

not a Presbyterian preacher. As usual the host was drunk and was playing cards with some cronies in the smoking room. The clergyman sat out in the kitchen. After a while the good man of the house invited him to have a game of cards. "No," was the deep intoned reply. "Wont you have a glass of brandy?" "No," again came the deep muffled tone. "Well," said the kind man, out of the fulness of his heart, "perhaps, you would like to engage in prayers."

This same kind man and his wife had many an altercation. On one occasion, she took a pot of boiling lard from the stove, and threw the contents on her beloved partner. He jumped out through a window, ran through a stream near the house and came out on the other side, white as snow, invoking Jove's strong arm.

Did you ever bach? If so, you will grasp my meaning when I say that I hached for six months in B.C. By that I mean that I cared for my own boudoir, swept my own floor, (seldom though it was), cooked my own meals, made my own fires, boiled my own plumbs—yes boiled my own rice. Did you ever boil rice? I did! I boiled enough to do two of us all summer. It was on this wise: I told my friend that I was going to have boiled rice for dessert. He paid no more attention to me than if I had been a heathen. And he usually took an interest in my doings.

But my Irish blood was up, and rice I would have. On went the pot, in went two thirds rice and the rest water. What was my dismay when I found the rice running over? On went another pot; into it went the rice from pot No. 1. It was not long until all the pots were on and all the rice, so I thought, that was in the community. My friend came to the rescue. I understood then the reason for his reticence at first. He acted the Good Samaritain, used a shovel, piled rice in a the corner, and our summer's desert was begun.

But such trials as these were relieved by the company of a faithful dog which came into my possession. To begin with, he was a *dog*. To distinguish him from other dogs he was a *bull-dog*. To distinguished him from other *bull-dogs*, he was a *brindled bull-dog*. At the time that I met him he had a disappointed scowl witten on his lower jaw. Apart from that, his countenance bespoke a store of kindly sympathy. This dog became my protector in my lonely routes through the woods. No bear could gaze on him and live. That lower jaw was mesmeric. Many an embarrassment was mine on Sundays especially on account of this dog. After the service began he stationed himself at the door, with paws straight out and head on paws, and eyes on any stragglers who might be attempting a late entrance. His lower jaw was law. I