

back of the wagon with the bearers, and hearing part of the remark about passing "that way," thought complaint was being made again about passing out of the way to make a display at the village; so he bent forward, looking very wise and important, and said, "I can tell you the reason we come this way, if you want to know, *it is the corpse's request.*"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. L. RAY.

YOUR stories of dogs in the January HOMILETIC reminds me of an experience. I called my dog, one beautiful Sunday morning in August, and walked two miles to preach for a friend. On arriving at the church I tied Rab with a stout string to a sapling outside, and instructed him to lie down and keep quiet. My text was, "And Satan came also." I advanced the thought that evil comes into all that is best in life, into our purest motives, our noblest actions, our highest aspirations. Even into our worship worldly thoughts intrude, and our holiest hours are polluted by the presence of the adversary. Yes, I cried, Satan always comes to church. Just then, to my dismay, I beheld a dreadful commentary on my words. Down the main aisle, with wagging tail and triumphant eye, trotted that ill-fated dog, making straight for the pulpit. Fortunately a pious layman intercepted his advance and ejected him from the sanctuary, but he was always called Satan afterward.

On another occasion I took him to church with me and left him outside during service. Warming up with my sermon I spoke quite loudly, when an answering bark from Rab rang out on the still air. I immediately lowered my voice, but soon forgot myself and shouted. The faithful Rab responded again. This happened several times. After service one of the deacons remarked that my dog was evidently an Episcopalian, as he came in so promptly on the responses.

[We trust the writer does not desire to insinuate that Satan is an Episcopalian.—EDS.]

### A Matrimonial Failure.

It was ten o'clock at night, and the rain pouring down in torrents, when into the parsonage came a couple to be married. The ceremony over, the groom asked the minister how much he charged, adding, "You will make it as easy as possible, for I am poor." "Well," said the clergyman, "I make no charges, but always leave that to the parties married." "But I want to do as well as others. How much do you generally get?" "Well," said the minister, "the smallest amount I ever received was two dollars." "I will do as well as that," said the excited groom. "Here is one dollar, and I will come one week from to-night and give you the other dollar." "All right," replied the preacher, and they left.

Just one week afterward, at about the same hour, a man was admitted to the parsonage whom the minister recognized at once as the individual who, one week before, had promised to return and pay him the other half of his wedding fee.

"You married me a week ago," said the man. "Yes, I remember," said the minister. "Well, I want you to *unmarry* me, for *she* has proved to be a regular incarnate devil." "Oh! but I cannot do that, my dear sir. I am real sorry, but I cannot *unmarry* you." "Well, then, you hand me back that dollar I gave you. I don't want to lose anything in this matter."

It is needless to say that the minister quickly complied with the request and let the disappointed man depart.

JERSEY SHORE, PA. W. H. C.

LITTLE seven-year-old Eddie was taking his little hand at cracking knotty sticks, and his youthful brain was cracking knotty questions. Presently he turned around to me and remarked, "Mr. Kay, do you know why they call that place where you preach a pulpit?"

"Well," said I, to get his answer, "no, I don't know that I do. Why?"

"Because," said he, "it's the place where the preacher pulls the people out of the pit."