

capable of identification. To cite a single illustration. In a recent issue, we find an item headed "Mrs. D— Dies at a Funeral," and proceeding to read, ascertain that "Mrs. D—" died suddenly while attending the wedding of Miss E. M— and Mr. H. W. P—. We are constrained to believe either that the *Tribune* editor has not recovered from the effects of the jar received November 8th, or that his marital experience has been of such a character that he is unable to distinguish between it and a burial. Under either circumstance he has our sympathy, though not the fellow-feeling that comes from a corresponding experience.

#### Ecclesiastical Canines.

SOME years since I was attending a church in B— R—, N. J., the pastor of which was the owner of a little black-and-tan. It was his custom to lock the little fellow up before service, letting him out on his return from church. On the Sunday in question he had taken this precaution as usual. It was communion Sunday, and the service was of more than ordinary solemnity. Just as the pastor was reading the Scriptures, to his chagrin and vexation the terrier made his appearance, and running up the middle aisle of the church toward the table whereon the elements were arranged, began to make such a commotion that the attention of the congregation was diverted. After waiting a moment to see whether any of the officials would remove the intruder, the pastor, turning down the corner of the page to the passage at which he had left off his reading, descended from the pulpit, took up the dog, and solemnly ejected him. Then, returning, he proceeded to read the Scriptures again, when to his own confusion and the unspeakable amusement of his people his very first utterance was, "Without are dogs!"

WHILE writing of dogs, I am reminded that one Sunday morning a

huge mastiff found his way into the church of my first pastorate about the time the offering was made. Whether he regarded the plate as suggestive of dinner or the official who carried it as one who would bear watching, I never have been able to ascertain; but with great dignity he walked behind that deacon up and down the long aisle until his duty was done, when, without waiting for the closing services, he took his departure, either disgusted with his failure to secure his "crumb" or satisfied with the integrity of the official for that day.

#### The Best Parishioner.

OUR best parishioner by extra labor in spare moments secures a conveyance to take his large family to church four miles every Sabbath day. He is no "fair-weather Christian." He and his give systematically out of their penury, often surpassing the gifts of rich neighbors. He works in a shop from morn till night, but has strength left to visit and pray with the sick and distressed. His liberality in poverty is remarkable. Home and family cared for, but many personal self-denials made for Christ's sake. Twice his pastor has commanded him to return his purse to his pocket, having already given more than his share to some specific object. The sum total falling below our expectations, he would quietly supplement it, though at a sacrifice. This remarkable spirit of genuine self-denial in many respects, which he makes year after year of his own comforts until the coat is threadbare, places our parishioner among the exceptional characters of modern days. The community bless this sainted brother, for he has helped many a toiler on life's journey and brought sunshine to many a home shadowed by death. He can sing, and he sings for Christ. He has learned to speak in public, and he speaks for Christ. He votes for Him and lives for Him, and a household of godly children is his monument. F.