

## BLUE MONDAY.

**The Best Parishioner.**

THE best I have met with on my first station. It was in Muskoka, a new part of the country. Most of the people were very poor. The man with whom I made my home had a large family. His farm being new, he could not raise half his bread, yet he paid \$2 a month for the minister's salary, and made him a home free for the year, and when I was leaving the station I was \$17 short of my salary, which was only \$160 a year. He placed in my hand a parcel, and told me not to open it till I got on the train. When I did so, I found it was \$17, the amount of my deficiency. He had sold one of his two only cows a day or two before, no doubt to raise it. The man is wealthy to-day.

J. J. N.

**The Meanest Parishioner.**

A MEMBER of the church of which I was pastor had a garden, on which he depended mainly for the support of himself and wife. The market being somewhat brisk in the time of green garden stuffs, my friend succeeded in selling all his green corn. Noticing that his pastor had a small patch of corn, he came to him one day, and said, "Elder, don't you want to sell your corn? I have been looking at it, and I think it is pretty good. If you like, I will sell it for you, and allow you a good commission." "Very well," I said, "Mr. A., you can try what you can do with it." The work was undertaken, and in about ten days or so friend A. approached me and said, "Well, Elder, I have sold your corn, and it has brought — dollars and — cents; what are you going to allow me for selling it?" My reply was, "Oh, I don't know; whatever you are allowed by others for such work, I am willing to allow you." "Well, Elder," was the reply, "I generally get half the proceeds for selling garden stuffs for people." "Very well, whatever you get from others you can take." The proceeds were then carefully divided by Mr. A. to a cent, and one half pocketed.

A. McD.

**Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.**

ONE of my parishioners, who estimated his wealth at about \$50,000, had been in the habit of promising to pay a certain sum toward the salary, but had for several years paid nothing. In fact, he had never been known to pay anything toward the church expenses. One day the pastor was preaching at a mission station. This man was present, but not in the house at the time of this occurrence. He was outside talking with a man who was just mandlin enough to feel very wealthy. So he pulled out a two-dollar bill, and proceeded to light his pipe. The bystanders interposed some objections, and suggested it would be far better to give it to the minister. "Oh, I'm too drunk to go into the house," said he. "Here, hand it to me, I'll give it to him," interrupted our "worthy parishioner." The fated bill was handed over to

his keeping, when he entered the house, and pushed his way up the aisle just as the congregation was passing out, and handing it to the preacher said, "Here are \$2: give me credit for the amount on my subscription." That is the only amount that ever was known to pass through his hands to the cause of Christ.

L. D. S.

**General Clerical Anecdote.**

THE writer had for his first pastorate a field in the beautiful Valley of Virginia. He made an appointment for a protracted meeting to be held in a school-house in a destitute section of the county. Near the school-house was the Poor House, or County Farm, as it was commonly called. The manager of the farm had a small head with a wealth of dry, powdery hair. This man was an enthusiastic Christian, and a leader in all spiritual work in his neighborhood.

Near the Poor House lived an old blacksmith who was always relied upon to start the tune in church services. On account of impaired sight he always provided himself with an extra lamp. During the progress of the aforesaid meeting much interest was awakened. People were saying that they never saw it "on this wise" before. Crowds were present. One night Bro. L—, the keeper of the Poor House, came early and took a seat well up in front; soon afterwards Bro. W—, the blacksmith, came in with his little lamp and seated himself immediately behind Bro. L—. In a short time the house was packed.

The writer went through with the opening service. Bro. W—, with his little lamp, led in singing. Just as the writer took his text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation," Bro. W— turned his wick so low that his lamp went out. As the preacher was nearing the close of his sermon he gave an invitation for penitents to come forward for prayer. Nine approached the front seat. While everything was at white heat he called upon Bro. W— to raise a hymn. The good old brother then for the first time learned that his lamp was out. Knowing the importance of time, he hurriedly struck a match, and whilst looking at the preacher attempted to light the wick, but instead of doing so lit old Bro. L—'s shaggy head. The conflagration was sudden and stupendous. The flame almost reached the little low ceiling. Two friends seated with him struck at the flame, but alas! they were too late. Every hair was gone. The transformation can better be imagined than described—one moment the great, shaggy head of the old saint, the next a little dapper, cymbaling head, covered with the dark gauzy reminiscences of a glorious past. Of course the preacher laughed—he didn't smile, *he laughed*. The congregation laughed; the penitents at the altar laughed; everybody laughed, except Bro. L—; he would not have laughed for the world.