

## BLUE MONDAY.

## Clerical Anecdotes.

It was in an assembly of one of our prominent denominations. The question under discussion was the deficiencies in the benevolent funds. The elders claimed that if the ministers would only all present the objects faithfully the people would respond. One minister in reply said that a minister could do very little when he had to carry a fault-finding elder around on his back all the year. This provoked the following anecdote from an elderly clergyman from the South. He said :

Mr. Moderator, this discussion reminds me of a story I once heard. A man was driving a lot of cows a long distance on a very warm day. Finally one of the cows gave out, and lay down. After letting her rest for a time, the man tried to get her up, but she had become sullen. He finally resorted to twisting her tail, which also failed. He was about to go on with his other cattle when a patent medicine man came along. He inquired into the trouble, and when told, he asked if he might try his hand. Having permission he took a small bottle of medicine and poured part of its contents on the cow and rubbed it in a little. Very soon the cow jumped up, and with tail in the air went bounding down-hill, up-hill, and bellowing, as far as she could be seen or heard. The man who owned the cow turned dryly to the medicine man and asked, "What'll you take for the rest that's in that bottle?" "Why," says the medicine man. "Bekase, I want you to rub the rest of it on me, I've got to ketch that cow." The assembly became wild, and the anecdote did not need to be applied.

A CLERGYMAN in Minneapolis was lately called upon to officiate at a very fashionable wedding. After the service was performed, the happy groom called him to one side and asked "what his charges were." The minister replied, that he was not in the habit of making a charge. "Well," replied the groom, "I will call and see you later." The happy groom called the next week and presented the reverend gentleman with a dozen sticks of chewing-gum. T. S. E.

A RAILROAD meeting was being held in the school-house of a German settlement in Indiana, for the purpose of securing the right of way for a new road. Several lawyers spoke and then introduced a young clergyman whom they had taken with them. By mixing a little German in his speech and telling a few humorous stories he created considerable enthusiasm. After telling the advantages that the road would bring, he said, "Now when the vote is taken those who are in favor must do with those who are opposed to it as we used to do with the new students who came to college, and whom we were anxious to get into our society. The night before the meet-

ing we would take them home with us, treat them, tell them stories, sleep with them, and the next day they joined the society feeling first-rate." Then the vote for the road was taken. Apparently everybody rose, but when the opposition was called for, one man stood up. No sooner had he risen than a Dutchman jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "Mister President, I moves dat Rev. — takes dat man home mit him and schleeps mit him." W. L. T.

In the town of B—, on the Clyde, there resided one of the merchant princes of Glasgow. When I knew him he was an old man of over eighty, and was alone for the most part, except for the housekeeper and another servant. The collector for the Bible Society, an excellent member of my congregation, was in the habit of calling at his door, as at all others, quarterly, for contributions. For years she persevered in doing so without receiving anything. At last as she was retreating down the avenue as usual, the housekeeper called loudly upon her to come back. "The master is going to give you something, I think; he is in a real good humor, and he says it is too bad to let you always go away." With high hopes she was shown into the parlor. The old man smilingly welcomed her, and as he fumbled for his purse he said: "You see, Mrs. S., I am an old man and will soon be away. I don't like the idea of your coming year after year to my door and getting nothing for so good an object as the Bible Society. I must give you something." Hope rose in her heart. She pictured to herself a fabulous sum to be handed in at the treasurer's door to-morrow. The aged fingers tremblingly opened the purse and presented her with—a shilling! (twenty-five cents.) A few months later he died, leaving behind him personal property of the value of £400,000. An incident of his death-bed was in keeping with the above. His daughter had come at the first signs of dissolution. Much against his will she sent for a physician from Glasgow. He mumbled that the doctor would "no doubt drive down from the city, instead of taking the tram, just for the purpose of imposing a big fee."

Evidently fearing this, which actually took place, he had his housekeeper bring the keys of the grain-chest in the stable, and put them under his pillow. The physician arrived, made his visit, and withdrew to have lunch. The coachman asked for some oats. The housekeeper mentioned to his daughter about the keys. She quietly slipped into the sick-room and was abstracting the keys, when the dying man roused himself and angrily asked what she wanted with the keys. On learning that it was as he had feared, he said: "Put them back! put them back! the doctor should bring his own corn. I'm not going to pay his big fee and feed his horses besides!"