

tage? You're going to preach to miners, and shanty-men, and everything like that, I think you said?"

Her husband waved his hand slightly as he rose from his chair. "My dear, a minister is a minister, wherever he goes—and preaching is preaching, no matter who may compose the congregation. I propose, my dear, to magnify my office—and to maintain the dignity of the Church that gave me my orders, wherever I go," and Dr. Seymour closed his lips with a firmness that indicated the last word had been said on that particular theme.

The other sighed, making no answer. By this time her husband had begun to ascend the stairs.

"Are you going to the Sunday-school this afternoon, dear?" his wife asked from below. "It's your last day, you know."

"No," he replied wearily; "I'm tired out and must have some rest. I'm going to lie down—I have arduous labours before me, you know. What are you going to do?—I think you'd be better to rest as well."

"I don't feel like resting," she answered softly her face averted. He felt, but could not see, that the tender eyes were moist with tears. "I'm going to write."

"Write! What about?" he asked, pausing at the stair. Yet he felt sure he knew.