

to have folks know he was our minister when the hand-shaking came, when meeting was out. And when some one congratulated him at hearing such preaching all the time, he took it just exactly as if he'd always considered Mr. Miles the greatest preacher going.

We didn't speak a word for more than half the way home, and then John said :

"I say, Maria, there is such a thing as going farther and faring worse."

"Well," said I, "if that's what you mean, we've been faring just about the same."

"No," said he, "that isn't what I mean;" and after a while he said :

"Maria, how much bigger salary ought we to raise for a preacher?"

I was right up and down discouraged to hear him go back to that, for I'd been all the time hoping he'd been thinking pretty much as I had. But I didn't say anything. He went on :

"Yes, it ought to be done. Things need a stirrin' up, and I'm going to stir 'em up." He jerked the lines too, so that Prancer gave a jump. "That old parsonage wants lots of repairing. I'll talk to the men about it, and then couldn't some of you women folks see about new carpets, and papering and things?"

I said "Yes," although there was a choking in my throat as I thought of doing it for folks I didn't care for ; and it came face to face before me the idea of our pastor going to seek a home among strangers. I had a longing in my heart to do better by him and his than ever I'd done yet, and a feeling that he could do more for us now that he was getting a little older than he could do as a young man. But I didn't say anything ; indeed, John didn't give me a chance, for he kept right on :

"Yes, Maria, we'll set things humming. We won't stop till we've done the thing up right, and then we'll wind up with a rousing big house-warming—but it shall be for the old parson, Maria—and we'll let him know before we get through that he's worth ten times more to us than all the young ones that ever lived. Get up, Prancer!"—*South-West Presbyterian.*

We ought to think much more of walking in the right path than of reaching our end. We should desire virtue more than success. If by one wrong deed we could accomplish the liberation of millions, and in no other way, we ought to feel that this good, for which, perhaps, we had prayed with an agony of desire, was denied us by God, was reserved for other times and other hands.—*Channing.*

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Articles for insertion should be with the Editor before the middle of the month.

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WE ASK all our AGENTS and FRIENDS to make a special effort this month, so as to gain the full benefit of our very favorable new terms to Clubs, and to those who pay in advance.

JUDGE YOUNG'S PRIZES.—These have all been sent very carefully. Miss Isabella Dunbar, E.R., will please call for hers at Mr. Thos. McMillan's, Bridgeville, E. R. ; Miss A. B. McLeod at Arch. McLeod's, Lorne ; and Mr. A. J. McKINNON of East Lake Ainslie, C. B., takes the first Prize of all. By a slip of the pen his name was spelt "*McKenzie*" in the published List and on the Prize. He is the author of the beautiful Elegy in the last August RECORD, page 121.