

no such small doings; and it set me to noticing him myself a good deal sharper than I'd been doing of late. I tried to look at him and to listen to him as if I'd been somebody else beside myself. I couldn't feel to say he was a very handsome man, but I made up my mind you don't often see a more earnest, scholarly looking face than his.

Then I noticed the sprinkling of gray in his hair and beard, and somehow the tears would come into my eyes as I began thinking over the long years he'd been among us. My heart was warmed as I remembered the tender way in which he used to hold our little ones as he baptised them. I couldn't think of a time of trouble or of joy when his face had not been good to see. I couldn't remember a time of sickness when he hadn't brought strength and comfort, and I could almost hear again how often his voice had seemed to bring down a beam of hope and faith as we stood by an open grave.

When he came to his text John gave me a little poke for, if you'll believe me, it was the same we'd heard in the morning. But I had to confess to myself I hadn't listened much, for I'd got into the way of thinking Brother Miles' sermons didn't edify me any longer. I thought to myself, though, that if I hadn't listened then, I would now; and when I saw the man we'd heard in the entry give a little nod to the other man once in a while, as much as to say, "Didn't I tell you so? that's one of his clinchers," I actually began to feel a little bit scared, wondering whether some of these Radnor folks mightn't take a notion to give our pastor a call.

I think John, as well as I, was a little proud to have folks know he was our minister when the hank-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-way home, and then John said:

"I say, Maria, there's 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 little 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, for I've often seen it's no use to oppose John when he's worked up over a thing, but to try a quiet word or two afterwards. He went on:

"Yes, it ought to be done. Things need stirring up, and I'm going to scare 'em." He jerked the lines so Prancer gave a jump. "The old parsonage want's 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 right 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, and indeed John didn't give me any chance, for he kept right on, speaking louder and more excitedly:

"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.—*Exchange.*

Whoever possesses the memory of a dutiful childhood and youth, has a priceless treasure.—*Charles Cuthbert Hall.*

Every step toward Christ kills a doubt. Every thought, word and deed for him carries you away from discouragement.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

Riches without meekness and thankfulness, do not make any man happy; but riches with them remove many cares and fears.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there was some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

A Unitarian installation in New England had to be postponed, the other day, because the "Mikado" was to be played in town that night, and the members of the choir must sing there.

"This is a strange country," said the first George soon after his arrival in England. "I came to St. James, looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks and a canal, which they said was mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, ranger of the park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park!"

Sir Richard Steele one day gave a dinner party, at which the guests were surprised at the number of servants in livery in waiting. When the wine had broken down ceremonial stiffness, some guest asked Sir Richard "how in the world he could afford such a retinue." To which he replied that "they were bailiffs who had come on official business, and being in the house he thought it well to make them useful and ornamental while they staid."

Mince Griddle Cakes.—Chop all the cold bits of meat you may have, of whatever kind, cooked of course, season with salt and pepper, make a griddle batter as for pancakes, lay a spoonful on the well buttered griddle, then a spoonful of chopped meat and a part of a spoonful of batter over the meat; when cooked on one side, turn, and when done serve as hot as possible.

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