

How oft? "Till seven times." Alas!
 Each moment we offend;
 Each moment we forgiveness need
 From our Eternal Friend.

And shall we dare to shut our soul,
 Or turn our love away,
 Though our weak brother's trespasses
 Are frequent as the day?

Jesus, my pitying Saviour, let
 Sweet mercy come from Thee,
 As I forgive the erring ones
 Who trespass against me.

"How oft shall I forgive?" The law
 Comes down to us from heaven:
 "I say not until seven times,
 But seventy times seven."

F. B. S.

THE DOMINIE'S HOUSE.

It seemed to the people of Mechanicsville that the Dominie's house was much better furnished, and altogether more elegant, than it ought to be. The Dominie himself had had no rich relations to give him a handsome outfit, neither had the Dominie's wife. The people knew this; for somehow people have a way of finding out about their minister what they want to know, and when they don't know they imagine, and pass that off for the same thing. So it seemed to the Mechanicsvillans (I don't use the term with any disrespect) that the elegancies of the Dominie's house aforesaid must have come out of the salary they paid him—one thousand dollars per annum and the parsonage; and they seemed to think, at least some of them did, that if he had all these things with his present salary he ought to be content with less, "They didn't mean to pay their money for luxuries for the parson."

Those of them, too, who gave proportionally the least, were most intense in this feeling. There was Mr. S., whose family wanted one of the best pews, and who yet gave only twelve dollars a year toward the support. He thought that "minister's folks ought to live more plainly, and not care so much for nice things." And Mrs. S. agreed with him, for was she not the echo of her husband? And there were the T.'s who gave fifteen dollars a year, and they—father, mother,

and grown up daughter—agreed that "the Dominie's folks were dreadful stuck up. Just to think, they had Brussels carpet on both the parlors, and lots of pictures and knick-knacks. Must have cost a heap of money."

Well, how was it? The Dominie's house *did* look nice. It was one of the cosiest, most "homey" places, if I may coin a word, you could light on. There was Mr. D., with perhaps sixty thousand dollars realized from the sale of village property. It had cost considerable more to furnish his parlors than it had the minister's, but there was nothing attractive about them. They were only opened on state occasions, and the family lived in the kitchen at the back of the house. Mr. N.'s house was pleasanter, and had some expensive furniture; but there was not the same air of elegance, after all, that hung about the Dominie's much plainer belongings. And there were several houses of men who received as wages considerably more than the minister's salary—parsonage included—amounted to, but their rooms made no pretence to elegance.

Perhaps it is not so much to be wondered at then, that when the people had been at the Dominie's they could not help—many of them at any rate—making the mental contrast, and thinking that he had a very fine abode, and must be getting a great deal more salary than he needed.

And yet it was all the effect of good taste—that was the whole secret of it. The Dominie had something of an artistic eye. And now, just here, let me put in a side remark. In the majority of cases I suppose it is the feminine members of the household that rule in this department; and I don't say it was not in the present case. But I honestly think that the men, or some of them, get less credit than they deserve, by a good deal, for the contribution they make in many cases to the tasteful ordering of the appointments of home.

The Dominie, I said, had something of an artistic eye; and withal he was somewhat of a mechanic. Some of the picture frames, the hanging bookshelves; the paper case, were of his manufacture. The Dominie's wife had her own ideas too; but the two used to