

purpose of breaking a lance with him. You want him for that reason and no other."

Mr. Howe removed his spectacles, and while he performed this act it was evident that he was extremely agitated. The removal of his spectacles revealed two very red-rimmed eyes, whose colour escaped all note because of their smallness.

"I. I want Mr. Bedlowe for no such reason," he asserted. "But I. I do not want to attend a. a so-called *salon* at which mere fashionable fancy takes the place of solid hospitality."

"You forget," said Pauline with rapid coolness, "that you are speaking in the presence of your hostess."

"He remembers only," came the fleet words of Kindelon, "that he speaks at the prompting of Barrowe."

Pauline tossed her head; she was angry again. "I don't care anything about Mr. Barrowe," she asserted, with a very positive glance at the unspectacled Mr. Howe. "I should prefer to believe that Mr. Howe expresses his own opinion. Even if they are very rude ones, I should prefer having them original."

"They are original," said Mr. Howe, feebly, but somehow with the manner of a man who possesses a reserve of strength which he is unable to readily command. "I do not borrow my opinions. I. I think nearly all people must know this."

"I know it," said Pauline, very tranquilly, and with an accent suave yet sincere. "I have read your novels, Mr. Howe, and I have liked them very much. I don't say that this is the reason why I have asked you here to-night; and I don't say that because I dislike Mr. Bedlowe's novels is the reason why I have not asked Mr. Bedlowe here to-night. But I hope you will let my admiration of your talent cover all delinquencies, and permit me to be the judge of whom I shall choose and whom I shall not choose for my guests."

Mr. Howe put on his spectacles. While he was putting them on, he said in a voice that had a choked and also mournfully reproachful sound:

"I have no social gifts, Mrs. Varick. I can't measure swords with you. I can only measure pens. That is the trouble with so many of writers. We can only write; we can't talk. I. I think it grows worse with us, in these days when one has to write with the most careful selection of words, so as to escape what is now called commonplace diction. We get into the habit of striving after novelty of expression—we have to use our *Thesaurus*, and search for synonyms—we have to smoke excessively (a good many of us) in order to keep our nerves at the proper literary pitch—we have to take stimulants (a good many of us... though I don't understand that, for I never touch wine) in order to drag up the words and ideas from an underlying stagnancy. Frankly, for myself, I talk quite ill. But I don't want to have you think that I am talking in another voice than my own. I don't want, in spite of my failure as a man of words, that you should suppose..."

"I suppose nothing, Mr. Howe," broke in Pauline, while she caught the speaker's hand in hers, gloved modishly up to the elbow with soft, tawny kid. "I insist upon supposing nothing except that you are glad to come here and will be glad to come again. I know three or four of your novels very well, and I know them so well that I love them, and have read them twice or thrice, which is a great deal to say of a novel, as even you, a novelist, will admit. But I don't like Mr. Bedlowe's novels, any more than you do; and if Mr. Barrowe has tried to set you on fire with his incendiary feelings, I shall be excessively sorry. You have written lovely and brilliant things; you know the human soul, and you have shown that you know it. You may not have sold seventy thousand copies, as the commercial phrase goes, but I don't care whether you have sold seventy thousand or only a plain seventy, you are a true artist, all the same. And now I am going to leave you, for my other guests claim me. But I hope you will not think of anything severe and bitter which that dyspeptic Mr. Barrowe may say; for, depend upon it, he only wins your adherence because he is a brilliantly clever man on paper, and not because he is even tolerable in the stern operations of real life. Frankly, between ourselves, I am sure that he makes a very bad husband, though he is always talking of being handicapped by autograph-bores and interviewers who keep him away from Mrs. Barrowe. I suspect that Mrs. Barrowe must be a very unhappy lady. And I'm sure she is much less unhappy than Mrs. Howe—for I know there is a Mrs. Howe, or you couldn't describe the American women as ably as you do..."

Pauline passed onward as she ended her final sentence. Kindelon, still at her side, soon said to her:

"What a clever farewell you made: you have won Howe. You flattered him very adroitly. It's an open secret that his wife helps him in those exquisite novels of his. She is his own type of woman. I think that is why Howe will never be great; he will always be exquisite instead. He adores his wife, who hates society and always stays at home. If Howe had once committed a genuine fault it might have served posterity as a crystallized masterpiece."

Pauline shook her head with negative emphasis. "I like him just as he is," she murmured. She was silent, for a moment, and then added, almost plaintively: "My entertainment looks pleasant enough, but I fear that it is all a disastrous failure."

"A failure?" echoed Kindelon, with no sympathy in the interrogation.

"Yes, everybody is grumbling. I somehow feel it. It is not only that Barrowe has infected everybody; it is that everybody has a latent hostility towards anything like harmonious re-union."

"Isn't there a bit of pure imagination in your verdict?" Kindelon asked.

"Premonition," answered Pauline, "if you choose to call it by that

name." She stood, while she thus spoke, under an effulgent chandelier, whose jets, wrought in the semblance of candles, dispersed from the ornate metallic cluster whence art had made them spring, a truly splendid glow.

"We have a new arrival," he said. He was glancing towards a near doorway while he spoke. Pauline's eyes had followed his own.

"My aunt!" she exclaimed. "And Sallie... and Courtlandt, too."

"Yes, Courtlandt, too—my friend, Courtlandt," said Kindelon, oddly.

"I told aunt Cynthia she had best not come" murmured Pauline.

"And your cousin, Courtlandt?" said Kindelon. "Did you tell him not to come?"

"I am sorry that they came—aunt Cynthia, Sally and Courtlandt!" exclaimed Pauline, while she moved towards the door by which she had seen her kindred appear.

"Sorry? So am I," said Kindelon. He spoke below his breath, but Pauline heard him.

(To be Continued.)

## "VERAX" ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE.

A GREAT change is passing over the English Episcopate. In the first place the number of bishops has increased and is still increasing. The people of England have always shown a good deal of scepticism as to the value of bishops. The bulk of the lay members of the Church, though attached to episcopacy as an institution, have never been seized with an overpowering desire to increase its numbers. The evangelical party, now of sadly diminished force, have always attached more importance to the multiplication of earnest preachers and pastors than to increase in the number of dignified overseers. The bishops themselves have not been distinguished for any great earnestness in the matter. The chief use of a bishop after all is to ordain the clergy and administer the rite of confirmation. He is not expected to interfere in parochial work. His powers are confined within the narrowest limits, and though his clergy have many inducements to cultivate his good opinion, they do not care to be inspected over much. The movement would have been brought to a standstill with the creation of the new sees of Ripon and Manchester if it had not been for the determination of the High Church laity. Parliament was induced to pass an Act permitting the indefinite multiplication of sees, on condition that funds for endowing them to a respectable amount were raised beforehand. The money has come in and the sees have been founded. The new list comprises Truro, St. Albans, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Southwell, and there is no reason to suppose that it is closed. The Churchmen of Bristol, having completed the restoration of their cathedral, are anxious once more to have a bishop of their own, and their wish will, no doubt be complied with. So much for the extension of the episcopate proper; but a middle course has been devised in the creation of suffragan bishops. This invention has many recommendations. In the first place, it is cheaper. As the suffragan bishop has no state to keep up, and need not reside any part of the year in London, he can afford to take a smaller stipend. If it is desirable to have the aid of a suffragan, all that is necessary is to institute him to a living yielding, perhaps, a thousand or fifteen hundred a year. He can appoint a curate to do his parish work, and the suffragan will live on the rest. In these two modes, by the regular extension of the episcopate and the appointment of suffragans, we are in a fair way for seeing England replenished with bishops. The House of Lords, though devoted to episcopacy in the abstract, and not unwilling to let the people have as many bishops as they please, are determined not to tolerate the presence of a larger number in their own assembly. Hence on the establishment of the See of Manchester it was enacted that the new bishop should not take his seat in the House of Lords till some see became vacant other than those of the two Archbishops, and of London, Winchester, and Durham. The same rule is applicable to the bishops of all sees that have been created since. The result is that bishops now stand four or five deep, waiting till their turn comes. The House of Lords by insisting on this rule may be said to have taken the first step towards excluding the bishops from that House. They do not exclude those who are already in, but they will permit no more to enter. The other change to which I have referred relates to the manner of their appointment. In the early days of the Church a bishop used to be elected by the clergy and presented to the laity for their approval. In England the election rests with the Dean and the Chapter of the Cathedral Church, though in former times Kings and Popes took care to have a finger in the pie. Since the Reformation the Crown has appointed the bishops, but under forms which recognized the rights of the Dean and Chapter, and enable it to be said that the actual election is performed by spiritual personages. On an episcopal vacancy the Crown issues a *congé d'élire*, graciously empowering the Chapter to proceed to the election of a bishop, at the same time recommending some clergyman to their choice. The nominee of the Crown is always chosen as a matter of course. The Chapter dare do no nothing else under the mysterious penalties of *præmunire*. Still the Chapter do elect, and the fiction has a certain potency among so many other fictions, while the honour of the Church is saved. But what is to be done when there is no chapter? In these cases only one course can be taken. The bishop is appointed by patent from the Crown without the interposition of any spiritual body of electors. Anything more horrible from a High Church point of view, or from the point of view of any duly constituted Church, it would be impossible to imagine. Five years ago the Prime Minister was a baptized Jew, who thought that his countrymen had laid the world under unspeakable obligation by crucifying Christ. To-day he happens to be a fervent Churchman. A dozen years hence he