Snow was falling; the streets and walks were covered with ice as Mr. Tippet, the rector of the smallest and poorest parish in the diocese, walked to church. Mr. Tippet was a little man; his old black overcoat was buttoned to his throat and concealed his clerical garb. He walked with such a gay step that we would not think him a man of the cloth. As he swung along with a satchel in his hand he was not going to address his own parishioners from his own pulpit. He had a far more pleasant time ahead, he knew, for he was shortly to hear His Grace, the archbishop, who had come all the way across the Atlantic to deliver a sermon. Mr. Tippet had never seen or heard His Grace, nor had many who were coming to fill the largest church in the parish, but Mr. Tippet was sure he was in for the most enjoyable time in his life. He reached the parish house of the church and bounded up the icy steps; the parish rector admitted him and extended an invitation for Mr. Tippet to put on his vestments in the study at the back of the hall. It was very early and as yet no clergyman save Mr. Tippet had arrived. The parish rector hurried away for the final preparations in the church and left Mr. Tippet in the study. He chose a modest chair to lay his hat and satchel upon; he removed his little overshoes and placed them beside the chair. When he slid out of his overcoat he really looked a very small man. Five minutes later as he left the study wearing all his clerical vestments and new stole he still looked a little man.

He paced up and down the hall outside the study in anticipation; he debated whether His Grace would deliver a sermon on the text from the service for the day, or choose one of his own liking—surely an archbishop had that privilege on such an occasion. While he debated with himself, a group of clergymen arrived at the door; Mr. Tippet greeted and shook hands with each one and showed the way to the study. Tall churchmen, short churchmen, red-faced churchmen, and pale churchmen followed the first group in a steady stream. As soon as he had vested, each returned to the hall and joined Mr. Tippet who was waiting for the first glimpse of His Grace, and when His Grace did come Mr. Tippet got to open the door; but another seized the sacred satchel and showed the way to the study. Only the chair next the one Mr. Tippet had used was bare of coats and hats. His Grace placed his own great coat upon the vacant chair with his satchel and hat. Although His Grace was a large man, Mr. Tippet had to stand on tiptoe to see him over the heads of the clergymen who crowded the study door and stared in. Mr. Tippet watched him remove his large overshoes and place them by the chair. When His Grace was dressed in his red vestment with starched white sleeves he looked as big as Gibraltar to Mr. Tippet, and he was—almost.

In the time His Grace and the visiting churchmen had been preparing themselves in the study, the church had filled to the doors, and the choir and parish rector with his acolytes were waiting in the vestry for His Grace. Never had the church seen such a procession. In his own little church Mr. Tippet always exchanged smiles with every one of his parishioners during the procession but now every layman was smiling at His Grace who smiled back; Mr. Tippet looked straight ahead, but he was smiling inside, for
he was marching in the same pro-
cessional with His Grace. Mr. Tippet had visited the old church often in his long ministry; this time it was filled with a bright glow which radiated from His Grace and touched everyone and everything in it.

After the processional into the church, the important clergymen took their positions at the altar with His Grace; but Mr. Tippet and the lesser lights were given places in the choir stalls. Here, tucked in a corner, Mr. Tippet drank the service in. When His Grace delivered the sermon, Mr. Tippet closed his eyes. It was enough to give him inspiration for the remainder of his ministry—to Judgment itself, if he were allowed to carry on so long. It is doubtful if Mr. Tippet is to know a sweeter hour in the hereafter than the one he experienced then.

Not until His Grace gave the final blessing at the close of the service and Mr. Tippet joined the other clergymen in the recessional did he realize again that earthly happiness must sometime fade. When the recessional reached the vestry, and the last amen was sung and the choir disbanded, His Grace shook hands and greeted everyone who wished to come to him—first the important churchmen and big wigs among the laymen and then anyone at all—except Mr. Tippet. He smiled and pushed others forward until he had placed a large crowd of admirers between himself and His Grace. Mr. Tippet decided to remove his vestments in the study and return when the crowd had left. Yet all this time he was happy, happier than he'd ever been, so happy and in such a hurry he didn't notice how he packed his vestments in their satchel, and how easily his overshoes slipped on. Mr. Tippet didn't notice much of anything for he was in such a hurry to have the one hand-clasp and greeting. He rushed from the study and met an admiring crowd of clergymen coming down the hall with His Grace in their midst. Mr. Tippet stepped aside and let them pass into the study. He waited at the door for a chance to present himself. Always there was such a crowd around His Grace that Mr. Tippet hesitated. Finally His Grace was being helped into his overcoat. Before Mr. Tippet could act, His Grace, still surrounded by churchmen, was ushered down the hall and out to his waiting car. Mr. Tippet followed to the door and saw the car drive away. He stood there and swallowed; he said goodbye to the parish rector and walked slowly down the icy steps of the church. Sleet was falling.

It would have meant such a great deal to him just to have shaken the hand of His Grace in greeting—if he could only have touched his garment. The smallest token of recognition would have been the thing to make Mr. Tippet happy. But as it was, Mr. Tippet hadn't seen a husky churchman help His Grace squeeze into two very small overshoes. It wasn't until months afterwards that Mr. Tippet realized why his overshoes had come to fit him so loosely.