

my mother's sister. I can see her yet, her hands going up in an abstracted kind of way to correct one of Dinah's oversights ; for she was still revolving the great question of the elder and the attic, the attic and the elder.

"You're all right now, honey," she said in a moment, giving me a gentle push away, her whole mind reverting to the subject of family concern.

"I'm sure," she went on in the same breath, "it's going to be an elder from the country. Mr. Furvell told me to wait after prayer-meeting last night ; and he said the billeting committee sat till two in the morning trying to divide the ministers and elders as fairly as they could—and he thought we were going to get an elder from Pollocksville."

"Let us hear what Henry thinks about it," my mother suddenly interrupted, her face turned towards the door as she spoke. "Sit here, Henry," as she made room on the sofa for my uncle ; "sister Agnes thinks it will be dreadful to send our delegate to the attic if he's to be a minister—but she doesn't mind a bit if he's an elder."

My uncle smiled as he took his place beside my mother. And the face that was turned in fondness upon his wife at the other side of the room had a look of kindly drollery. For uncle was the tenderest of men, and his countenance reflected the purity and