

stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there, and was ever after designated a 'stickit minister.' We have heard a similar story of an amateur preacher, who, having given out his text with much confidence, began, "I shall endeavor," then gasped and continued, "I shall endeavor," gasped again; then he began once more, "My brethren, I shall endeavor," and once more he came to a full stop. By this time a grin was very perceptible on many faces—not on his. He gasped, turned all manner of colors, and having once more said "My brethren," hopelessly, and seen the grin develop into something stronger, he exclaimed quite fluently, "Well, *you* just come up here, and see how you would like it," and with that he vanished, not unlike Abel Sampson. How it fared with him afterwards we know not. But here is a true story of a man who afterwards became one of the most eloquent of English preachers, Robert Hall. He was admitted to "probation" and had begun his sermon, and was getting on fluently when he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I have lost all my ideas!" covered his face with his hands, and came down. His friends, however, believing he had real power, gave him another hearing, and he was appointed to preach again on the same subject at the same place the next week.

The second attempt was more disastrous still, more painful to witness, still more grievous to bear. He hastened home from the vestry, and on sitting down in his room ex-

claimed, "If this doesn't humble me, the devil *must* have me." This was the man who afterwards, for nearly half a century, roused the hearts of all his hearers by the splendor of his eloquence.—*Church Bells.*

John Kane and the Robbers.

Once there was a good man whose name was John Kane, who lived in Poland, where he taught and preached. It was his rule to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong to others. One night, as he was riding through a dark wood, he all at once found himself at the mercy of a band of robbers. He got down from his horse and said to the gang that he would give up to them all he had about him. He gave them a purse filled with silver coins, a gold chain from his neck, a ring from his finger, and from his pocket a book of prayer, with silver clasps.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief in a stern voice; "have you no more money?"

The old man in his confusion said he had given them all the money he had; and when he said this they let him go. Glad to get off so well, he went quickly on and was soon out of sight. But all at once the thought came to him that he had some gold pieces stitched into the hem of his robe. These he had quite forgotten when the robbers had asked him if he had any more money.

"This is lucky," thought John Kane, for he saw that the money would bear him home to his friends, and that he would not have to beg