

## O L D F R I E N D S

Nobody paid the slightest attention to Peter. He closed the door and trudged back wearily through the hot spring night to the hotel.

In the warm bright sunshine of the next morning a little of the cold thawed from Peter's heart. Minister Grant was still alive, he discovered. His benefactor had given up the care of the flock, and was living in silver-haired peace where he had labored his good life through.

Peter's voice trembled a little when he spoke of the little old church—told that it was he who had sent the funds.

“Ah! said the minister, “your gift of