

such a one may draw away much people after him into the wilderness of sin and self-indulgence. It is in accordance with the nature of man that ignorance and narrowness should often succeed where wisdom is wholly rejected.

'That will do,' said the minister, looking over his work. He had Peter McRobert in his mind, and he rose and walked his study, 'mandating' his opening sentences with appropriate gestures, much to the astonishment of Marget Lowrie in the kitchen, who said, 'Save us. What's wrang wi' the minister. This is no' Setturday!'

As he came in his sentry walks to the window, which looked up the rain-swept street, he saw a dark-colored oblong patch with a strange protuberance on the right side, hirpling like a decrepit beetle athwart the road, till, being caught at the manse corner by a bitter swirl, this irregular shape—

'If shape it could be called, that shape had none.'

stumbled and fell within thirty yards of the study window, discharging in the muddy road an avalanche of shavings, small branches, knobs, angles, and squares of wood.

In a moment the minister was out at the door and was helping old Nance Kissock to her feet, and then under the eyes of all the wives of the village assisted her to collect again her bagful of chips and kindlings which the good-natured joiner allowed her to take once a week from his floor.

'I hope you are none the worse, Nance?' said the minister.

'I thank ye, Maister Smith; I'm sair foughten wi' the wun', but gin the Almichty be willing, I'll be at the kirk on Sabbath to hear ye. It's guid to the kirk to hear ye. It's guid to think on a' the week what ye tell us. Whiles it gars me forget the verra rheumatics!'

When the minister got back into the friendly shelter of his study, he took up the sheet which he had laid down in order to rush out to Nance Kissock's assistance. He read it over, but when he took his pen again he did not seem to like it so well. If Nance were speaking the truth, and she fed during the week on the spiritual food which she received in his kirk on the Sabbath, he could not conceal from himself that next week she had a good chance of going hungry.

Yet he could not allow Peter McRobert to get off without a word, so he put the thought away from him and went on with his task. 'How often does a man of limited view mistake his own limitations for the possibilities of others. He never judges himself—he could not if he would—and naturally when he judges others it is only to condemn them.' A gust more than ordinarily powerful took the minister again to the window, and he saw John Scott, the herd from the Dornel, wringing the wet from his plaid. He knew that he had come down to the village from the hills three miles out of his road to get his wife's medicine. Presently he would trudge away manfully back again to the cot-house on the edge of the heather.

Now, the minister knew that come storm or calm John Scott would be at the kirk on the next day but one, and that he would carry away in the cool, quiet brain that lay behind the broad brow the heads and particulars of the sermon he heard. As he went steadily knitting his stockings, conquering the heather with strides long and high, visiting his black-faced flock, he would go revolving the message that the minister had given him in the house of God.

'Wisdom is justified of her children,' repeated the minister, doggedly; but his text now awakened no fever. There was no enthusiasm in it. He thought that he would go out and let the November winds drive the rain into his face as a tonic. So he slipped on his Inverness and let himself out. His feet carried him toward the garret of one of his best friends, where an aged woman, blind and infirm, was spending the latter end of her days. She could not now come to church, therefore the minister went often to

her—for it was sunshine to him also to bring light into that very dark place where the aged servant of God waited the end.

Mary Carment knew his step far down the stair, and she said to herself: 'It is himself!' and deep within her she gave thanks.

'It is a great thing to hae the bread o' life broken to us so simply that we a' understand' it, Maister Smith,' she said.

'But, Mary, how long is it since you heard a sermon of mine?'

'It's true it's a lang time since I heard ye preach, minister, but I hear o' yer sermons every Sabbath. Yin and anither tells me pairt o't till I get as muckle as I can think on.'

As the minister said good-bye to Mary Carment, she said: 'Ye'll hae ower muckle to think on to mind me on the Lord's Day when ye're speakin' for yer Maister; but I hae nane but you to mind, sir, so I'll be prayin' a' the time that ye're uphauudin' His name.'

'Thank you, Mary, I'll not forget' said her minister. And he went out much strengthened.

As he went manseward he passed the little cobbler's den where Peter McRobert was tap tapping all the day, and the sound of Peter's terrible cough called to him with a voice that claimed him. He stepped in, and after the words of salutation he asked his office bearer, 'Are you not thinking of getting that cough attended to, Peter?'

'Wha—me? Na, not me; hoots, its but a bit hoast, nocht to speak aboot, thank ye for speerin', Maister Smith.'

Just then the minister saw the doctor walking rapidly up the far side of the street, calm-faced and dignified, as if this howling November north-easter were a beautiful June morning. Him he summoned.

'Here's Peter'll no' speak to you about his cough. He must have some of your drugs, doctor.'

The doctor called the unwilling cobbler from his last, and after a brief examination he said:

'No, I don't think there will be any need for drugs, Mr. Smith; if you, Peter, will use a gargle to get rid of a trifling local inflammation. Less lapstone dust and less snuff, Peter, and warm water three times a day,' said the doctor, succinctly, and proceeded on his rounds.

As the doctor went out, Peter looked up with a queer twinkle in his eye.

'Maister Smith,' he said, 'gin water be sae needful for the inside o' a cobbler's thrapple, maybe I was wrang in thinkin' that it wasna as necessary for the outside o' a minister!'

'Then we'll say no more about it, Peter,' said the minister smiling, as he closed the door. 'Mind your gargle!'

When the minister got to his study, he never stopped, even to wipe his feet, and when the mistress followed to remonstrate, she found him putting his sermon in the fire.

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The minister's text on the following Sabbath morning was an old one, but it was no old sermon that the Arkland folk got that day. The text was, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Nance Kissock was there, and did not go home hungry; John Scott had come down from the muirs, and had something better than physic to take back to his ailing wife; Peter McRobert sat in his corner looking cleaner than he had done within the memory of man—also he never coughed once; no less than eight different folk came to tell blind Mary Carment about the sermon.

But none but the minister knew who it was that had been praying for him.

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The conscience of a guilty man is like the great clock of St. Paul's, in London—at midday in the roar of business few hear it; but when the work of the day is over and silence reigns, it may be heard for miles. In the whirl of excitement conscience is not heard, but the time will come when it will sound and bring misery to the soul.

Bessus, a native of Greece, being one day seen by his neighbors pulling down birds' nests and occasionally destroying their young, was severely reprov'd for his cruelty. He replied that their notes to him were insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him for the murder of his father.—'Christian Age.'

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I am highly pleased with the 'Canadian Pictorial' and hope it will have the success that its merits warrant.—Editor of 'Standard,' Pembroke, Ont.

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