

only observe stooping shoulders and iron-gray hair that curled at the ends. "That must be the poor missionary who built his church himself," Mrs. Lossing said; "he is not much of a preacher, the dean said, but he is a great worker and a good pastor."

"So much the better for his people, and the worse for us!" says Harry, cheerfully.

"Why?"

"Naturally. We shall get the poor sermon, and they will get the good pastoring!"

Harry thought no more then of the preacher, whoever he might be, but he was in the church in plain view, after the procession of choir boys had taken their seats. He had one of those great rotund voices, that occasionally roll out of little men, and read the service with a misjudged effort to fill the building. There was nothing of the accustomed ecclesiastical dignity and monotony about his articulation; indeed, it grew plain and plainer to Harry that he must have come over from some more emotional and unrepressed denomination. It seemed quite out of keeping with his homely manner and crumpled surplice, that this particular reader should intone. Intone, nevertheless, he did, and as badly as mortal man well could!

"I hope he will not preach," thought Harry; then he fell into a reverie. When he came back to the church and the preacher, he found the strange clergyman in the pulpit, plainly frightened, and howling more loudly than ever under the influence of fear. He preached a sermon of wearisome platitudes, making up for lack of thought by repetition, and shouting himself red in the face to express earnestness. "Fourth-class Methodist effort," thought the listener in the Lossing pew, stroking his fair moustache, "with Episcopal decorations. He doesn't half catch on to the notions; yet I'll warrant he is proud of that sermon, and his wife thinks it one of the great efforts of the century."

"Now, this man," said Harry, becoming interested in his own fancies, "this man never can have *lived*! He don't know what it is to suffer; he has only

vegetated! Doubtless in a prosaic way, he loves his wife and children; but can a fellow who talks like him have any delicate sympathies or any romance about him? He looks honest; I think he is a right good fellow and works like a soldier; but to be so stupid as he ought to *hurt*!"

Harry felt a whimsical sympathy with the preacher. He wondered why he continually made gestures with his left arm; never with his right.

"It gives a one-sided effect to his eloquence," said he. But he thought that he understood when an unguarded movement revealed a rent which had been a mended place in his surplice.

"Poor fellow," said Harry, "I feel like giving him a lift; he is so prosy it isn't likely anyone else will feel moved to help."

Thus it came about that when the dean announced that the alms of this day would be given to the parish of our friend who had just addressed us; and the plate passed before the Lossing pew, Harry slipped his hand into his pocket after those two five dollar notes.

I should explain that Harry being a naturally left handed boy who had laboriously taught himself the use of his right hand, it is a family joke that he is like the inhabitants of Nineveh, who could not tell their right hand from their left. But Harry himself has always maintained that he can tell as well as the next man.

He did not remember the Saint Bernards until after the early Sunday dinner, and during the after-dinner cigar. He was sitting in the library before some blazing logs, at peace with all the world. To him, thus, came his mother and announced that the dean and—"that man who preached this morning you know," were waiting in the other room.

"They seem excited, said she, "and talk about your munificence. What *have* you been doing?"

"Appear to make a great fuss over ten dollars," said Harry lightly as he walked out of the door.

The dean greeted him with something almost like confusion in his cordiality; he introduced his companion as the Rev. Mr. Gilling.

"Mr. Gilling could not feel easy until he had—"