

and a marvellous hood that looked like a lineal descendant of Joseph's coat of many colors, the most dominant and eye-compelling of which was a broad band of orange. At a certain Deanery meeting, when a group of clergy were crowded into a little country vestry, robing for a service, this startling bit of circus-band uniform suddenly appeared on the back of the proud owner. An old Irish priest spotted it, and blandly asked, "Ah-h, Smith, was that confer-red on ye by an Or-r-ange Lodge?" A most unclerical snort of indignation came from poor Joseph, and the gaudy garment was hastily returned to its bag, like its ancient type, never again to be seen by the public eye.

Perhaps the greatest parochial difficulty that any minister of the Gospel has to meet is the widespread spirit of indifference that seems like a perpetual wet blanket over his enthusiasm. On rare occasions the indifferent one admits his own apathy, as one man did when I asked him once to what parish he belonged. He said, "St. Andrew's is the Church that I neglect."

Too many forget that the parsons are not the only preachers,—every professing Christian by his life is preaching the Gospel daily,—preaching it to be the truth or to be a lie.