

BLUE MONDAY.

The Best Parishioner.

A HELPFUL PARISHIONER.—When I was pastor of a city church, and a stranger yet to most of my own people, I had an Elder whose seat was near the door, and who always had a handshake and a kind word for any new-comer who might drop in.

It was also his custom to invite them to come again, or to ask them if they would be introduced to his pastor, or if they would give him their name and street and number he would request his pastor to call upon them.

In this way he helped his minister more, and did more to build up his church, than all the other members together, and was my best parishioner.

A GENEROUS PARISHIONER.—After accepting the call of a church in this city, S—, and coming, I spent a few weeks in searching the record of the church, *i. e.*, the minutes of their meetings.

Seven weeks after my arrival, I began my regular pastoral work, visiting the sick (and helping them), the careless, etc. One of my parishioners discovers that I contribute to the sick, besides to the Sunday-school and church. He therefore says it is rather hard for me to pay car fares, and contribute to the church, etc., but if I will do it he will undertake to refund me every penny paid on such conditions as mentioned above.

For the last six months the same is carried out faithfully. I need not say I am glad. B.

GAVE HIS LAST CENT TO THE PASTOR.—He is now one of our State Senators. The incident which I am about to relate transpired long before I became his pastor, and when he was but a mere boy, and is illustrative of his character. His pastor's salary was yet unpaid. He and his family were in absolute need. One day, meeting his pastor, he handed him 75 cts., remarking that it was the last cent he had in the world, but he could work and secure more, while his pastor was in no position to do so. He is my best parishioner, and a better one never lived.

L. S.

The Meanest Parishioner.

AN ODD WAY OF MAKING A PRESENT.—The meanest parishioner I ever knew, and a brother who could offer prayer above any man I ever heard, was introduced to me Sept., '90, who said he had a load of hay he wished to present to me. He hauled the hay, put it in my mow, went to the nearest store at which I dealt, bought himself a supply of goods, and had me charged with the hay at \$7 a ton, and had it entered against me on the store book without my knowledge, until so informed by the clerk of the store one week after.

Can any one give in a meaner case ?

A SINGULAR EXCUSE EVEN FOR A MEAN MAN.—On my second charge, the people to whom I ministered had the misfortune to lose their church edifice by fire one night after the weekly prayer service. The pew rental system prevailed in that church, and the fire occurred just prior to the beginning of a new church year. Although the pastor sympathized deeply with the people in their loss, and materially assisted them in rebuilding, the trustees found difficulty in collecting the usual salary of the pastor. One man was mentioned to me, who, because the church had burned, and he had no pew, argued that he was under no obligation to pay salary, and that man was a member of the church, and an officer in the Sabbath-school. He attended the services held in the hall, and heard the Gospel preached. Was not this a peculiar species of meanness ?

G. H. S.

General Clerical Anecdotes.

GAVE TWO DOLLARS AND TRIED TO KISS THE PREACHER.—It was my first wedding. The couple had come down from the mountains. Having heard, probably, that white gloves were the proper thing to be married in, the groom had on a pair of *ten cent, white cotton, pall bearer's gloves*. The ceremony concluded, I reached out my hand to congratulate him. Confused, and knowing that kissing should have a place in such a ceremony, he reached forward to kiss me. Of course I pushed him back. Then, before all the crowd, he blurted out "What's the damage." Being a new-comer to the State, and having made inquiry, I replied, "The law of Colorado allows me four dollars." Without explanation or comment he handed me two dollars and left.

J. N. M.

"WHY HE VOTED NAY."—During the agitation a few years ago, prior to the submission of the local option law (generally known as the Scott Act) in Ontario, two Methodist ministers (Revs. C. R. M. & W. R.) addressed the first public meeting, on behalf of the Act, held in the village of Beamsville, Ont. At the conclusion of their addresses an informal vote was asked, to show how the audience stood on this question. Nearly every one in the house arose, and voted "Yea." When the Nays were asked for, one solitary individual arose, and the small boy began to laugh. "What are you laughing about ?" was the query of one of the speakers. "Why, that's the gravedigger!" was the response. "Oh, I see," said the questioner. "He's afraid that the Scott Act will ruin business!" and the laugh became general. I have no doubt the gravedigger had just as good reason for voting nay as the majority of our opponents.

WYOMING, ONT.

W. R.