

the "Bumble" class, having loaded himself with pollen, flew, whether by mistake or from curiosity, through the open window and began circling round the dozing brother's bald head as if debating whether it were the hive or not, buzzing and mumbling to himself in an excited manner. Then suddenly he landed on the extreme dome of the shining surface.

There was a loud yell that awoke the congregation and even disturbed the horses outside, so that one of them raised his head and neighed, breaking the thread of the Deacon's discourse. He gazed in astonishment and grim silence at the bald brother for a moment, wiped his face with his cotton handkerchief and gave out a hymn, thus ending his last great philippic on the subject of circuses, which was disputed on for many a long day after, not that his hearers had followed his chain of thought, but they had heard enough to form a base of argument according to their bias.

Many were the different opinions expressed as they dispersed homewards along the old roads in the growing dusk.

"The Deacon's mighty spiritooal an' is ready for the chariot," said Sister Gosling, who was all of sixty, had never been near a circus in her life, and was utterly devoid of curiosity about anything of the kind.

"Wish I could say the same of his Thomas Henry. He's gittin' to be tolerable wild," she continued.

"Oh, the ways of the young is more worldly," said her companion, a middle-aged widow, who was resigned to the fate of looking further and perhaps faring worse. "It's a sign of the comin', that it is. My Sally's jes crazy ter go."

The opinions of Thomas Henry expressed to the said Sally, as he escorted her home by a more circuitous route, were of a very decided character.

"Well," he exclaimed, "the old man went it pretty strong this time, shore enough, but all the young ones is goin' all the same, shore enough."

II.

Deacon Snider was a tall man, big-boned and skinny, and was about sixty years of age. He was the leading light in the South Concession settlement on all subjects,—religious, social and political. He belonged to the U. E. loyalist stock of old-time Connecticuters, who managed to combine piety and worldly sharpness. He was down on all the venial sins, such as dancing, card playing, &c., and when cir-

cuses came into his vicinity, with other encroachments of a sinful civilization, he made them one of his strong points of attack. The wild beasts, he said, were "Apolyon," and the rest "damnation," and much more to that effect. He carefully kept out of the nearest town when one of the sinful exhibitions was in the vicinity, and always made a strong address the Sunday before the corrupt week, as he called the season of the stay of the circus.



The Deacon.

And so the years went; but times change. People cannot always think the same. One generation cannot bind another to its way of thinking, and so the Deacon found to his sorrow, when his children began to grow up. He thought he had put away from him all the follies and excesses of his youth till he saw them revive themselves in the person of Thomas Henry. The fact is the Deacon found his worst struggle with his own family. He had vainly attempted to restrict their amusements to a sort of social gatherings, which were prayer meetings, interspersed with kissing games; but it was of no avail. His children would break out from his authority and go