

of the king, twitted him with having married a low-born girl, and Sir Gilbert is said to have thrown his gauntlet in Guy's face. The following day he with his retainers went over to the camp of Prince Edward, just in time to share the fate of many other gallant gentlemen who fell at Lewes."

"I have heard the story many times, mother," returned Gilbert. "The stout old knight lived long enough, however, to retrieve his honor; I would rather be a defeated, dying loyalist than a successful traitor. And Amy Varcoe, mother, is not low-born, as the Bodrugans can tell you if you care to ask them. There are peasants in England to-day some of whom own names that once figured in history."

"That may be so, Gilbert," she said, "but nevertheless they are peasants and clowns to-day, not to be saved by the names they have inherited. Think better of this matter, while there is time for thinking. Whatever it might have been in the past, such unions now are followed by regret, misery, and the scorn of the world. Young people sometimes profess to ridicule and despise the opinion of what is called society. Talk is cheap, Gilbert, and seldom does harm, at least in such things; but when one defies society by what he does his absolution is never complete and even his children have to bear the stain."

"That may be so, mother; but if all this seriousness is the result of Dorothy Teulon's watching, let me tell you that you have no cause to be anxious."

"Indeed, Gilbert," said his mother, "then Dorothy was mistaken when she thought she saw some love—?"

"I did not say that," he interrupted; "no doubt the mischievous little puss told only what was true. Mother, I made love to Amy Varcoe, and was rejected."

"Rejected!" she said, "do you mean that you offered to marry her and was refused?"

"Something like that, if you will know all about it, mother, with just a little *reservatio mentalis*, as the Jesuits say, perhaps. I have loved her, I think, since the day I first met her down in Cornwall,—a sort of natural love it may be, that might, I thought, have had its fruition without benison or formulary. But the dream is over, mother. I have a taint of hereditary vice in my nature which sometimes gets the better of my reason and my manliness, but Amy Varcoe and impurity cannot live together. It is over, I assure you: do not let my evil thoughts be visited on her head. And now, let me go, you see I am wounded, not conquered; you shall see that I am able to conquer myself."

He went off to the library with a step jaunty enough, but his mother shook her head while listening to his footsteps. "I see how it is," she said to herself, "she has only made him ten times more ardent. It may be that the mirror in this, too, reflected the decree of Destiny; if so, I cannot avert it, but at least I can try, and

I will, though I have learned to love the girl almost like a daughter."

Mrs. Arderne and her companion were closeted together quite late that evening. After dinner Gilbert had left the Priory to attend the petty sessions, so the time was favorable to his mother's purpose. She did not ask Amy to reveal what had transpired in the Copse, but she spoke gently but firmly her mind on the subject of what she termed Gilbert's infatuation, assuring her that such unequal matches seldom resulted in anything but life-long misery. When, at the close of her homily, Amy ventured to hint that it would be better for her to return to Cornwall, Mrs. Arderne reluctantly consented to her going, "at least for a time, until Gilbert's waywardness should take another turn." In the meantime, she proposed that financially and in respect to the feeling between her and Amy, they should stand on an unchanged footing, so that Amy might regard herself as being on a vacation-visit to her home, at least during the Ardernes' stay in town. For the time Amy, resolved to minimize the pain that her protectress so evidently felt, assented to this, knowing that she could subsequently free herself by letter.

With great forethought Mrs. Arderne, the next day, drove to the village and returned with Eliza Teulon, thus enabling the two friends to part,—as Eliza thought only for a few weeks,—without Dorothy's animadversions or affected regrets. This last day at the Priory was therefore passed very happily by Amy, whose regret at having to leave her benefactress was counterbalanced by the proud thought that never before had Mrs. Arderne loved and respected her so much. This assurance grew out of a statement made by her to Amy in which she acknowledged that Gilbert himself had told her of his rejection. And so the day, albeit sad, was not at all depressing, although in her heart Amy Varcoe never thought to see Eliza again. With this conviction, she gladly assented to the latter's proposal for a weekly interchange of letters. When, however, she found herself within the seclusion of her room that night Amy could not help shedding a few tears while mentally reviewing the events of the past half-year. It was characteristic of her gentle nature that she did not blame Gilbert. If he loved her unwisely, was it not also true that her affection was placed beyond hope of fruition? To such a noble spirit there could be no better anodyne in trouble than the consciousness that she had been true to herself, true even to him whom she loved so well by refusing to encourage a passion that might tend to his disadvantage.

Abel Pilgrim himself drove her to the station at Watton early next morning. The old man scarcely spoke to her until he saw her seated safely in a first-class carriage of the express. Taking her hand to say goodbye he almost whispered in her ear:

"Keep a good heart, Miss Varcoe, there's only rank and riches in your way,

and these sometimes take wings. Keep a good heart, and goodbye!"

Only rank and riches: yes, old man, but these things sometimes sunder hearts and make this world a hell.

(To be continued.)

EVANGELISTIC "WORK."

"Yes," said the gaunt, seedy-looking man as he seated himself in one of the Rev. Jacob Goodman's plush-covered chairs and calmly lighted a cigarette, "I have worked hard for the cause, but I have failed. It was due to no fault of my own. I started out full of hope, with my heart set on converting hundreds of the poor sinners who have gone astray. I had planned to hold a series of evangelistic meetings in every city and town from the Atlantic to the Pacific. After I had finished there would be no excuse for any unconverted sinner in the country. I would teach them all."

"And you say this beautiful plan fell through?" the Rev. Mr. Goodman interrupted.

"Alas! yes," said the man, dropping the ashes from his cigarette on the carpet, "the competition proved to be too fierce. The very first town I visited was covered all over with big red ads. of the celebrated evangelist, 'Billy the Kid, the reformed prizefighter.' It was no use competing with that man. There were only ten people in the hall where I spoke, and the people who went to hear the reformed pugilist were turned away by the hundred."

"In the next town I found the Rev. Blowhard, reformed gambler, was there ahead of me. Same experience. They all flocked to him, and there were only three people in my audience, and one of them was deaf at that. Next town and who should I discover but Esmond Booth, reformed actor. Same experience there, too. I tried still another town, and I found the field clear. I got along first rate. But I hadn't been there more than three days when along came Sam Sharp, the reformed New York police captain, with a lot of big posters that covered the sides of half the buildings, and the next night my audience had dwindled down to one."

"I gave it up. I found I wasn't fitted to be an up to date evangelist. There was one great fault with me I couldn't overcome. I had no past. I had always been a Christian."

"I sympathize with you," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, clapping his hands.

"Sympathy goes a long way," said the caller, as he carefully laid the butt of his cigarette on the arm of the plush-covered chair, "but—er—I—I was going to suggest that if you have \$2 about you you might assist a brother in need with a small loan."—N.Y. Journal