

BLUE MONDAY.

"FATHER MILLS," of Torrington, Conn., was so eccentric, that the ministers of the association to which he belonged took occasion once to admonish him, and beg him to abandon the use of some of his odd expressions. This is not surprising, for he is known on good authority to have said in public prayer, "O Lord, we are good-for-nothing creatures; we all deserve to be hanged." The good man listened attentively and tearfully to the exhortation of his brethren, simply remarking that he was not aware that he was saying anything out of place, but he would "try to turn over a new leaf." At the close of the meeting Father Mills was called on to pray. He most reverently thanked the Lord "that they had had a good meeting, and been enabled once more to hitch horses together." After that the ministers let him alone.

Two notices were given out in an Episcopal Church in England one Sabbath day, and being mixed up a little did not fail to excite the risibles of the congregation. One had reference to a hymn-book, the other to a baptism.

"The new hymn-book," said the minister, "will be used the first time on Sabbath next. I would also call attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptized. I would particularly impress this on mothers who have young babies." "And for the information of those who have none," said the clerk, in a gentle and kindly tone (who was deaf and had not heard what the rector had said), "I may state, that if wished, they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service to-day. Single ones, one shilling each; with stiff backs, two shillings."

REV. MR. WALKER, of Connecticut, saw his brother minister, Mr. Read, sitting in one of the pews of his church

just before the commencement of the services one Sabbath morning, and he went to him and begged him to preach. Mr. Read at first declined, saying he had made no preparation, but being pressed, yielded and went into the pulpit. After a few moments' reflection he pitched on Job i. 7, "Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, from going to and fro on the earth, and from walking up and down in it." From this text he drew the doctrine and announced it boldly, that the devil is a great *Walker*. He rung the changes on the name of his friend till the people took and signified their notice by a smile.

Mr. Walker ascended the pulpit in the afternoon and took for his text Matt. xi. 7, "A *reed* shaken with the wind." The doctrine of the text, he said, is the instability of *Reeds*. On this theme, it is said, he discoursed till Mr. Read wished that he had never ventured his wit in the pulpit at the expense of his friend Walker.

REV. ROBERT HALL is said to have been unhappy in his courtship of Miss Steel. When he was perhaps smarting beneath the disappointment he went out to tea. The lady of the house said, with no very good taste, "You are dull, Mr. Hall, we have no polished *steel* here to entertain you." "Oh, madam, that's not the slightest consequence. You have plenty of polished *brass*." On another occasion, when some rumor of marriage had gone about, he broke out decidedly, "Sir, sir, marry Miss —, sir! I would as soon marry the devil's daughter, and go home and live with the old folks."

His genius for happy retort never slumbered. One of his congregation, a sickly, querulous old mortal, met him in the street. "Ah, Mr. Hall, you have — never — been — to see me — sir. I've — I've been very ill. I've been at death's door, Mr. Hall." "Why didn't you step in, sir? Why didn't you step in?"