

viting recesses of nature. He was like the bee. He learned to know every flower that grows, and why it grows. He knew "the insect's cunning way," the drift of rock, the course of stream, the rift in cloud, the sun's soft beam, and all the wonders that nature displays so lavishly to eyes that see and understand. Even in the bright land of youth both were aiming for the same destination, hand-in-hand, though on slightly different planes; but as yet, they knew it not.

Their parents were well to do, and the day came when the lives of the two lads had to diverge. They were sent to different colleges, but met during the holidays; and their friendship, beautiful to contemplate continued as of old. They were now young men and old enough to choose their life-work. Robert Parker entered a Seminary to study for the priesthood; James Bamford went to his University to equip himself for his special ministry. Time went by, and each finally reached the goal of his desires.

After some years of work in their respective ministries, the Rev. Robert Parker was appointed to an important city parish. While he was living there it happened that the regulations of the East End Church in the same city demanded a change of ministers. As usual there was a number of applicants for the pulpit; and one morning Father Robert was agreeably surprised to meet his old friend, now the Rev. James Bamford, at his door.

In the pleasure of meeting, all formalities, of course, were set aside. Though now wearing cloths of different textures, the old friendship remained; for besides being friends, they were generous-hearted and broad-minded men.

"Hello! Jim, old man, I am

glad to see you. Come in," said Father Robert, warmly shaking the hand of his visitor. And he went in.

After exchanging the friendly courtesies due to the occasion, the priest insisted that his friend should stay to dinner, during which all their conversation naturally turned to the reviewing of old times. And very pleasant it was. After the repast was over it took a more serious turn.

"And now, Bob, perhaps you wonder what has brought me to B——" said the Rev. James.

"A little, Jim."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the minister, "you know the East End Church here wishes to extend a call to her pulpit to some one of our body, and I am an applicant for the position. That's all."

"Perhaps, Bob," seeing that the priest remained silent, he continued, with a touch of humor, which all priests and ministers should endeavor to cultivate, "perhaps as you have been residing here for some years and know the people, you could give me a friendly hint as to the best method of bringing the matter to a successful issue."

After a pause, during which a broad smile gradually spread over his countenance, the priest said very sententiously, "I am sure I could, Jim, if it would not be considered out of place."

"Pshaw! How could anything said by you be out of place. Fire away, Bob," said the Rev. James.

"I can't fire away," said Father Bob. "It is you who will have to do the firing. I can only provide you with ammunition."

"Let me have it then," laughed his friend.

"Well then, here it is," went on Father Bob. "You will have to preach your trial sermon here.—you see I