

Mrs. Lorrimer caught sight of him, and conducted him over to her table, and introduced him to her husband with the words, "The gentleman whom I met this morning, Andrew."

The two soon fell into easy conversation. The new-comer was surprised at the depth of character and grasp of mind displayed by the minister.

"Why, in the name of goodness, do you bury yourself and your wife in this out-of-the-way corner of the earth?" he asked later.

"It is God's corner, you see; and as He called me here, I must do His work," said the young minister reverently. "When He chooses He will call me into a larger sphere; meanwhile, I am content."

The other man shrugged his shoulders. "Fancy walking all this distance twice on a wet Sunday to preach to a lot of country yokels!"

"Ah, now that is a bit of a drawback—the long walk—but it is no harder for me than for many of the members of my congregation. It is worse for my wife—she is not very strong."

"Do you mean that she comes all weathers?"

"Yes; she plays the organ."

The business of the meeting began. There were speeches from brethren who came from some of the outlying farms, as well as from Deacon Prosser and other members of the church. The stranger listened attentively. Reference was made to the disappointment they had experienced with regard to the gift of land.

"It's a practical lesson not to go reckoning out chickens before they're 'atched," said Deacon Prosser in conclusion. "And it behooves each one of us to make the best of the old place a bit longer."

The speeches over, the minister thanked everyone for their kind help, and, with a few words of prayer and the singing of the Doxology, the meeting closed.

"I should be glad to hear you had got that piece of land," said the stranger as he shook the minister's hand at parting.

"It is kind of you to wish it, sir, but of course we have given up all hope of such a thing now."

"He may change his mind, this Squire Goldthorpe. Why, look at me? If any man had told me I should ever make one at a tea-meeting, I should have said he was—well, next door to a lunatic, and now I have to thank you for a new and agreeable experience, Mrs. Lorrimer; and I can't tell you how glad I am that a fortunate chance threw me across your path this morning."

It was more than "a fortunate chance" thought the Lorrimer a week later, when

they received the title-deeds of the site for the new chapel and a cheque for \$1,000 to start work with.

There was a note enclosed from the donor which ran thus: "From your sincere friend and well-wisher, Ralph Goldthorpe, who hopes to be present at the opening ceremony."

"The new squire!" cried Prissella. "And to think I never guessed it!"

"So much the better, my dear," said her husband, "for I'm sure you would not have ventured to ask him to our tea-meeting; and who can tell that this may not be a turning-point in his life—the dawn of spiritual light and blessing!"

And in this the minister was right.—*Sunday Companion.*

*"So let it be, in God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight;  
And strong in Him whose strength is  
ours  
In battle with unholy powers.  
We grasp the weapon He has given,  
The Light and Truth and Love of  
Heaven."*

### Rally Day!

We could fill this number with nice things that have been said and written about the Rally Day services throughout our Sunday Schools. Wherever the programme provided was intelligently presented, it was fraught with great good. One brother objected to the policy of the Board on the ground of expense. He thought it money wasted. In this we believe he was mistaken. Money is not all, nor is it the first thing in the plan. It cost the Board approximately \$1500 this year to supply the 1750 Schools that asked for the programmes. But even so, it was money well spent. Whatever cultivates the family spirit in our Methodism and unites the separate members into one undivided communion, is worth all it costs. Too many of our Schools are letting this family tie loosen. They are locally loyal, but care little for the connexional interests. This means weakness and loss, and must be prevented. The General Board exists to serve all, and its purpose was never more practical or its spirit more appreciated than now.

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