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The Unworldliness of Parson Tyne.

(Sophie Sweet, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Theodora ranged the last row of her tumblers of grape jelly on the top shelf of the closet, and came down the step-ladder with aching feet.

Old Ellen had rheumatism so badly that she could not even help. Old Ellen always had either rheumatism or what she called her 'slow September fever' in preserving-time. She had, in fact, outlived the somewhat small amount of usefulness that she had once possessed; but she had lived in

was carried away by them, himself, above all sordid cares.

So, practically, Theodora was all there was. It quite often happens that there is one in a family who is all there is practically.

The minister's heart yearned over his young daughter, but only that she might be like Mary, sitting at the Master's feet. He feared a little that she had the Martha temperament.

'Is there anything that a minister's daughter doesn't have to do?' murmured Theodora, sitting down in a kitchen chair to rest her aching feet.

Her intimate friend, Leonora Judd, had

fection, rather than the pain in her feet, that now filled her eyes with smarting tears.

They did not appreciate her father's sermons, either; their depth of sympathy, as well as their lofty spirituality, was lost upon them, she felt certain. They would just as lief listen to old aPrson Root with his commonplace ideas and his lack of comprehension of the loftier meanings of a text. They failed utterly to understand her father, and they thought he was worth only nine hundred dollars a year!

Was it not almost enough to make one doubt God's providence that such things could be? Now at that very point in Theodora's painful reflections the minister's voice was heard calling Theodora, and he immediately appeared in the kitchen with an open letter in his hand and a fine moisture plainly in evidence upon his spectacles.

'Theodora, dear—I could not tell your mother, lest the news should excite her now when she is trying to sleep; but my cousin Alpheus has invited me to occupy the pulpit in — church.' (It was a great church in a great metropolis.) 'And the invitation comes when it will be an opportunity for Dr. Root to fill my pulpit. It will be for a month. And, Theodora, I can say to you, who will understand, that it will be a joy to me to speak to a great congregation like that.'

'O dad! O dad!' Quick-springing tears filled Theodora's eyes; words that she dared not say faltered on her lips. When once a congregation like that had a chance to hear him, she knew—she knew what would happen!

There was, after all, a providence of God. Ellen, waiting on the back porch for a preserving-kettle of grape-juice to 'jell,' was singing, 'When I can read my title clear.'

Annis Pritchard was coming along the garden path.

Theodora heard and saw as in a dream. She had so longed, hoped, prayed, that her father might have the opportunity to be heard by a cultivated, an appreciative, city congregation.

Parson Tyne was conscious that Ellen was close at hand and that Annis Pritchard was coming, and slipped away before Theodora had time to give utterance to her eager hopes—if, indeed, she could have found courage to do so, being vaguely conscious that there was something in those hopes that was below her father's lofty standard of living. She had to be a little confidential to Annis Pritchard after she had taken her into the privacy of her own room.

Annis was a more satisfactory confidante than her father, for she understood what it was to be a minister's daughter who was expected to do everything, and obliged to stretch every dollar until it would do almost the work of two.

'Of course you see what it will result in?' she gasped delightedly, after she had poured the story of her father's invitation into Annis's willing ears. (There were



'I WAS ABLE TO REACH THEM, THEODORA!'

The minister's family for twenty-five years, and when, once or twice, Theodora had ventured to suggest the possibility of a change of domestics, her father had said, with a perplexed wrinkling of his lofty, benevolent forehead, 'Why, my dear child, old Ellen has nowhere to go!' So old Ellen stayed, and was 'put up with.' An additional maid was out of the question; Damsionfield paid its minister but nine hundred dollars a year. The minister's wife was an invalid. There were three roistering boys, who thrust their elbows out of their jacket-sleeves and their toes out of their shoes in a way that filled Theodora's heart with despair.

The minister never seemed to mind. He was truly spiritual and lofty of soul. He preached beautiful, uplifting sermons, and

had just gone to Northampton to pass her entrance examinations at the college. Theodora had a fine voice, and longed to go to the city to have it cultivated. But only that morning her father had said tremulously, his hand on her head,

'It is a blessing of God, dear child, that you have such a housewifely faculty!'

Theodora had been glad when she was first graduated from the high school that she could ease her mother's mind of care; but, as Leonora Judd said, one did not wish to spend one's life scrubbing under the kitchen stove.

And she was expected to take her mother's place at all the meetings and all social functions. And the people did not appreciate what she did, not one bit. Theodora was sure of it. And it was that re-