

Here Mr. Cavendish withdrew a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes and blew his nose.

"The cold, as an exciting agency, will have its effect upon the mucous membrane," said Mr. Cavendish, with a trembling voice and an attempt to hide from Nicholas the cause of his emotion.

"I shall be obliged to trouble you to tell me who you are," said Nicholas.

"I suppose a young man like you never reads the reports of the missionary operations," said Mr. Cavendish; "but I have given my life to the Flat Head Indians. I have not been able to do much. but I have modified them,—modified them, sir. If I may be permitted the rare indulgence of a jest, I should say that their heads are not so level as they were, speaking strictly with reference to their physical conformation. The burdens which they bear upon them are lighter. There has been, through my humble agency—I hope I say it without vanity—a general amelioration. The organ of benevolence has been lifted. Veneration has received a chance for development."

"And did my mother formerly help you?" inquired Nicholas.

"That woman forced things upon me, sir. I couldn't get out of the house empty-handed. I shall never, never forget her."

"Are you now at the East collecting funds?"

"No; I'll tell you just how it is. I am not here to collect funds. I am here, mainly, to report facts. I have all I can do for to hinder my mission from assuming a mercenary aspect, and to prevent a mercenary aspect from being thrown over my past life. It vexes me beyond measure."

Mr. Jonas Cavendish was now approaching the grand climax of the little drama he had brought upon the stage, and rose to his feet for more convenient and effective acting.

"Only last night," said he, "I was with friends. I was just as unsuspecting as an unborn babe of what was going on. We talked about the past and its sacrifices. They ought to have known better. They had been acquainted with me and my work for a life-time, and it was not my fault that they presumed to cast a veil of mercenariness over my career. They knew—they must have known—that I had worked solely for the good of the cause. And yet, those friends, meaning well, but obtuse—utterly obtuse to the state of my feelings, proposed a testimonial: Sir, I give you my word that I was angry. I raved. I walked the room in a rage. 'Good God!' said I, 'has it come to this: that a miserable pecuniary reward is to spread its golden shadow over the sacrifices of a life!' I was indignant, yet I knew that they meant well. I knew that their hearts were right. They couldn't see that they were