

THE CAT IN THE PULPIT.

When I went to Chatham, the Presbyterian Minister was the Rev. William Mair, a fine old gentleman, in rather delicate health for a parish which he described as "extending twelve miles on the Ottawa and as far back as he could win."

He was unmarried, owned his manse and glebe, and kept a man and his wife to look after his affairs. His dogs and cats were great pets, one dog in particular following him into the pulpit, and, if he happened to miss his master, would be seen trotting up the isle and scratching at the pulpit door till admitted.

On one occasion the cat found her way into the church, and, seeing the minister in the pulpit, went up the pulpit stair and made a spring for the book-board, where she landed in good style, while the minister was reading the first lesson. Here she went "purring" over the bible, in happy ignorance of the "risabilities" of the congregation. At last the minister was made aware of her presence when she attempted to catch the leaf which he was turning over, and without a smile on his countenance, he looked over the pulpit and quietly asked, "Will somebody put out the Cat, giving the C the broad sound with which every one who ever heard an elderly Scotchman read Latin is familiar. Of course, pussy was handled as she handles her own kittens, and ignominiously removed.