

to be worn. They found plenty of material, and eventually decided upon what seemed to be two very becoming costumes. Miss Pearce was to wear a faded black dress, and a very yellow shawl. And she had found an old fashioned black poke bonnet, which she judged would be very becoming when trimmed with a quantity of red ribbons. She would wear a pair of faded green gloves, and carry a bulgy, rheumatic looking umbrella.

Grace's dress, it was judged, should also be black; but her shawl was to be a light blue. Her bonnet was to be one of the oldest shape; its color had once been white; and it was to be trimmed with a large bunch of feathers. With a pair of old red gloves and a hymn book, she judged she might make a fairly presentable appearance.

The two took an early dinner, so as to have plenty of time to apply the burnt cork, and get into their new attire. We may well suppose it was a time of great hilarity. The difficulty was to restrain their risibility after Mr. Winstall came in, for if their noisy mirth should attract his attention he might wish to speak to them, and that would place them in a strange predicament. And now that they were ready, how were they to get out, and once out how were they to get in, without being seen by Mr. Winstall or any of the household? This had all been arranged. Miss Winstall was to leave the door ajar; engage her father's attention on something that might interest him; at the right moment give two knocks on the stairs; and the two adventurers were to slip down and out. Once out, there was no more danger; not one in the house would recognize them. The plan worked well. Miss Winstall accused their absence to her father; engaged his attention on a striking picture in Harper's Weekly; in due time gave the arranged signal; and the two strange figures swiftly and silently passed down stairs and out.

Taking a car they soon arrived at the church. The week night meeting was held in the lecture hall in the basement. Passing in, our friends found the place more than half-filled, and a very general and animated buzz of conversation going on, as the service had not yet commenced. Our friends took a seat near the door in order to see as much, and to be seen as little, as possible. For whatever vanity may attach to the display of finery in black or white congregations our two friends were certainly not on hand to-night for the display either of their own charms or the latest fashions in tailor made dresses, or millinery. The people kept coming in until the hall was fairly filled. Miss Pearce, to say the truth, did not feel at all comfortable in the dusky assembly. Having been so little used to negroes, she was almost afraid of them, and afraid that some of those bright rolling eyes of theirs might discover her to be a fraud and a hypocrite; and if they found her out what might not they do to her? Perhaps tear off all her finery; possibly burn her or eat her on the spot. Grace was not so disturbed or alarmed. She had been in negro company before.

When our young friends by and by began to observe with more composure, they realized that their own costume was quite overdone. The attire of the dark beauties around them was by no means so antiquated as their own. The bright and flaring colors were well in evidence, but the cut and style of garments and head gear closely followed the fashion of white folks. Grace was aware of this when she and Miss Pearce were planning their own attire, but seeing that Miss Pearce's ideas were so extreme, she indulged them, for to Grace this overdoing of the thing was no small part of the joke. Miss

Pearce had got her idea of negroes from books, while Grace had got hers from life.

But now the service begins. This point arrived at, Miss Pearce began to feel more comfortable. The interest of the service might divert attention from her, and she might perhaps escape exposure, with all the dreadful consequences that might follow. In fact she soon ceased to think about herself altogether, she became so interested in the novelty of the scene.

Only a few points in the service we shall try to describe. A tall, lanky individual, about half as dark as Methuselah, came onto the platform, and gave out a hymn, and intimated that after the singing brother Sim Jones would lead in prayer. The hymn was sung with a melody and sweetness such as Miss Pearce had never heard before. She had often been charmed by the singing of her own Fisher-wick Place choir at home, but there was a swing and go and pathos in the singing of these negroes that touched her more deeply. She was glad she had come. After the hymn brother Jones did lead in prayer, and in a style still more novel to Miss Pearce than the singing. He began in moderate tones; but he soon grew louder; then he became emphatic, clenching his arguments to the Lord by pounding on the chair before which he knelt, clapping his hands, and swinging his head about in an alarming fervor of devotion. After going on in this fashion for a while, he found the kneeling position too constrained for his style of declamation; so he jumped to his feet, and at once rose to a higher key. He shouted and shrieked now, waving his arms, clapping his hands, rolling his body, and at some very emphatic points jumping about two feet off the floor. The prayer was punctuated with sighs, shrieks and howls of "Glory," "Hallelujah," "Amen" from every part of the congregation, until Miss Pearce got into a kind of semi-consciousness, quite uncertain whether she was still on this planet, or had died and waked upon some other.

She was recalled to a clearer degree of consciousness by the ending of the prayer, and the giving out of another hymn by the lanky individual on the platform. This was sung with even more fervor than the first, for Brother Jones's prayer had waked the people up to the proper pitch of devotion. After the hymn the lanky individual said he would read the 108th Psalm, which he did in a manner all his own. He disdained ordinary pronunciation, especially of the proper names in the Psalm. Shechem he called She says-hum; Succoth he made out to be Susey-hoth; Gilead became Gilly-hind; and Manasseh he pronounced Man-and-ass. But there was one word the pronunciation of which appealed to our two friends with such comical force that they could scarcely preserve their decorum. This was the word psaltery. The lanky individual pronounced peealztree. "Awake up peealztree and harp; I myself will awake early."

But if the pronunciation of this word so affected our young friends, who can imagine their feelings when the lanky individual, after reading the psalm, came back to that particular verse, read it again, and he said he would offer a few words of 'exposition' on it? Miss Pearce nearly quite broke down, and would probably have quite done so but for the apprehension of the terrible consequences that might follow, together with the loss of what promised to be the rarest kind of a burlesque. So she restrained herself, and the lanky individual read the verse again: "Wake up Peealztree and harp;

I myself will awake early." And his "exposition" was something like this: "My brudders and sistahs," he said, "Dis is one ob de nicest sentiments in all de Psalms, and de Psalms, as ye know, ere mighty nice. But de berry nicest tinge vulgah eyes don't see. It takes perfound wisdom to go into de depts. Now most of de learned mer don't know nuffin about a nice sentiment like dis. Dey don't understand David at all. David is too deep and fine for po-ah crittiks as hasn't got de spirit of Wisdom. Now I will tell yo what dis means. You see David speaks heah of de peealztree. What is de peealztree? Ah, dot is what de larned folks don't know. No, dey don't know what de peealztree is, and how den can dey expositate de passage? Now you see, brudders and sistahs, dat de peealztree is a tree. But what kind of a tree is de peealztree? Yo see David calls on dis tree to wake up. He says, Wake up peealztree. Now what kind of a tree would it be dat cud wake up? Dat's what de larned folks don't undahstand. Ah, it takes perfound wisdom to get into nice points like dese. Now I will tell yo all about dis peealztree. Dis was a tree dat grew out in de lawn before David's doah. It was a berry large tree, and had many branches, and de bawds would sing in it all day long. Oh, it was a fine tree for bawds to sing in. All kinds of singing bawds were dar, and dey all sang dere own tune, making melody in dere little hiths, as it were, to de Lor. And all dese bawds in de peealztree began to sing eahly, oh, berry eahly, in de mawnin. Dey wanted to praise de Lor wid de berry break ob day. And David, he wanted to praise de Lor too, very eahly in de mawnin. You know David was great foh praising de Lor. And we should be great foh praising de Lor too (Amen, Amen) Yes, we should be great for praising de Lor too. (Amen. Praise de Lor) Yes, brudders and sistahs, we should all be great for praising de Lor. (Hallelujah. Praise de Lor) And we should begin eahly, like David did. Ah, we should begin eahly, eahly, eahly in de mawnin." (chorus of Amens, Hallelujahs, and Praise de Lor)

The lanky individual was evidently warming to his work, and the people were warming up with him. But now, having roused them to the proper spirit of devotion, he went back to his "exposition." Our two friends were more intent on this part of his performance.

To be Continued.

In a certain parish near Dumfries a newly-made elder was summoned to the sick-bed of a parishioner. Being a very bashful man, he was in great anxiety as to the "prayer he wad hae tae pit up," and altogether he wished to avoid going. However, he was persuaded by his wife, and started on his errand. On his return his wife greeted him with the query—"And hoo did ye get on, William?" The elder's face beamed with joy as he answered—"Oh, grand! He was deid!"

When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him.—London Tit-Bits.