

come, the day of its doom will come likewise.

Evil for Evil.

An evil principal will yield an evil interest. The evil tree cannot bring forth other than evil fruit. The New Orleans outrage, unjustifiable though it must be regarded by all Christian minds, was but a fully developed fruit of that utterly heedless policy which we have pursued for years—in an encouragement of an immigration which is as baleful in its every influence as is the shade of the Upas-tree. In view of this well-known fact, it is of interest to

note Superintendent of Immigration Weber's statement that, for the month of March, Italy led all other European countries in her emigrant contribution to our own. His figures are: Italy, 7,869; Germany, 7,087; Great Britain and Ireland, 4,386; Hungary, 3,589; Austria, 3,484, and Russia, 2,923; total, 29,338. How many of these may prove undesirable remains to be seen. But their presence among us renders more imperative than ever a vigorous activity on the part of the Christian Church. The law of Christ, proclaimed and obeyed, will do away with all occasion for mob law.

BLUE MONDAY.

The Best Parishioner.

ONE who became a deacon of my church spent his earliest years in poverty. Close to his native village was a house with such lovely grounds and gardens that the place seemed to the poor lad a perfect paradise. When he went out into the world to work, it became the dream of his life that, if successful, he would purchase that property, and there spend the evening of his days. He prospered in business, for buyers and sellers alike declared that he was not only just but generous. When he reached middle age the estate was offered for sale and he bought it; and a few years later he felt that he had made sufficient money to retire. But the question then arose, "Might I not serve my Saviour better by remaining in business, and giving all I make to Him?" Believing this to be his duty, he set aside his long-cherished desire, and modestly concealing his purpose from all save his wife and myself, he labored on till his death, devoting his gains entirely to charity and religion. Looking back over twenty years of ministerial experience, I think of him as the *best* man I ever knew,—aye and the *happiest*, for God gave him recompense for his sacrifice, even here, by granting him to feel the truth of the Saviour's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

J. P., N.

The Meanest Parishioner.

I CONFIDENTLY enter Col. P.— in the lists as "the meanest parishioner I ever knew." A new pastor was being settled. The Colonel had conducted the correspondence, and after promising many things in the way of support, prospects, etc., begged Bro. B., to accept a fine milch cow as a gift. Bro. B., being a modest

and inexperienced man, said nothing about the promised gift, though he and his wife often felicitated themselves over the prospective flow of milk and—butter. Matters stood thus for five or six months, when late one *Sabbath* afternoon, the children reported a cow being driven into the barnyard. The entire family rushed out to welcome the beauty—ignoring, for once at least, the soundness of the saying, "Better the day, better the deed."

They were somewhat surprised to find the animal lying down, and Mrs. B. hoped she had not been driven too hard. The man, who was taking a rope off her horns, said, "As for that, madam, it warn't a drive at all, but just a dead pull. I've made an extra quarter by the job, and I'm hoping it'll cost ye no more to get rid of her." With this dubious remark he made off.

Next morning the cow was found dead. Bro. B. was not too modest to make some inquiries, and learned that a fatal disease had attacked the Colonel's herd the week before, and, finding that this cow could not be tided over the Sabbath, he had promised his hired man a quarter if he got her into the parsonage lot alive.

P. S.—It cost Bro. B. half a dollar to get rid of the carcass. He is still buying milk.

STARVED HIS CHILDREN AND STOLE THEIR MONEY.—It was on my first field in Ontario that the following occurred: A member of my church was a wealthy farmer, or he was considered such, as he owned a large farm with good house and large barns on the premises. In fact, there was every token of prosperity about the place with one exception, and that was, the children of the said man (and there were a goodly number) looked as though they