

vant, regardless of anything else but getting her mistress's tea ready immediately on her return home, rose up from her seat to pass through the length of the crowded gallery. My grandfather was annoyed at the unseemly disturbance thus created, and said to her in a tone of authority, "Sit down, my good woman, sit down, its no matter if Mrs. Arthur's tea kettle does not boil. I have not done yet." Mrs. Arthur sat just beneath, and, being a short-tempered woman, was not a little offended at the unexpected reference to her name.

Want of punctuality and drowsiness during the sermon afforded the old man opportunities for administering rebukes, which had their desired effect. Observing some of the congregation turning to look at the clock when he had exceeded the usual time for closing the sermon, he paused and remarked, "Ah, I see you are looking at the clock; but some of you have got into the habit of coming in late, and I am resolved you shall not beat God Almighty out of his time, and so I shall go on a few minutes longer, and make up at the end of the service what has been lost at the beginning."

Observing some of the congregation to be sleeping on one occasion, he exclaimed loud enough for them to hear, "My chest aches very much, and I will sit down and rest till you are all awake, and then I will proceed." On another occasion he resorted to the following expedient. Taking up his Greek Testament, he began to read aloud. Having gained the attention of the entire congregation, he remarked, "Well, I thought you would understand Greek as well as English when you were asleep. Now I will put this aside and go on with my sermon."

His own servant was often guilty of sleeping during the sermon, and was cured of the habit in the following way. Being soundly asleep at the close of the service, Mr. Bull said to the congregation that he wished the usual hymn after the service to be omitted, and begged the people to retire as quietly as possible, adding, "I see my servant asleep and I don't want you to wake him." On discovering the predicament he was in when he awoke he was so thoroughly ashamed of his conduct that he never slept again during service.

It must not be thought that Mr. Bull's sermons were soporific. Few men, we suppose, can uniformly succeed in keeping a semi-rustic congregation awake during an entire service on a sultry afternoon in July. A great deal must also be set down to the account of the vitiated atmosphere and the heavy dinners. However, we think the habit so bad, that we justify any lawful expedient adopted to check it.

The last time he preached from his pulpit he took for his text Psalm