

RETROSPECTION.
A slip upon the distant deep,
Just where the water meets the sky,

Deacon Barker's Conversion.

Concluded.
"Or!" responded Hay; "who d'ye
'pose'd go to it? Nobody! Ye can't
rent us second-class houses, an' sell us
second hand clothin', an' the cheapest
cuts o' meat, but when it comes to cheap
religion—nobody knows its value better'n
we do. We don't want to go into yer
pailors on carpets and furniture we don't
know how to use, an' we don't expect to
be asked into society where our talk an'
manners might make some better educated
people laugh. But when it comes to
religion—God knows nobody needs an'
deserves the very best article more'n
we do."

sleep. "He that giveth to the poor
lendeth to the Lord." There? he could hear
that indignant carpenter again, what an
unsatisfactory passage that was, to be
sure! If it could only read the other way
—it didn't seem a bit business-like the
way it stood. And yet, as the Deacon
questioned himself there in the dark, he
was forced to admit that he had a very
small balance—even of loans—to his
credit in the hand of the Lord. He had
never lent to the Lord except in his usual
business manner—as small a loan as would
be accepted, on an extensive collateral
as he could exact. Oh, why did people
ever forsake the simple raiment of their
forefathers, and robe themselves in gar-
ments grievous in price and stumbling
blocks in the paths of their fellow-men?

couldn't be—yes, it was—well, he never
imagined Hay and his wife were so fine
a-looking couple. They came nearer,
and the Deacon, forgetting his cane,
hobbled hurriedly to church, entered his
pew, and left the door wide open. He
waited long, it seemed to him, but they
did not come. He looked around impa-
tiently, and there, oh, joy and wonder!
—the president of the Pawkin Savings
Institution had invited the whole family
into his pew! Just then the congregation
rose to sing the hymn commencing—
"From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!"
and the Deacon, in his excitement,
distanced the choir, and the organ—and
the congregation, and almost brought the
entire musical service to a standstill.

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FROM THE WOLFVILLE JEWELLERY STORE!
J. MCLEOD.
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