

join me somewhere west of Winnipeg—at a place called Indian Head, I believe. He's been helping in some similar services there."

"What assistant?" queried Mrs. Seymour; her spouse had uttered the word as though it might have been his butler.

"The Singer," responded the minister; "it seems every clergyman has to have a singer with him—I do hope he'll prove congenial—so many of them are fellows of no culture, mere emotional ranters. Of course, one couldn't get on without them; I don't think I would try it at all without such a man to help me—it oils the wheels. But he'll have to conform to my ideas, that's one thing sure," he went on, wiping his lips savagely with his table napkin. "There can't be two admirals in one ship. You'll have my steamer trunk all packed in time for me, will you, dear?" he added. "Be sure to put in my warmest flannels, and my heavy overshoes—and my fur-lined coat," he went on, shivering a little as he spoke; "they say that Western climate is something terrible in its severity. And, oh, yes," he added as an afterthought, "don't forget to put in my gown and cassock—and the bands. I'd be utterly lost without them."

His wife smiled a little. "Surely you won't need your gown, and all those things, out there, Armi-