

so she'd sure to be paid for it in some way or other.

Fashionable Mrs. Flighty was quite horrified that I had "not one name in her set," but when I explained that I could not call on everybody first, she seemed rather pleased to be honored so, and asked a great many questions about where I would call, and who had given, but not a word about the poor miseries, and finally gave me a much larger subscription than I expected. Then I happened to call on several fashionable families that kind 'o patterned after Mrs. Flighty, and— Well, I don't like to judge their motive, but they all remarked her generosity, and gave cheerfully, so I blessed Mrs. Flighty for her example and I believe the Lord did too.

So when I came to Mr. Castleton's grand mansion, I expected something handsome, especially as Mrs. Castleton had been sick and I knew she'd be at home, and thought too she might be grateful-like for gettin' better. Well, when I asked to see her, the servant told me she was convalescin' and didn't see any but very particler friends, but I told her I had a particler message and so was admitted. She sat in a beautiful little room, crowded with elegant things, and wore a satin wrapper. She seemed annoyed when I spoke out my errand and said, "Oh! please don't trouble me, my husband attends to those things."

"But I allowed he'd give accordin' to his conscience, and you'd do the same," says I. "We've all something to be grateful for." She looked puzzled, and told me to ring for her maid and she'd see what she could give me.

"You're not obliged to give me a cent!" says I. "Why not?" in astonishment.—"I ain't a beggar! 'tain't for me! God loveth a cheerful giver!" and why should his cause go a beggin'?" "It needn't, with such an earnest advocate as you," she said, and handed me her subscription, and said "Good-morning."

I called on a busy dressmaker next, and was received cheerfully, though she apologised for bein' "rather out of cash" and began to talk of unpaid bills. "Gi'me one of the bills," says I, "and I'll collect it for the missionaries." And so I did, though it wasn't a very small one either.

Pretty near the last, I called on Mrs. Featherston, not knowing what to expect, for they live in grand style.

"I'm sorry I'm rather out just now," she began when I asked her.

"You see we've been having our house renovated and partly refitted and—" (gettin' spring millinery I thought) "and Mr. Featherston's had bills to meet—" (yes, I thought he had, as I looked down at the costly carpet and rich curtains)—"and really I've refrained from asking him for pin-money," (making a virtue of necessity' eh?) "But of course," she added, "I usually keep a little on hand for church purposes."

Usually! A little! But it took no stretch of imagination among such a crowd of costly nick-knacks, and I wondered if Solomon's Temple would ever have been built if the ancient had lived like this, and almost feared the Lord might drive us out to tents again.

But she had drawn her purse out of the ribboned pocket of her elegant house-dress, and so I paid attention.

Picking out a bill she advanced smiling, a little triumphant I thought, "I see I can give you a little," she says, "\$5 is all I can spare just now, but at least I can give you the widah's mite."

I had hold of the bill by this time, and so I held

right on as I said, "I won't take it from you! 'Twould be imposin' on your family."

"What do you mean?" she asked, lookin' offended.

"Why, simply that if I took the widah's mite, I should have to take all the money you have, this fine house, and any other property you possess—yes, and your husband too."

"Well! that's most extraordinary."

"Yes, that's so; an extraordinary humbug, and I allays think so when I hear people talk about givin' the widah's mite. The Lord said she gave most of all, because 'twas "all she had." Now, you don't purpose giving one-hundredth part of that. I s'pose this \$5 is, like enough, a leetle mite out of your abundance, but then, it ain't the widah's mite. You ain't a widah, and wouldn't give her mite if you was. But I'm obliged to you for this, 'twill go a good way with some poor missionary, and the Lord will reward you accordin' to its value in his sight. I'm very plain-spoken, Mrs. Featherston. Good-day to you."

And that ended my day's work, for it was the last money I took. And when I looked over my list, I couldn't help thankin' the Lord that old maid's are of some use after all.

To be Continued.



Arise, All Souls, Arise!

Arise, all souls, arise!
The watch is past;
A glory breaks above
The cloud at last.

There comes a rushing, mighty wind again!
The breath of God is still the life of men;
The day ascending fills the waiting skies,
All souls, arise!

It comes—the breath of God—
Through all the skies!
To live—to breathe with him,
All souls, arise!

Open the windows toward the shining East;
Call in the guests, and spread a wider feast,
The Lord pours forth as sacramental wine
His breath divine!

It comes—a larger life,
A deeper breath;
Arise, all souls, arise,
And conquer death!

Spread forth the feast—the dew and manna fall
And Angels whisper, "Drink ye of it, all;—
Drink of His truth, and feed upon His love,
With Saints above!"

Arise, all souls, arise
To meet your Guest!
His light flames from the East
Unto the West.

The Lord of Earth and Heaven is at the door,
He comes to break His bread to all His poor,
Arise and serve with Him,—His moment flies,
All souls, arise!

—Mary A. Lathbury.

The Field-Driver's Wife.

"A man may be never so great a simpleton, but if he is married it isn't safe to play pranks with him until you have taken into account what his wife may do about it."

When our young chief, Edward Martin, civil engineer, made this remark, we knew there was a story not far behind it, and all of us faced about with a preliminary smile.

It was a wet and blustering day, too bad for field work. We were huddled about the camp stove, trying to amuse ourselves, with not much to read, and little in the way of news to talk over. We had been isolated from the world nearly a month.

"Just how, for example, lieutenant?" asked Tom Galbraith.

"Well, when I was a boy," said the chief, "I lived in a little country town which, in fact, had only just become a town. It had been what is called a plantation in the Eastern States—a settlement of from twenty to fifty families, barely populous enough to be incorporated as a town.

"There were less than a hundred voters, but when they held their first regular town-meeting and elected a board of selectmen and other town officers there was a lively celebration. The boys attended as well as the voters, and although there was not much business to do, no one left the town-house until sunset.

"The first year we were a town, a new citizen moved in, named Bertram Pierrepont Selwyn, I think that was it; at any rate, it was something aristocratic. Selwyn was not more than twenty-one or two years old, and came from one of the largest cities in the Eastern States.

"It was said that he was of a wealthy family, and it came to be thought, before long, that his family had bought a farm for him, and sent him into that remote quarter to be rid of him at home. If so, they had shown good sense in getting him married beforehand to a stout Nova Scotia girl who had been a servant in the city. For Mr. Bertram Pierrepont Selwyn was something of a simpleton. He possessed an exceedingly small head-piece, and was not long in making every one in the town aware of the fact.

"He owned one of the best farms in town, and had it well stocked with everything he needed. But the trades which he made, particularly in horses, set everybody laughing. Soon whoever had an animal or anything else that he wished to get rid of brought it to Selwyn and wheedled him into a trade. Nearly every week during that whole season, some new story of his trades and swaps came out, greatly to the amusement of the farmers. He lost the best part of his stock in trading before the year was over.

"We did not see much of his wife that first season. She stayed at home and attended to her dairy. Some of the women who called on her said that she appeared to be a 'nice, good girl.'

"March came again, and the second town-meeting was held. After the selectmen, the school-committee and other officers had been elected, some one got up and nominated Selwyn for the joint office of hog-reeve, field-driver and town pound-keeper. The nomination was received with a shout, for everybody was amused by it. The yeas and nays were taken, and every voter voted 'yes.'

"It was all for a joke, of course. The town had no pound, and had no intention of building one. But Selwyn was elected field-driver and so on, and he was simple enough to take it seriously and qualify for the office. He was duly sworn in, and then everybody went home greatly amused.

"As we walked homeward from the town-meeting, a number of us boys laid a plan for some sport with the new hog-reeve. We agreed to take turns for a week, letting out into the highway numbers of shoats, young cattle and sheep to which we had access, and then notifying Selwyn to take care of them. We expected to keep him running from one end of the township to the other.

"To give point to the joke, we agreed to wait until April Fools' Day. From that time forward we planned to keep the joke going at the rate of two or three notifications a day, so as to put Selwyn on the jump for a week without an hour's cessation. Promptly at six o'clock on the morning of the

first day of April a messenger arrived in haste at Selwyn's place bearing a written notification to the effect that three hogs were at large, and doing damage at a farm about two miles distant, and demanding that the hog-reeve and field-driver, in his official capacity, at once secure them.

"The messenger reported that Selwyn, who was scarcely out of bed, appeared a good deal confused, and did not seem to know what to do, but that his young wife, after asking some questions and reading the notification, advised him to set out and secure the hogs.

"He started out accordingly, and if ever a man spent the first of April in lively exercise, it was Selwyn. He lacked experience in hog-driving, and sometimes even experience does not avail much. He worked all day. Finally, with the aid of people