

she swept in a gay brocaded dress of crimson hue, that exaggerated her red face and pile of red hair. But her words and deeds were full of hearty kindness, if they lacked thoughtfulness and grammar.

'Now here you are, Mr. Cheer; and you're welcome to anything you may want, from a mutton chop to a gold pen. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," that's what I always say. My parlormaid will show you your room, and I don't expect you often get into easier quarters. I hope you'll be comfortable, and I don't see any reason why you shouldn't be. There's a bus to Anyborough every hour, and it passes our corner, so it's handy. I had Miss Light, the lady missionary, stay with me, but I've never had a gentleman before. However, it's time I had, isn't it. Ha, ha! With such a great house to myself. Dinner will be ready when you are. It's my "At Home" this afternoon. You won't mind that, I daresay. If you came in for a bit, it might be a good thing for the mission; they would get to know you, and know about it. However, I leave it to you.'

'Thank you,' said Mr. Cheer, and vanished to his room. It was just as full of costly furniture and unnecessary knick-knacks as the drawing-room; but he also quickly recognized the fact that he had everything he could need to minister to his comfort, except the 'quiet' of which Tom Lawrence had spoken. Mr. Cheer was a small man, of middle age, with a bright, intelligent face, a lively, pleasant manner, and a very happy address. He was at home with all sorts and conditions of men, and a very popular speaker on the temperance platform. A wide experience enabled him to appeal to various classes in his audience, and his ready wit stood him in good stead.

His first mission in Anyborough had been a great success, but this second visit was to exceed it beyond all the expectations of John Aylmer and the other temperance friends. Miranda Thunder did her part, and entered fully into the increasing interest and excitement of the meetings. Muriel had hinted to her of the desirability of a carriage to convey Mr. Cheer to his temporary home after his exhausting meetings, and she responded willingly, and decided he should be taken to them as well as from them; so the advent of the lecturer's carriage was eagerly hailed from afar, and Miss Thunder enjoyed the noisy acclaims with which the people greeted and accompanied them to the hall, much more than Mr. Cheer. It was, of course, impossible that either Mr. Adair or Mr. Lawrence should remain in ignorance of all this stir in Anyborough, and each of them asked himself the same question, 'Am I right?' Mr. Lawrence's curiosity just to see how they were getting on led him into a difficulty the very first night. He looked in on his way to a country service, and was greeted vociferously. He imagined that his fine form could be hidden amongst the crowd, but very naturally he was perfectly conspicuous to all upon the platform, and he was at once invited to come up and take the chair.

He shook his head, but was compelled to give a reason. As soon as possible he beat a retreat. But it was astonishing what a magnetism those temperance meetings night after night exerted over him. He peeped in, he went in for a short time, he seemed as if he could not keep away. He heard again and again his own condemnation, and his discomfort grew.

One night Mr. Cheer spoke earnest, burning words against professing Christians, who dared, for the sake of gain, to put money into joint stock breweries, and to accept profits drawn from the 'wholesale murder,' as good

John Wesley called it, 'of Her Majesty's subjects.' Mr. Lawrence retreated from that meeting trembling, as if in an ague fit, and that night he had a dream that haunted him for days. John Wesley, the sainted preacher, as he had looked at him dozens of times in various portraits, with his long hair, his benevolent face, stood beside him as he lay in bed, and with a sad look on his earnest countenance, and a warning finger pointed at him, exclaimed, 'Thou art the man!' He woke up in such agony of remorse that he was tempted to take his wife into his confidence; but she was asleep, and he would not disturb her. Conscience, awakened and enlightened, by God's spirit, told him that she would counsel him to get rid of those shares at once; but how could he, sell interest—and principle for once echoed interest's words—even if he were willing? Was he to sell them to others?

Mr. Cheer's mission was over; a goodly number of new pledges had been taken, some backsliders restored, and the teetotalers informed, and strengthened, and cheered.

CHAPTER VI.—TWO NAMES.

Suspicions are often killed by time, especially if nothing occurs to excite a renewal of them. In the months that followed, peaceful, busy months enough, Mrs. Lawrence learned to blame herself that she could ever have harbored them against her dear, good husband. If he had taken a glass of any kind of intoxicant whatever she was quite sure someone would have brought her the ill news. He had been poorly, a little out of sorts, at the time of Mr. Cheer's second mission, and that accounted for his lack of interest in John Aylmer's arrangements. She was often anxious now about his physical health, that was the one drop of bitter in her cup. She did not like to own that he was getting older, and that she must not expect his strength to be so great and so continuous as it had been. He was still in the very prime of life, and ought to be as strong as ever he was; but even Mr. Lawrence himself owned to feelings of fatigue and exhaustion, which he was formerly a stranger to. His mind ill at ease, his conscience burdened, his profession and his practice at variance, it was no wonder that people noticed a change in his looks. He lost flesh, his erect carriage was less confident, and his bright complexion grew much paler. Mr. Adair noticed these things almost more than anyone. He felt sure that, either physically or mentally, Mr. Lawrence was a sufferer. Several times he endeavored to win his confidence. They had been such good friends in the past, but now there was very much less intercourse between them. Outwardly there was, as before, a friendly exchange of greetings and courtesies, but Mr. Lawrence's calls at the rectory had almost ceased; and Mr. Adair fancied that he avoided him whenever possible. Was it on account of the rumor which had been freely circulated in Anyborough, that he had taken shares in the 'Rara Avis Brewery?' If so, the clergyman was sorry he had taken them, and indeed the transaction had not altogether given him satisfaction, the possession of, and possible profit from, these shares were not worth the friendship of a good man. If he had lost one to gain the other, he had certainly made a bad bargain.

Every day the news vendor left a copy of the 'Standard' at the rectory; every day he left a copy of the 'Daily News' at Mr. Lawrence's chapel house. On a certain summer morning, almost twelve months after the two ministers had posted their circulars at Threl-

fall Post Office, they were each of them rather aghast to read in each of their respective London papers, a list of shareholders in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.' And written, as in letters of fire, were two names read by each of them, printed thus: 'Adair, Octavius, Rector of Anyborough;' 'Lawrence, Albert, Wesleyan Minister, Anyborough.' It was terrible! The very last connection in which they desired to read their names was as shareholders in a brewery company.

The astonishment of Mr. Adair at the conduct of Mr. Lawrence was unbounded.

'I could not have believed it of him,' he said, in a disappointed tone. 'I thought he was genuine in his teetotalism. I don't wonder he has shunned me lately. He was so pronounced a teetotaler, that it was a shamelessly inconsistent act. I am surprised at his entertaining such an idea for a moment. I would as soon have expected him to pick my pocket. It is very true, you can not form anything like a correct estimate of anyone, until greed is put into the scale. I suppose it was a personal matter with him; the bait of the large percentage caught him. I must say I thought he was a more sincerely pious man. Now, in my own case, it is not my own aggrandisement in the least that actuated me; if it was a fault, the purity of my motive, the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in the parish in which he has given me my sphere of labor, will be my excuse. I may have erred, but at least my conscience is clear of trying to make money for money's sake.'

He generally in summer took the 'Standard' into the garden with him and read it while seated on one of his garden chairs, with the agreeable perfume of the flowers around him, and in an atmosphere of quiet that was extremely congenial to his studious temperament. The paper did not reach him early enough for his breakfast table. He thought so very much about the Methodist minister, that for some time he was quite oblivious of the fact that the certainty of what had before only been rumored concerning himself would disturb several of his parishioners very unpleasantly.

Mr. Lawrence's habit with his paper was altogether different. Thanks to Muriel's efficiency as assistant housekeeper, and the loving care she took of the younger children, Mrs. Lawrence was able to have a quiet hour with her husband after the breakfast was got out of the way, while Muriel sent the children to school, and made the beds, and began to prepare for the midday meal, superintending and helping the young servant just where she needed oversight and help.

And Mr. Lawrence, with his social temperament, enjoyed his paper all the more that he could thus share the news with his wife, and exchange comments on the many subjects that interested them both in the topics of the day, Mrs. Lawrence's skilful hands being all the while busy with some garment of husband or child, or more rarely her own. In his preliminary glance over the paper that morning he had caught sight of the names that were so unwelcome in that particular context. Mr. Adair's headed the alphabetical list; his own was happily less conspicuous, but it might have been printed in Brobdignagiah capitals, so glaringly did it meet his eyes.

With a sinking heart he began to read. He had never kept a secret from his wife before, unless the revelation of it was to give her joy on some festive day, and now here was the grim secret which he felt would sorely test her faith in him, published in black and white, and how was it possible to hide it any longer? He had never dreaded a punishment