

The next afternoon a committee from the church went to the parsonage. Mrs Spencer saw them coming and told her husband.

"It must be," he said, "to ask my advice in the choice of my successor."

"I think they might have waited one day," she cried, with a woman's passionate impatience at any seeming forgetfulness of the claims given by his years of faithful service.

The delegation had reached the door by that time, and the minister did not answer her. She waited on the men into the study, and left them there, going about her usual task with her heart full of bitterness. It was natural, perhaps, that they should not want a blind minister, but to tell him so now, to make the very first pang of his sorrow sharper by their thanklessness, it was too much.

An hour passed before they went away, and then she heard her husband's voice calling her, and went into the study prepared to sympathize with sorrow. She found him sitting where she had left him, with such a look of joy, and peace, and thankfulness upon his face as she had never expected to see it wear again.

"Mary," he said, "there are some kind hearts in this world. My parish want me to stay with them, and insist on raising my salary a hundred dollars a year."

"Want you to stay with them?" she cried, hardly understanding his words.

"Yes; I told them that I could not do them justice; but they would not listen; they believe that my very affliction will give me new power over the hearts of men; that I can do as much as ever. They would not wait a day, you see, lest we should become anxious about our future."

"And I thought they were coming in indecent haste to give you notice to go," Mrs. Spencer cried penitently. "How I misjudged them! Shall I never learn Christian charity?"

So it was settled that the minister of Montclair, should abide with his people.

For three years more his persuasive voice called them to choose the better way; and then his own summons came to go up higher. In those three years he had sown more seed and reaped more harvest than some men in a long life-time. He did his work faithfully, and was ready when the hour came for him to go home. Just at the last, when those who loved him best stood weeping around his bedside, they caught upon his face the radiance of a light not of this world. He put out his hands with a glad cry—

"I see, I see! Out of the dark into the light!"

And before they could look with awe and wonder into each other's eyes, the glory had begun to fade, the outstretched hands fell heavily, and they knew that the blind minister was gone, "past night, past day," where for him there would be no more darkness.—*New York Era.*

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At the revival of masonry in 1717, a curious punishment was inflicted upon a man who listened at the door of a masonic meeting in order to hear the secrets. He was summarily sentenced "to be placed under the eaves of an outhouse while it was raining hard, till the water ran under the collar of his coat and out of his shoes." The penalty was inflicted on the spot, and the name eaves-dropper has been perpetuated ever since.