

they had not heard of his being "through the fever," or anything of that kind. But when the father came to take his place at the end of the pew the *denouement* was instant and effective. With a pantomimic action that cannot be described,—a touch of the head with his finger, a treble wave of his hand, and a frown upon his face,—the order was given to the visible amusement of the congregation; and when the "poor bare pow" of the blushing lad was exposed, so strange-looking was his appearance that the solemnity of the place hardly restrained a titter.

The excuse for publishing such an anecdote as the foregoing, so personal in its character, as some will no doubt say, may be found in the fact that the writer had his first introduction before the public in company with young Mr. Buchanan. There was to be a soiree, and a number of the younger fry of the congregation were to appear on the platform to assist in the rendering of "Sound the Loud Timbrel" and one or two other pieces of a like character. The musical drill we had to undergo was nothing to the "dress rehearsal" before the hour arrived for taking our places. From the sheer stubbornness of nature my poor locks, so unlike Samson's curls, would not retain their proper alignment, no matter how much my sister scolded me with her eyes, nor how often I kept running my fingers through them, and when I returned home I am afraid I was scolded more on nature's account than for any deficiency in