

break down in my sermon, I'm sure; and after preaching I always like a roast dinner."

After supper, therefore, while Lawrence entertained his guest, who sat on the verandah, smoking a vile-smelling pipe, Edith went to the village butcher's for a fresh supply of provisions. "Had Dr. Dwight known the habits of the man," she thought, "he would not have so highly commended him."

The steak for breakfast and the roast for dinner made a serious inroad upon the sum set apart from their modest income for provisions for the following week, and as she did all her own work the prospect of fussing over a hot stove to cook it was not an agreeable one.

The stranger's evening prayer was a very effusive one, embracing not only the Jews, but also the Gentiles of every name and race, and ending with the "hospitable hosts of the servant of the Lord." Before he retired the free and easy guest took off his shoes in the parlour, asked for a pair of slippers, and requested that the maid might clean them for him. Edith was about furtively to take them, when Lawrence took them out of her hand and cleaned them himself. Even when polished they had, like their owner, a vulgar ill-bred look—run down at the heels, and cracked at the sides.

The Reverend Karl was in no hurry to appear in the morning, but spent the best hours of the glorious summer day in bed. When he did appear he sniffed the appetising odours of the broiled steak with much satisfaction, and did ample justice to the meal.

"I always take up a collection for my mission, wherever I preach, Brother Temple," he said after breakfast. "The labourer is worthy of his hire, you know. 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.'"

"Ox enough you are," said Edith to herself, and she longed to muzzle him in good earnest.

Lawrence made no dissent, although the collections were set apart by the trustees for a parsonage-furnishing fund. Edith remained at home to prepare dinner—a thing she had never done in her married life before; but she consoled herself with the thought that she would get no good from the preaching of such a sordid creature, if she did go to church.

The sermon was chiefly an appeal for money "to carry on the