

much to the church. When he would reply, "I don't know how it is, but it seems as though the more I give, the more I have to give." K.

The Meanest Parishioner.

THERE WAS a man in my church who was accounted as wealthy as all the rest of the church put together, and there were some people well-to-do for a country church. When my father died, I was summoned by telegraph, and I had no opportunity to see any of my official members before taking the early train. As the funeral was on Saturday, and the distance considerable, I wrote to a theological seminary for a supply for my pulpit, and to this man, who was Chairman of the Parish Committee, asking him to entertain the visiting minister or to arrange for his entertainment. On my return he met me and told me that he sent the student to the hotel, and there was a bill of \$2.00 for me to pay for his entertainment, which I paid. *This wealthy brother owned the Hotel.*

It was during my first pastorate. A brother from the country wished to provide me with a turkey for Thanksgiving, to which I assented. A day or two before Thanksgiving he brought the turkey. He came just at our dinner hour. He sat down with us and ate very heartily, as though he enjoyed his dinner. As he arose from the table and left the house, I offered to pay him for the turkey, but he refused, wishing me to accept it as a gift. I thanked him and he departed. He went directly to the house of the church treasurer. They were just sitting down to dinner. He sat down with them and ate another full dinner and reported the turkey, asking for credit on the salary to the amount of its value.

M. H. P.

A MEMBER was asked by his pastor to subscribe for the church paper. The member, not having the money with him, borrowed the amount from the pastor. The paper came, and continued to come for three years. At the end of that time the editor kindly hinted that he ought to have some money. This insulted the dignity of the member, and flying into a passion, he assailed his pastor from whom he borrowed the money, which he had not paid back, and abused him for not having the paper discontinued when the year was out. The pastor was out of pocket one year's subscription, the man was out nothing. Yet the poor preacher received an abuse for lending the man money. I claim the prize for the meanest parishioner I ever knew.

J. L. M.

We were living in a small Western parish; I had been sick four or five weeks with typhoid fever; wife, physicians, and friends were hoping against hope for my recovery. The larder was nearly empty in the parsonage, the salary being greatly in arrears. Suspecting this fact, sym-

pathizing friends, not members of the church, made up a purse for immediate relief. This money was put into the hands of a member of the church, with instructions to take it to the pastor's wife; he, instead, put the same into his own pocket, and said nothing about it for three weeks. By this time I was convalescent and beginning to venture out-of-doors a little, when this brother chanced to call, and in the conversation which followed casually remarked that he had received a small sum of money for me (naming the amount) a day or two previous, for which, if it were agreeable to me, he would bring wood. Being a man of peace, I consented to the arrangement. He brought the wood, charging me fifty cents more per cord for it than the market price. If any clergyman ever had a meaner parishioner than this one, he has my sincerest sympathy.

C. S. F.

IN 1872 I was pastor of a church in a beautiful New Hampshire village. Among the members was an elderly farmer residing seven miles from the church. It was generally known that he had some fifteen or eighteen thousand dollars in bonds and other securities, beside a large and well-stocked farm. At his earnest and repeated solicitations to preach on some Sunday afternoon in an old church near his home, I finally consented. It was an exceedingly warm Sabbath in July. I hired a horse and carriage, drove to the old meeting house, and preached to, perhaps, a hundred persons. After the service the old gentleman invited me to call at his house. I did so, in the hope that he would pay my horse bill, or at least offer me a little food, for I had tasted none since breakfast. In both I was disappointed. As I was leaving, I asked him if he would give me two or three apples to eat as I drove back home. He produced four small russet apples. Knowing his penurious disposition, I said, "*How much shall I pay you for these?*" "*I guess about three cents,*" was the reply. "*I would give 'em to you, but it's getting late for apples, and they are mighty scarce round here.*"

General Clerical Anecdote.

IT WAS some time after the union of the two Presbyterian Churches in Canada, popularly known as the Old Kirk and the Free. A few families in a rural district in Ontario obstinately refused to go in with the majority who took the Church with them into the Union, and so were left without any kirk and unable to support a regular minister. The pastor of the church during the Scott Act Campaign (a local option Temperance Law) urged them strongly to vote for the Scott Act. One of them arose, and, speaking for the others, said with great indignation, "Na, na, you tuk frae us oor kirk, and now you mauna tak frae us oor whuskey." (No, no, you took from us our church, and now you must not take from us our whiskey.) W. A. H.