

spheres which, I may say, he has adorned with such conspicuous lustre."

"Oh, spare me, reverence ; don't talk nonsense to-night. I am tired, as you see, tired and hungry. And I'm going to beg food and drink from old friends who have loved me. Now, Sarah, what's it to be ? "

He drew the sofa nearer to the bare table and began to eat with them. Sarah's motherly protestations induced him to take off his coat and hang it up in the watchman's office to dry. The same tender care served out to him the most delicate morsels, from a generous if uncouth table, and insisted upon their acceptance. If his old friends were hot with curiosity to know whence he came and what he had been doing, they, as the poor alone can do successfully, asked no questions nor even hinted at their desire. Not until the supper was over and the Archbishop had produced a little packet of cigars did any general conversation interrupt that serious business of eating and drinking, so rarely indulged in, so sacred when opportunity offered.

This amiable truce to curiosity, dictated by Nature, was first broken by the Archbishop, who did not possess my Lady Sarah's robust powers of self-command. Passing Alban a cigar, he asked him a question which had been upon his lips from the beginning.

" You are just returned from Poland, Kennedy ? "

" I have been in England two months, reverence."

" But not at Hampstead, my dear boy, not at Hampstead, surely ? "