

or ordination supper, where i doubt not be gorged with the composure and capacity of a sioux brave at a war feast. often the low state of the parsonage larder was quite unknown to the unthinking members of the congregation, who were not very luxuriously fed themselves; and in the profession of preaching as in all other walks of life much depended on the way the parsons money was spent, economy and good judgment in housekeeping worked wonders with the small salary. dr. dwight, in eulogizing abijah weld, pastor at attleborough, declared that on a salary of two hundred and twenty dollars a year mr. weld brought up eleven children, kept a hospitable house, and gave liberally in charity to the poor. i fear if we were to ask some carnal minded person, who knew not the probity of dr. dwight, how mr. weld could possibly manage to accomplish such wonderful results with so little money, that we should meet with scepticism as to the correctness of the facts alleged. such cases were, however, too common to be doubted. my answer to the puzzling financial question would be this: examine and study the story of the home life, the work of mrs. weld, that unsalaried helper in clerical labor; therein the secret lies. in many cases, in spite of the never failing and never ceasing economy, care, and assistance of the hard working, thrifty wife, in spite of tributes, tithes and windfalls in country parishes especially the minister, unless he fortunately had some private wealth, felt it incumbent upon him to follow some money making vocation on week days. many were farmers on week days. many took into their families young men who wished to be taught, or fitted for college. rev. mr. halleck in the course of his useful chat they had been so deeply interested that neither had glanced upward to their right, and the first warning they had of danger was given in a quick sharp shout in the doctors familiar voice. ah, look out he cried, and followed up his words by firing; but before the bullet left his rifle chris heard a loud whirring and saw his companion start violently before stooping down a few yards away to pick a little arrow from where it had struck in the ground. thats not bad shooting, said griggs coolly. hit him, doctor yes, said the latter, hurrying up to catch chriss hand. my boy my boy he cried in a choking voice which prevented him from saying more. but he seemed to give himself a wrench directly after, to speak out plainly and with decision. you must keep a sharper lookout, griggs, he cried. you forget that we are within range of their arrows. i shall remember in future, doctor, said the american dryly. did that arrow touch you said the doctor anxiously. went right through the leg of my boot, sir, said griggs coolly. but it did not graze you why, man, youre bleeding fast oh, its nothing, sir, said the man. how do you know cried the doctor. here, lets get behind that stone. they cant touch us there. griggs walked firmly enough half the distance to the shelter sought for, but he limped the rest of the way, and was ready enough to sit down behind the rock and let the doctor go on one knee to carefully draw up the bloodstained bottom of the mans trousers just above where it was thrust into the high boot. hah sighed the doctor. only a clean little cut in the flesh. ill put a stitch or two in it. why, its as clean as if done with a knife. the doctor had laid his rifle ready to hand, and was busy at once of salmon, which they shot and speared as they glided in shoals over the yellow sands. it was after scooping a wounded fish from the swift waters that chris afterwards took the tin hanging from his belt and stood knee deep to fill the vessel with the clear cold water fresh from the mountains. hand me a tinful, cried ned, who stood aloof so as not to wet his buffalo skin boots. it was boy like. chris filled the tin, and giving griggs a merry look, scooped it half full of sand as well. i say, it feels precious heavy, cried ned, as he raised it to his lips. yah he shouted, and he was about to toss the contents back over the giver, but griggs caught him by the arm. ill drink that, he said; im not afraid of a little sand. he drank till the sand touched his lips, and then held it in the sunshine, looking into the tin, stooped and refilled it, and rinsed it round, to pour away a mixture of sand and water, refilled again, and repeated and repeated till nearly all the sand had gone; and then he held out the cup in triumph, for the others to see a few glistening pieces of yellow metal about as big as small, smooth, flattened shot. gold he cried. now then, all we have to do is to follow up this river into the mountains. the golden city is there. and they followed that river for weeks, living upon the salmon, and washing fo