamed would be a happy one, but which must ever desolate. now remain for well. Emily, and may your high born lover be as truly, as tenderly, and de votedly attached to you as I would have been.

What cause ?-That !-What ? were the first questions which Emily asked in communion with her own heart after she had perused the letter. The natural quickness of her woman's ap prehension, however, enabled her to clear up the mystery, and no sconer was it visible than she hastened to remedy the error which she had com mitted. A short struggle only took place between her Irish pride and her Irish love, and the latter (as is indeed generally the result of such encounters) bore away the palm. She wrote as follows :

"The circumstance to which you allude was not so entirely premeditated as you imagine. I acknowledge that I committed an error, for which I am sincerely sorry. not mean to do anything so unkind to myself as to make you seriously uneasy for a moment. Pray come to me,

Eugene, and I will engage to convince you of this. My heart will not be at peace till I have had your forgiveness. It was a light sin for so heavy a retaliation as you threaten me with. Once again, come hither quickly. E. B.

The cause which you speak of is so

wholly without foundation, that it was a considerable time before I could even form a wild conjecture at the import of that part of your letter."

When Emily had this letter folded, he rung for her attendant and sent her

for a taper. Who brought this, Nelly?" she asked as the latter (a rather unfashion-able soubrette, but retained on the enreaty of her mother, Emily's nurse) reentered the room with a light.
'Misther O'Lone, Miss," said Nelly.

"Is he gone?"
"O no, Miss—he's below in the

"O no, Miss—he's below in the servants' hall, aten a taste."
"I do not like," said her mistress, holding the letter in her hand as it hesitating—" to commit it to his keeping. He's such a stupid fellow, that may lose it."
"They belies him that toult you so

Miss, saven your presence," said Nelly, with an indignant toss of her head. "May be a little o' Remmy' sense 'ud be wanten to them that wo of free with their tongue."
"It is well that he has so good a

friend to see justice done to his name, said Emily, lowering her eyelids and smiling on her young handmaid, who blushed deeply.

O fait, Miss, it's no great friends

he has in me, only the crachter they gives of him that knows him best," said Nelly.

"Well, I will try him on your com-

mendation, Nelly. In the servants' hall, do you say ?'
"Iss, Miss, I'll send him out upon

the landan-place to you."
When Rem by was summoned from his comfortable seat by the great coal fire, he started up hastily, laid down the cup of tea which he had been drinking, smoothed his nair over his brow and anxiously clearing all appearance othed his nair over his brow of the amusement in which he had been indulging from his outward man, he hurried towards the door. As he laid his hand on the handle, he suddenly turned round, and in a countenance of

much alarm, asked:

"I wouldn't have the sign o' liquor
on me, Nelly? would I?" (Would I
have? or would you have? among the Irish means, have I? or have you?)

you?)
"Is it after the tay you'd have it,
you innocent?" said Nelly, smiling in
scorn at his simplicity.
Remmy did not stop to dispute the
matter with her, but hurried into the
hall, where he found Emily standing on the staircase, and expecting him. turned out his toes, made his best l and then fixed himself in an attitude of the deepest attention, his head thrust torward and thrown slightly on one side, so as to bring both eyes into a parallel line with hers, his ears ele vated, and his mouth half open, as he were endeavoring to receive her commands at every possible aperture of

nis senses.

'' Remmy,'' said the young lady, "' I wish you to take this letter to your master." his senses. master

' Iss, Miss---" Stay a moment-"

"O why shouldn't I, Miss. I'd do nything in the ''
'I'm convinced of that, Remmy, but

only wish you to attend to me—"
"Oh then I'll engage I will, Miss Well, sure I'm houlden me tongue now any way," he added, as another impatient gesture from Emily solicited his

ttention " Give that letter safe, Remmy; and here, I have given you a great deal of trouble lately, you will buy something with these," putting into his hand a with these," putting into his hand a number of the small notes which were current at the time. "Take care of the letter," she added, as she tripped

up stairs, leaving Remmy fixed in a position of comic wonder and gratitude.

One, two, three, four—an' a pound -five, six ! Six three and-nine penny notes, and a pound !" he exclaimed, as he stood on the brick floor of the servants' hall, counting the papers as he folded them, and buried them in the bottomless and sunless cavern of his livery pocket. " Now, Nelly, we'll be sayen somethen, yourself and myself. Would you have a loand of a needle and

thread you'd give me.

'For what, Remmy, honey?'' said the young soubrette, with the utmost graciousness of tone and manner.

' To put a stitch in the pocket o' my coat then," said Remmy, "in dread I'd lose the little writing she gay me out of it, asthora-machree, you wor! An' in-indeed, it isn't the only stitch (Stitch— any internal pain) I'll have about me, Nelly," re added with a tender smile as he laid his hand on his heart.

"There's no standen you at all Remmy, you're such a lad! Weil Well. alsy alsy a while an I'll get it for you. And tavoring him with one of her rich est smiles, she left the hall.

"No, then, but there's no standen you for cute lady," her swain said in sollloquy, with a hard smile, a knowing wink, and a shake of the head that had almost as much meaning in it as my Lord Bulleigh's. Isn't it sweet she is grown upon me all in a hurry, now the moment she sees I have the money. Ah, these women! There's no end to 'em at all, that's what there isn't. A while ago whin I hadn't as much as 'ud pay turnpike for a walken stick—when my pockets were so low that if you danced a hornpipe in one of 'em, you wouldn't break your shins against a haip'ny—then 'twas all on the high horse with ber,' elevating his head and waving his hand in imitative " Nolly me Dan Jerry! daar say black is the white o' me eye and now, the minute the money comes
I il be bail she turns over a new lafe.
They may get the bottom of the Devil's
Punch Bowl in Killarney, or the Poul Punch Bowl in Killarney, or the Poul Dhub of Knockfierna, or the Bay o' Biscay, that they says hasn't e er a bottom at all to id, only all water intirely; but the man that 'll get to the rights of a woman will go a start deeper than any of 'em, I'm thinken. The boys (Men) arn't equal at all for 'em

ware wit' a look, while you'd be thinken o' nothen, and thinken they wor think-en o' nothen, but 'tis they that would all the while; but it's only fair, poor all the while; but it's only itair, buor craturs," he added with a compassion ate and tolerating tone—" as they're wake one way, they ought to be strong another, or else sure they'd te murdered intirely. They couldn't stand the place at all for the boys, af they hadn't a vacancy at 'em that way in 'cuteness, inwardly. Murder! murden't but it's they that does come round uz cuteness, inwardly. Murder i murder i but it's they that does come round uz in one way or another—Ah! the girl in the gap, an' duck o' diamonds you wor,' ne added, rapidly changing his manner, as Nelly re-entered with the needle and thread—" Talken of you to merelf I was, while you wor away, I'm so fond o' you. I maging your peckthur to myself, as it ware, in my own mind. And laying the letter on the window while he took off his coat, for the more convenience, he proceeded with Nelly' assistance to incarcerate the preciou

In a few minutes a line of circumval lation was drawn around the tortified receptacle, and Remmy having satisfied nimself that no possible point of egress or ingress was left undefended, took a moving fare well of Nelly, and hastened to acquit himself of the responsibility which he had taken upon his shoulders. Ve shall see how he acquitted himself in the next chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE EXTRICATION OF PATRICIA.

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

I could never be a nun," cried Patricia, with an air of audacious decision, as she proceeded to permeate the Bishop's book belittered study. Her immense gray muff was deposited on the desk where it totally eclipsed a stack of statistics on divorce.
"I could never be a nun," she re

peated; "no community would keep me. They'd vote me out even before they felt the need of praying for light; besides, everybody seems to think ought to get married."

"Everybody?" interrogated the Bishop, the humorous lines around his keen eyes skirmishing with the austere angles about his mouth.

angles about his mouth.

'Oh, that was simply secular exaggeration—not at all according to Rodriguez,' she answered roqueisly.

'I didn't know you were an author ity on 'Christian Perfection;' 'then

vith premeditated irrevelence, he added I suppose you think that great and us get up of yours is-is-mos Patricia frequently had qualms re garding her rashness as to raiment which qualms she was wont to put to

rout by precipitate extravagance with her orphans, incurables, and other pauper people. She felt that this was one way out of remorse, if not the most She loosened her silver fox stole and adjusted a rebellious feather as she seated herself on an ecclesiastical look-

ing chair.
"Of course I know my Paris gown is
"Of course I know my Paris gown is becoming-that's not vanity, but merely

an appreciation of truth—"
"And beauty," broke in the Bishop.
"You are either a flatterer or a tease
—both are equally criminal. Plainly, you are not the proper person to advise me—and then love affairs are such a

Bishops must expect to be bored." remarked Patricia's uncla with delecta

ble resignation.
"I feel somehow or other that you don't approve of me. Why don't you

tell me so?"
"I'm averse to making superfluous statements," replied the Bishop smil-Your disapproval goes without say-

ing? Well, just unravel your reasons please—I wish to know the worst—you must admonish the sinner;" and Patricia forsook her seat and appropriated diminutive stool. "What a very imperious person I

neither age nor episcopal power. " Forty-five is not very old for a Bishop.' I succeeded in securing it early,

e suggested. You religious people are so secre tive—you hear so many things you can't tell, that you forget to gossip at all Perhaps you are not aware that you tried to beg off the bishopric. If you had been only a shade more mediaval you would have hidden yourself in a sert, like that blessed man of old when they were bent on giving him a mitre. That you are a saint is an occasion of sin to me—I yield to feelings of pride every time I think of it. It's so unique to have one in the family.

The Recording Angel will have much to do keeping account of your idle words, Patricia.' "That's uncharitable. I've come all

the way here for counsel, and I am sure it's not my fault if I've been put off.' · Patricia calls for counsel ?- Incred ible !'

' You're frivolous-" " It's infectious-

" So that is your diagnosis, my Lord Bishop-no Bishop—no more subtleties or subter-fuges—you fancy I'm frivolous—because -because - you think I encourage people-people in particular, men, mean—some men—" Patricia paused ruefully. "I am afraid you don't see my side of it."

my side of it."

"In other words, I am an old bigot of a Bishop," he said benignly.

"Now let me elucidate," put in Patricia; "if it is my vocation to marry, I ought to marry; that is transparent enough. The opaque problem is the man. He would have to be ready for canonization to bear with me. Who is he? Where is he? That's the question! In the meanwhile. I am experi-menting—I have a series of possibili-ties on hand. Usually one has to have more than a bowing acquaintance with a man before one knows whether he is one's fate or not."

"Your consideration of that poor agnostic fellow is a part of the prospectus—I see;" and the Bishop nodded comprehendingly as he closely scanned as much of Patricia's profile as was visible. am hoping that he will emerge

that way in taken your measure as it from the fogs and bogs-at least before

death. I know you are rather sceptical about conversion, but I say the rosary for him every night." There was a suspicious nonchalance in her

"Are you in love with the young

"What is love?" she asked airly. You wouldn't have me marry a

" Why do you allow him to pay you

attention in this way? He has been haunting you for two years."

"Three," volunteered Patricia. "I think he belongs to the soul of the Church—agnostics do, sometimes don't they?

"Why don't you like Mr. Sullivan?" demanded the Bishop, abruptly. "I do like Dr. Sullivan."

"Why don't you marry Dr. Sullivan? He would make such a splendid husband he has offered himself, I am sure."

Yes, five and a half times -oh, five and three quarters," calculated Patricia on the tips of her gray-gloved fingers. Dr. Sullivan is pokey—he is pious because he is pokey, not pokey because he is pious—of the two afflic-tions I'd choose the latter. Martyrdom through marriage is too undrama-tic. I prefer Indians and tomahawks,

"I wish he would propose to some

or amphitheatres and lions and tigers
—anything but Dr. Sullivan, dear

one else," said the Bishop with pastoral practicality.
"I have been generous enough to that to him. His recommend even that to him. His proposing to me has become a habit. He is a slave to good habits. If he only had one or two bad ones he might be more bearable. I hear that Dick Carrington calls

twice a week—what does that mean?
"Who told you?" " It's a Bishop's debilitating duty to

keep an eye on his ward."
"Oh, don't bother at all about Dickey, he isn't at all dangerous. Sometimes we have most edifying interviews—it was only the other evening he spoke of entering the priesthood."

Merely as an alternative, I surmise." chuckled the Bishop. The combination of Dickey and the Holy Orders capped

the incongruous.
"He did accuse me of being obdurate." Patricia admitted reluctantly Perhaps you haven't heard of Mr. addox," she went on, "he is a brand Maddox, new admirer, a rampant reformer, a political economist—now, wouldn't it be the height of complacency for me to assume that he will tumble in love with me? There have been only cloudbursts of theories as yet. Do you think I ought to be icily rigid and unsympathetic when he unfolds his schemes for making over the masses? You wouldn't have me that unkind! world has the rickets, and he is going to set it to rights. If he labors under the delusion that I can assist him—

which is one delusion more or less? "O Patricia, Patricia," sighed the Bishop, "what does that curious little conscience say to all this?"

"It's a nasty, nagging little conscience," mound Patricia petulantly. I says-it says-that I care too much for the agnostic!" and a dark red was recklessly rumpled against the purple sleeve "My\_dear, dear childwhispered, as he caressed the crown o a picture hat—the episcopal ring flashed amid sundry dove-colored plumes. "My dear, dear child—this is what I feared.

I told you to send him away."
"I did," faltered Patricia. "He stayed three weeks, and then he said he would never play hermit again—"

" Has he ever been baptized "Has he ever been baptized?"

"When he was a wee bit of a baby in the Episcopal Church. At nineteen, he went to——College, and now he doubts everything in and out of the

world. Episcopalians are not very 'long' on logic, and that college is rathe 'short' on religion. Perhaps he isn't quite certain whether he exists or

"It's almost as bad as that," Patri-

cia acknowledged forlornly.

"At times he must question his love I fear he does I know he does,

" I fear he does—I know he does, she dolefully granted.
" Yet he wishes to marry you?"
" O yes; yes!"
" And this Inconsistency's ideas of

"And this inconsistency's iteas of marriage—what of them, Patricia?"

"They are high, but I am afraid they are flimsy, intermittent—" There were tears in this opinion. She felt herself leader of a losing cause. You do not trust him?" the Bishop

interposed.
"I cannot—I cannot," she cried. 'A temperament like his, without a fixed faith, is too—too parodoxical to count on. Oh, do not blame him! The difficulty lies so deep—it's the very underpining of his character. How can a man upbuild his being on quick sand? Who can be spiritual, or even moral, with only a debatable decalogue in the background? Honor, of course, keeps men from doing lots of things, but honor and ethics are not synonymous terms. I know there are people who are

naturally virtuous, and there are others whose cast-iron conventions and preju-dices stand them in good stead; but when one is unconventional and unprejudiced, with a strong inclination to over-

diced, with a strong inclination to over-run rock bottom principles—there's the rub. Without the dogma of infallibil-ity, I tell you, I'd be floating nebulæ, "We should indeed pity those out-side the fold of the Lord Jesus Christ, said the Bishop with mystic tender-ness. After a moment or two he asked: "What does your Aunt Kath-erine think of it? erine think of it?

"Aunt Katherine is a house divided

against itself—she considers the agnos tic rather a good match, mundanely speaking. He will probably make his mark on earth if he misses it in heavenmark on earth if he misses it in neaventhe is already quite a power in politics and the President has promised him a big promotion—but Aunt Katherine does not believe in mixed marriages. does not believe in mixed marriages.
She and Uncle Tom never did move on
the same plane, and when it came to
educating the boys there was always
more or less of a well-bred rumpus—"
"When does your Aunt Katherine
sail for Rome?" interrupted the Bishof"Next month she will be abroad fo

a whole year!" Flast word into a ge
"Why not go we
proposed with a d

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heer. "And leave—le Patricia protested " Oh, ought I rimming eyes Bishop's very sou

the sacrifice. Yoursely the old Cobest for her child Patricia paced floor of the stud weather it," she traitorous tren "Hearts do not he for the best—I hand yet I though go abroad—I wi even write that; but I can the same, for a s

venas if you wish But Patricia Bishop leaned of "a game little g THE WI It has often b

to those who ar few Welsh peop Faith; a conve very rare occur we are accusto quires more than a Welshman. among the Wei ditions and cu for instance, ha any one is sick for the most p prejudiced aga however. thoroughly cor

For several

an elderly we

appearance, w

hard features,

pulsive desult

of odd times, treat to have and to be a Communion, v as if it were a She accounted specially inco the Fathers Welshman, an when he was appeared at waiting for a away withou fied. The church, used that one was words of our heaven suffer ent bear it a power that n and could no were for h could possib vears of age pletely new terly opposite bear to hear astonishmen Christmas I ling, but w heart, as sh only be an i had prompt step. Afte ment. The

> them on th trade,) gr she said, h One aft chanced to old lady's entreating complied door, gave what shyl so kind happened Christma

> > replied th

"Well out of th

and lifte

all the fo

with grey beard, and with a gra

his eyes fix

priest, his

of prayer t

they went

some days

through

look**ed u** beautiful ever saw made the Father saw that and felt have a remonst for Bene in the P there, t Gospel, about th Jones 1

tears Here for so