

did not get enough to eat. Upon being questioned, the children said "that their father would give them each a penny to go to bed without their supper, and after they were asleep he would steal the money he had given them."

I think this was meanness unadulterated.

"IT WILL COST \$35 TO BURY THE OLD WOMAN."—A rich out very stingy man living in I—lost his wife. I found him weeping, and attempted to comfort him, telling him he ought to be thankful for the splendid influence his wife left behind her. "Oh, it isn't that," said he, "but I'm thinking that it will cost thirty-five dollars to bury the old woman."

The undertaker furnished a fairly good casket, with silver handles and plate. When the casket had been placed on the cross-sticks, preparatory to lowering it into the grave, the husband approached the undertaker and asked him if he couldn't remove the silver handles and plate so as to reduce the price of the coffin.

INDIANA.

General Clerical Anecdotes.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—Here is something from our little five-year-old Verne :

A neighbor was talking with him to hear his cute remarks. She asked him how he would walk if he didn't have any feet. "O," said he, "I'd walk on my legs." "But suppose you didn't have any legs." "Then I'd walk on my hands." "Well," said she, "What would you do if you didn't have any hands," supposing this would corner him. But without a moment's hesitation he replied, "O, I'd wiggle along like an angle-worm."

M. H. PETTIT.

ITHACA, MICH.

ADVICE WITH A STING IN IT.—Mr. D. was a popular young preacher, nearing the completion of his college course. He was invited to preach to a large and intelligent audience. His sermon was eloquent and full of power. An old elder met him in the altar, with many words of commendation, which he took no pains to conceal from those near by. But, placing his lips near the ear of the preacher, he whispered in a soft, low voice, "Don't be like a young wasp, bigger when you first come out of the nest, than you will ever be again."

"A LAYMAN'S View of the Pulpit" was the subject given to a certain prominent lawyer to discuss at a Congregational association. He gave a good and sensible address on the subject, but was somewhat astonished the next morning to read in a prominent daily paper the following headline: "A lazy man's view of the pulpit."

R. T. C.

A SURPRISED PREACHER.—One Sabbath, after the morning sermon, I gave the "Notices," and then announced the number of the

hymn to be sung. The congregation had opened their hymn-books. Seeing one of the deacons coming toward the pulpit I waited with open book. He reminded me that I had forgotten to give a notice of the Ladies' Meeting. I then stated to the congregation that I had forgotten to give such notice, announced the number of the hymn again, and proceeded to read it. The feeling of the congregation—not to say my own—may be imagined when I read the first line of the hymn :

"Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I."

I read one line of that hymn and—the congregation tried to sing it. E. D.

D. V.—I reside in Milton, Wis., am pastor of a Seventh-Day Baptist Church, and thus am at leisure to preach on Sundays, which I do a great deal, especially for the Congregational churches in all this region. Fort Atkinson is thirteen miles distant. One Saturday I received a telegram from there, saying, "Will you come and preach for us to-morrow? Answer."

My reply was sent via Milwaukee, 62 miles from here, and was as follows: "God willing, I will be there to-morrow."

A wag of an operator in the Milwaukee office telegraphed back to the operator at Milton: "Tell the Elder, he can go." E. M. DUNN.

AN IRISH BULL.—At the close of the forenoon session of a ministerial conference held here, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon session, I stated that Elder H— would present a paper on "the Devil," and without intending any joke, or thinking of the ludicrousness of the thing, I added, "Please be prompt in attendance, for Bro. H— has a carefully prepared paper and is full of his subject." Imagine my chagrin when an uproar of laughter reminded me of the unhappy witticism I had blundered into. I never could make Bro. H— believe it was unintentional, but it was. It must have been an act of unconscious cerebration of the humorous faculty.

MILTON, WIS.

E. M. DUNN.

PRESS versus SCRIPTURE.—A few days since a representative of the press, from what the metropolis calls one of her sister cities, came to the residence of a prominent pastor to inquire as to his text for the succeeding Sabbath. A member of the household, having ascertained it, informed the "seeker after truth" that it was, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.—GALATIANS v : 9." Whereupon the new revisionist recorded, "A little eleven eleventh the whole lump.—COLLISIONS v : 9." It is as yet an open question whether he reached the office alive. It was manifest beyond necessity of proof that he had received his education at the Athletic University under the special direction of the Professor of "Football in its relation to the Public Weal."