

LII.

*THE ROMANCE OF A GIPSY GIRL*

MORE than ten years had sped away.

The card that the servant laid on Greenway's study table bore the familiar name of "Amiculus," and he told the servant to bring him up.

"Hello, Amiculus!" he cried, as he grasped the hand of the tall, dark-complexioned youth.

"I am delighted to see you again, Mr. Greenway," said Amiculus. "A large city church needs a large, strong man, surely, if any respect is to be shown to 'the fitness of things,' and the pastor is not to be worked to death. Let me see, you are now among the 'two thousand dollar men,' I presume."

"Well, that latter remark is one way of stating the case," replied Greenway, "but I confess, Amiculus, I do not like to hear preachers spoken of in terms of dollars, by hundreds or thousands. It grates on my feelings to hear such expressions as, 'He is a thousand dollar man,' or 'a fifteen hundred dollar man,' or 'a two thousand dollar man.' It is a commercial view of our calling that robs it of that spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion that have been the glory of the Christian ministry, and degrades it to a mercenary position. It destroys brotherhood in the ministry, and blights as by a frost the sweet flower of