

deacon of Lichfield church, gives a sum in *hard cash* every year towards *the cause*, gives twenty-five cents now and then towards a donation for the pastor, and occasionally sends a present to the minister's family. He owns the best two hundred acre farm in the neighborhood, has the best house, orchard and cattle in the county, and a good many thousands lying snugly in the bank. In fact he is an eminently respectable member of society. Why do they call him "old skin-flint?"

Well, we have given you an introduction to deacon McDonald, with an appendix; and now it is time we took a look at his companion, deacon Smily—quite another person. Small, wiry, with a smart, elastic step, and a face the perpetual picture of his name: a small mouth, the corners of which have a decided propensity to curve upward; a pair of laughing black eyes, and a shock of curly brown hair, dashed here and there with silver. Everyone agrees with the boys that deacon Smily is a "regular brick." We shall not praise him too much for his liberality—though his hand is as open as his heart—because it probably costs him less to hand over twenty-five dollars than it does deacon McDonald to unclasp his fingers from *twenty-five cents*. There is less *high moral effort* wanted.

The two old farmers were soon seated in deacon Smily's sleigh. Deacon McDonald often takes a seat with his friend, as by this arrangement his horses are fresh for the morning's work. "Brother," said deacon Smily, when they had driven on quickly for a few moments, "I have a few calls to make if you do not object. I promised to see poor Martha Monrow, and, by the way, you are a deacon, and might come along. She'd be delighted to see you. Here we are at the place," and in a moment the lithe little man was standing at the door, with a basket on his arm, and his burly companion by his side.

The door was opened by a tidy Scotch woman, who heartily welcomed deacon Smily, and though she looked surprised at the sight of his companion, she gave them both a cordial invitation into a neat little room, at the one end of which was the sick girl's bed. Poor Martha was indeed a sufferer. For five long years had she been a prisoner to her couch, but she still was cheerful. Christianity was a power with her, which held firmly to her one bright hope after all other hopes had taken wing and fled. Dea-