

BLUE MONDAY.

My Meanest Parishioner.

I HAVE met more than one, and to decide which was the meanest is at this distance from the facts very hard—the dear brother who snatched the dollar bill from his daughter's hand to “see if it was good,” when she offered it to me in payment for a hymn-book, and then rolled it between his fingers till my blood ran cold at the sight, because I felt he was worshipping his god; or the second whom I call to mind, who with a squeaking voice says he can't tell for the life of him what a minister can do with more than \$300 per year. Either would give me a theme for a good long story. I think, however, they cannot match Mr. Blankside, whom I met in the days of my inexperienced probation. I had a country circuit of six appointments, and averaged about twenty miles' driving and three sermons every Sabbath. This with my studies for an annual written and oral examination kept me too busy to do much running away for “vacation.”

However, it being Christmas, and having an invitation to spend that holiday with some friends fifteen miles away, I excused myself and went. While away, the wife of Mr. Blankside fell sick and died. A friend was despatched for me to attend and bury her. On the morning before the funeral I started about twenty-two miles to the home of Mr. B. It was very cold—roads drifted full of snow, and before I reached my boarding place I was nearly frozen to death—so far gone, indeed, that the friends carried me from the sleigh to the house, but soon brought me around again. Thanks to a faithful horse and a kind Providence I was all ready for the funeral next day. I had only driven about three miles, when a friend met me and stated the funeral had taken place a day before. This fact, however, did not settle Mr. B.'s feelings, and he must have a funeral sermon on my appointment there the following Monday night. The night came, and I, full of one of my best and most pathetic funeral sermons, started for my work. I called on the bereaved before service, and he kindly informed me that he had a text all ready for me to preach from, and handed me the words of a text which I dared not as a young man preach from with such short notice. However, he decided I should preach from the text of my choice that night, and on my next appointment preach from his chosen text. And so I did, without hearing any comments from the bereaved.

At the appointed time the steward calling through the settlement for the annual subscriptions for the only minister in that section of county asked this good brother what he was intending to give toward my support. “Give!” said he; “I give nothing—that's what I am going to give.” “What!” said the collector, “nothing after the minister nearly lost his life trying to accommodate your wishes, and then preached two funeral sermons for

your late wife? If any man ought to give, you certainly ought.” But the meanest man I ever knew turned from the collector and said, “What do I care for that; I don't belong to his denomination.” And the two years I labored on that circuit he never gave a cent to me nor to any other minister or denomination.

W. JAY KAY.

General Clerical Anecdote.

SOON after I became pastor at L., in 1885, I was invited, with my family, to a family reunion, at which were two clergymen and one physician. At home, we repeat together a short prayer at each meal, always using the same words, and always ending with, *for Jesus' sake, amen.* All the words usually repeated by our little three-year-old Emma were the last four. When by request I began an invocation of blessing upon the reunion dinner, and proceeded about the length of our short prayer used at home, little Emma said audibly and rapidly, *For Jesus' sake, amen.* The result can be more easily imagined than expressed.

W. G.

WHEN I came to my present charge, the church officer was an old Scotchman, from Aberdeen, who had been for many years “a minister's man” in the Old Country, as well as here. By way of putting our relations on a proper footing from the first, he gravely informed me that “*he had had many ministers under him in his time.*” The old man and I always got on first-rate, and many a good hit he gave me. Thus, at my week-day evening service I was taking a course on the Book of Acts. At the close of the service, on the evening I was upon the quarrel between Paul and Barnabas, he came to me and said, “You were gie hard upon the apostle the night.” I replied, “I don't think any harder than he deserved.” “Nae, man,” said he; “but I wad like to have heard him and you at it!” He evidently thought that the apostle would be able to give a good account of himself.

IN my previous charge in the country I had an old farmer who was “half-crazed” on the subject of the premillennial coming of Christ. Among the prophetic books which he used to read and quote from was Elliot's “*Horæ Apocalypticæ.*” The last word was too ticklish a one for him, and so he used to speak of the “*Horæ Appoplecticæ.*” I was inclined to accept the new title as fitly descriptive of what the experiences likely to result from an enforced reading of the volumes would be. Good old man! when I was leaving the parish, these volumes he presented to me. I have frequently dipped into them, but always, ere long, I have had shuddering monitions of the drawing near of “*Horæ Appoplecticæ,*” and had to return them to their shelves.

W. G.