

rary union the very thing which would be a *sine qua non* of permanent union. The only union for Christians is union in and with

Christ. It was of such union that the Apostle said, "There is neither Jew nor Greek . . . for ye are ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS."

BLUE MONDAY.

The Meanest Parishioner.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE, BUT VOUCHER FOR AS TRUE.—I had in an earlier charge an exceedingly successful Ladies' Missionary Society, which had never failed to secure liberal responses from the church members for the various objects of missionary enterprise. There came, however, into the church membership a certain man who would *not* give a cent to anything, although the proprietor of a large estate and the recipient of a heavy income. At length, one member determined to make a final attempt to secure from him a contribution, and forthwith rode to his house, finding him at home, and very affable so long as she conversed upon indifferent topics. But when, suddenly, she stated with boldness the object of her visit, he beat a hasty retreat to his barn, leaving the lady most unceremoniously in the parlor alone. Nothing daunted, the brave woman pursued him, cornered him in the barnyard, and told him that she would neither leave the spot nor let him leave it till he had made some contribution to the missionary cause. Finally, he actually agreed to give a *chicken* to the society. This was joyfully accepted, and the lady said she would be glad to take the fowl then and there.

"All right," said he; "there are my chicks. Ketch one, and you can have it."

"Oh no," said the lady, "I will not catch the chicken. I cannot do it any way. You must do it for me."

To get rid of her he at last slowly and with much impatience captured a chicken—the worst of the brood it is needless to say—and tying its legs together, threw it into the lady's carriage.

The success of the visit was of course spread all through the congregation in less than twelve hours. The society met and viewed the chicken. After solemn deliberation, it was determined to keep the bird alive and to sell the eggs it should lay for the benefit of the cause of missions.

After a few weeks, when the hen had industriously laid a good number of eggs, which had, by sale, contributed worthily to the treasury, the donor of the fowl learned how the ladies were cultivating his original gift. He at once repaired to the house of the lady to whom the fowl had been entrusted, and choking with indignation, demanded that he receive the price of the eggs the hen had laid—*since he had given the chicken and nothing more*. If this does not discover the acme of meanness, where shall it be found? I vouch for the truthfulness of this incident.

R. V. G.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—It was a time of religious awakening in a country village in Western Ontario, when, on a quiet Sunday morning, a young preacher was dwelling upon the brevity and uncertainty of life, illustrating and emphasizing his theme by reference to the very sudden death of a young lady in an adjoining township. As she was a stranger to his congregation, he mentioned no names. As he had what preachers call a good time, he thought he had left a good impression upon his audience; but he was destined to have a rude awakening. At the close of the service one of the brethren invited him to dinner, but he was unable to accept the invitation. As he turned away, his would-be host followed him, and very eagerly inquired as to the name and residence of the deceased lady. Like a flash, the questioner stood unmasked, and with a look and gesture of disgust, the preacher said, "Go away." The man was a *tombstone agent*, and wanted to use him to make a dollar!

Although over twenty years have elapsed, the impression made by that revulsion of feeling has never left the preacher, and if any meaner men are in the church on earth, he'd like to hear of them.

The Best Parishioner.

A FAITHFUL MONGOL.—In my parish is a certain Chinaman who makes a modest living as a laundryman. One Monday morning he said to me: "I was not able to go to church yesterday, but I heard you say the Sunday before that you would take up a collection for Home Missions; here is the dollar I meant to give." During the week he said: "I promised that dollar and I expected a good deal of washing to come in Monday morning, and none came. But I said I meant to give that dollar, and God has promised to take care of me. So I gave it. I believed the Lord, and that week the washing came in faster than ever. I believe that was the way God blessed me." That man has been a regular contributor for Home and Foreign Missions ever since I have known him.

Q. E. F.

HE GAVE ALL THAT HE HAD.—I was supplying the church of L— during my summer vacation. The people were poor, but generous, and nothing was too good for the "young parson." In the congregation was an old man whom I had watched with the greatest interest. He was poor and too infirm to make his own support. So he lived with a farmer and his wife on the condition that he would do what he