

A New Church Annex.

THE suggestion of Dr. Rainsford, the well-known rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, as to the solution of the "temperance problem" certainly has the virtue of novelty, if it has no other, and it is hard to see any other it can possibly have. That the Church of Jesus Christ, composed of redeemed sinners and entrusted with the work of making that redemption a world-wide actuality, should enter upon the traffic in intoxicants for the purpose of minimizing the harm done by that traffic, is a proposition so utterly at variance with all that is generally regarded as rational, that we marvel at the boldness of the good rector in advocating it. The cunning with which the prince of darkness sometimes insinuates his suggestions into the minds of consecrated men, and secures for them the advocacy of consecrated lips, was never better illustrated than in this instant. When it is

kept in mind that the ranks of moderate drinkers furnish the material from which those of immoderate drinkers are kept filled, that a church that teaches that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God on the strength of God's own testimony should make provision for the manufacture of moderate drinkers, and so for immoderate drinkers, and so for the loss to the kingdom of God of men who otherwise might have entered it, seems too preposterous for the advocacy of any sane man. What a spectacle would a bar-room annex to each of our church edifices present to the world! It is a satisfaction to record that Dr. Rainsford's proposition has awakened the antagonism which it deserves, even from the secular papers, which so often come so far short of voicing the public conscience. We have yet to see the proposal seconded by any organ representing the decent sentiment of the community, while the voice of the pulpit is unanimously condemnatory of it.

BLUE MONDAY.

REV. Z. served a weak and scattered parish of three or four country churches in the county of —, Pa., for several years. The salary irregularly paid amounted to about one dollar per day. On entering the field the pastor learned that the people demanded more pastoral visiting than they had been receiving from former pastors. Pastoral visitation was unanimously conceded as all-important, though in this particular parish an attempted compliance with the expressed demands in this respect meant more labor and exposure than most ministers would either undertake or endure. Rev. Z., believing also in pastoral visitation, and being physically qualified to make many and distant visits through the week, and preach three and four times each Sabbath according to requirement, set manfully to work.

In this particular parish a horse was an indispensable object in a minister's outfit, and as Rev. Z. was a very large man, and as his appointments and visits could be made to much advantage and comfort by travelling on horseback, a large horse was secured. Now in time these parishioners found that the frequent visits of their pastor, for which they had been clamoring, cost them large feeds of oats for the large horse, and no small amount of provision for the large preacher, for the long rides and rough roads created a manifested appetite in man and beast,

which occasionally was not too eagerly relieved by some of these people.

And when at the close of the last year, when pastor and officers met for final settlement of salary, and forty dollars were yet due the pastor, they decided that as he had visited so much in the parish, and thereby saved considerable for boarding for himself and his horse (at the same time hinting that it had taken so much to feed *his* horse), they would therefore call the account settled.

P. W.

Fresh from the Mint.

BROTHERS McC. and S., ministers on an adjoining circuit, were holding a "four days' meeting," last week, at Enniskillen. They invited Brother K. from the next circuit for a night's meeting. During the after service, Brother K., who is an old veteran in the work, and somewhat dull of sight, was walking down one of the aisles of the church "looking for sinners." Finally he put his hand on an old man's shoulder, saying, "Well, my old man, don't you think it is time you gave up your sins and quit serving the devil?" A smile passed over the countenances of those near enough to hear the pious injunction. The old gentleman addressed was an elder of fifty years' standing in the Presbyterian Church across the way.