



READING is indeed to the mind, as food is to the body—the material of which its fibre is made.

—Lilian Whiting

## A Slip in Orthodoxy

YES, John, there's the church and I'm quite sure this is the house!"

A prim little woman in a gray gown turned into the gate and walked briskly, in spite of the warm August day, up the long brick walk to the parsonage. She was followed by a tall, erect man in a Prince Albert and silk hat who looked from side to side at the carefully mowed lawn and at the beds of pansies and musk-rose near the house. She waited for him at the steps of the porch, and as they reached the door he looked down at her and smiled, while she carefully arranged her gray gown and straightened her neat little straw bonnet before pulling the bell.

"It looks just as it used to, I do declare!" She glanced from the big brick church on one side to the cow-beds on the other, which stretched away in the distance, and then up to the man who was still looking at her, and her eyes were strangely young in spite of the wrinkles about them, and her cheeks were slightly flushed.

"Are you quite sure there is time, John? Don't you think we ought to be hurried?" She pulled the bell again. Then turning to him, she carefully brushed a speck from his correct black coat with her lace-edged handkerchief.

"Plenty of time, my dear," he answered in his deep voice, and he smiled again as the pink in her cheeks grew deeper and her eyes lowered at the "my dear." "I'd be willing to stand here all afternoon and look at you!" He leaned against a porch pillar and took off his hat, brushing the thick iron-gray hair from his forehead.

"Only if we can't get this minister, we must look up the justice. I'm going to marry you to-day, Methodist parson or not." He brightened up, put on his hat and reached for the bell himself.

"They must be home," he said in an anxious tone in the little lady's ear. "It would be dreadful not to be married by a Methodist minister when I've been a Methodist for almost thirty-five years. There, I hear some—"

"John, John," she whispered in a flutter, "you sure you've got the ring?"

"Sure's shooting, Amelia. Don't you worry, I say," he hurriedly, "you are talking. You know the ways of parsons better than I do—haven't you near one for twenty-five years—"

"since I went with you way back in—"

"That was opened by a rose-decked, panting maid, her clean white apron tied over one hip."

"Is this the parsonage?" The little lady's voice trembled a bit.

"Sum," breathed the maid, holding aside the door.

"Is the minister in?" asked the minister, stepping over the sill. The

gentleman followed, his silk hat in his hand.

"No, mum, yes'm, no—that is, Mrs. Neal for yes. Just step into the stiddy, mum. I'll call the missus," and the maid vanished down the hall, leaving the couple to look at each other, and to hear in a stage whisper: "Come quick, mum. They wants the minister, I thinks it's a wedding!"

And when Mrs. Neal, a smiling young woman with fair hair and blue eyes came cordially to greet them she found a very blushing, "awfully lused little woman," as she told her husband afterwards, "and a big man with eyes full of twinkles," standing

## Splendid and Helpful

The Special Household Magazine issue of Farm and Dairy, we all thought splendid and very helpful. Farm and Dairy is to be congratulated on its production.—Miss Eunice Watts, Kings, Co., N.S.

close together in the hall. She took sent into the study saying she had sent the maid for her husband. He was at work in the garden. It was such a fine day for wedding he couldn't resist it, she told them. Wouldn't they be seated? Hadn't it been a both found chairs on opposite sides of the room—so cool and pleasant, Mr. Neal had thought of taking them to the seaside for August, but the baby was teething so they decided the baby had better keep him home. He was asleep now. But it had been so cool they hadn't minded. Did the callers she hadn't seen them, but she and Mr. Neal had not lived there so very long, and didn't know every one in Pleasant Valley. She was from like Minnesota so much.

The little woman was becoming nervous, and the big man watched her as she explained how she had lived in Pleasant Valley twenty-two years ago, and had always hoped to come back some time. The place didn't seem to have changed a bit in that time. Here her face became pink again and she looked quickly at the man. They were going to Seattle and then to San Francisco, and then to Denver. They entered the room. His keen eyes looked first at the woman and then at the man and lastly at his wife, who rose and said to her visitors, "My husband, Mr. Neal."

Mr. Neal shook hands with each

of them cordially. "I'm sorry to have been so long," he explained, "but I was out in the garden when Maggie called me and was anything but presentable. It's a fine day for gardening."

He seated himself and looked from one to the other as he talked. The big man admitted the fineness of the day; thought it a trifle warm, wiped his face with his handkerchief and, after glancing several times at the little woman across the room, whose eyes were fixed on him, he straightened his shoulders, looked the minister fully in the face and said: "We called on you this afternoon because we wish to be married. Miss Chesna is from Norris Falls and I am from Dufferin, and we came here to be married because we preferred a quiet wedding and didn't care to have every one in Norris Falls talking about it till we were well away from there."

Mr. Neal nodded gravely. "I have the license here," the man tapped his breast pocket, "and we came to you because Amelia would be married by a minister of her own denomination, even if she wouldn't be married in her own town." He smiled at the gray-gowned figure on the couch.

The minister looked at his wife and smiled and then turned again to the man. "Have either of you been married before? You see there are some questions I must ask," he explained as they both laughed, the man throwing back his head and filling the room with his merriment, and the little lady's gaiety rippling in spite of her nervousness.

"Well, I haven't," chuckled the man. "How about you, Amelia?"

"How foolish you are, John!" Then with dignity "You let me talk. We aren't either of us married," she explained to the minister and his wife. "We—expected to be married some time ago—twenty-five years ago to-day—but it was postponed." She said this simply, and then added high her head in the little straw bonnet.

"And if we don't hurry a bit we won't get that five-thirty train. It's most three o'clock."

The minister looked at his wife. Her eyes were strangely soft, and she smiled at him. "Perhaps Miss Chesna

## Admires Farm and Dairy

I like Farm and Dairy very much. Especially do I admire its stand in putting in a few columns each week of a religious nature. Farm and Dairy is, I believe the only agricultural paper which has that upbuilding tendency.—Geo. E. Ford, Dunham Co., Que.

would like to come into my room and take off his gloves," she said, and led the way from the study. She stopped to tell the maid to make some lemonade and get out some cookies and fruit-cake.

When they returned to the study some moments later, they found the two men discussing the merits of the State of Colorado, and of Denver in particular, quite as if they had known each other for years.

John got to his feet as they came into the room. The little lady had taken off her bonnet and had combed up the soft gray hair on her forehead, and in the lace at the neck of the gray dress Mrs. Neal had pinned a pink rose. John looked at Miss Amelia so long that she hurriedly selected a red rose from a vase on the mantel and pinned it to his coat.

Mrs. Neal bustled about, lowering and raising the shades, and bringing great bowls of nasturtiums and sweet peas and scarlet ranunculus from the other rooms, and as a last touch, she sent Mr. Neal upstairs for a white fur rug to put in front of the bow window where the bride and groom were to stand.

It took Miss Amelia a long time to fasten the flower in the groom's button hole, and it was only when the little maid had been called and as a witness that the rose was pinned quite to the bride's satisfaction.

Then the groom brought out the license and placed it on the table, and with it a little red velvet bag. "The ring," he explained, looking smilingly down at the gray head which barely reached his shoulder.

"Oh, you want the ring service?" The minister opened the box and took out the little gold band, handing it to the groom, whose fingers were not very strong just then.

"I have your name correctly," the minister asked, "Amelia Chesna?" John Wetherby? That's right, I think. Now, if you will just stand together on the rug, I'll begin."

The young minister was very solemn as he read the marriage service, and his wife thought she never had heard him give it more impressively, not even at the biggest of his church weddings they had ever had. The minister was eager for the responses. Her apron was still on sideways and she had addressed a cap which he noticed as he passed, but no one perched over one eye and the bride and groom were far beyond noticing anything. His voice trembled a bit on the "I will," and hers was pulled the ring between them, making the little maid gasp and put out one hand involuntarily.

The groom held the bride's hand during the prayer, and after the "Amen" he kissed her and the minister congratulated them, and the little maid hurried on her apron string, her eyes

white-and-gold wedding book with fording present to the cover—their wedding signed their names and the bride and groom signed hers and the little maid Angelina Casey" in a large round hand, making a slant down the page. After this they had the lemonade and the fruit cake and cookies, served line, the minister and his wife kept the bride and groom content to sit silently together on the sofa.

But there was that five-thirty train to make, and after a quiet aftermath could not last forever. Mrs. Wetherby went to Mrs. Neal's room to put on her bonnet and gloves, leaving John and the minister to settle the fee.

"You've been so good to us, my dear!" the bride said so to us, my on the straw bonnet before the mirror—"just as if we'd always known coming right up here, I insisted on remembering the place, even after twenty years. I went to that church when I was visiting here long ago." She sat down by a window looking toward the brick church and drew on her gloves, while Mrs. Neal rose and gathered a large bunch of roses and pink-and-white sweet peas for the bride to carry away.

"What's become of the vine on the donkey?" Mrs. Wetherby asked suddenly.

"The vine?" queried Mrs. Neal. "Why, yes, when we were twenty-two years ago, the church was mostly covered with English ivy, and now it's gone. Queer I didn't notice it. Did it die?" she asked leaning toward the window.

"There never has been a vine, not since we've been here. Are you sure, it wasn't the old frame church you built? This church has only been built some fourteen or fifteen years, I believe."

"No, it was the brick church, twenty-two years ago. Mrs. Wetherby spoke with conviction. She stood up and looked carefully from the window. Then quickly turning, she asked,