

variety and beauty to a landscape. Positives are strong enough for the larger part of every sermon.

Preachers and Public Evils.

THE attitude of the ministry toward public evils has generally been most praiseworthy. They have never hesitated to voice the moral sentiment of the communities in which they reside. Occasionally, it is true, motives of policy have kept their lips sealed. Considerations of a personal nature are too often allowed to have weight. It has been gratifying, however, of late years to notice with what unanimity they have set themselves against the various evils

that have obtained a foothold among us, and with what success they have met in arousing public opposition and organizing public action. Such was the case in the matter of the Louisiana Lottery. Such, less successfully, but with growing promise of success, in the matter of race-course gambling. And now they are setting themselves against the proposed prize fight in the vicinity of the metropolis, with what success remains to be seen. The pulpit has not lost its power by any means. It is not without the courage of its convictions. It is still able to do a large work in the creation of public opinion, and it may be relied upon to stand by the right when it clearly perceives what is right.

BLUE MONDAY.

Literary Chiropody.

IT is said that one of our largest universities is about to add to its faculty a professor of chiropody, whose main business will be to attend to the lame feet in the lines of the spring poets among the undergraduates. As ourselves among the victims of the afflictions and inflictions of these sad-eyed riders of Pegasus, we heartily congratulate the institution on this new departure. It would be a mercy to us and others should the professor referred to not only depede the lines, but decapitate the poets also.

Carrying Sermons.

A LITTLE six-year-old, having returned from morning service, at which the Rev. Mr. W. had preached from manuscript, said to her mother, the wife of the pastor: "Mother, Mr. W. isn't like father, is he?" "What do you mean, dear?" inquired the mother. "Why, father carries his sermons in his head." "And where does Mr. W. carry his?" "In his pocket."

We would suggest to Mr. W., if living, the advisability of keeping his sermons in his pocket, or of carrying a new and improved edition of them in his head.

Waking Sleepers.

THAT the wife of a preacher should yield to the persuasions of "tired nature's sweet restorer" while her dignified good man is beating his "pulpit, drum ecclesiastic," to keep his nominal audience awake, is indeed a shame and a reproach; yet we do not find ourselves inclined to sympathize with the Scotch minister who, on observing his better half tranquilly enjoying a blissful nap at what he regarded the most eloquent part of his discourse, with a shout that was loud enough to wake not only the sleepers in the church, but those in the churchyard as well, cried: "Susan! Susan! I didna marry ye for yer wealth, sin ye had none. And I didna marry ye for yer beauty—that the whole congregation can see. And if ye hae na grace, I hae made a sair bargain in ye indeed!"