

BLUE MONDAY.

A Candidate Before Election.

THE New York *Tribune* is responsible for the following, which will probably find a more appreciative class of readers among the constituency of THE HOMILETIC REVIEW than among those of the first-named publication. If its repetition results in enlarging the subscription-list of that journal, we ask no commission and desire no credit.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, unquestionably the champion storyteller of the Senate, has a broad stripe of Calvinism down his back, though he is not a communicant of the Church. It is told of him that, riding along in Buncombe County one day, he overtook a venerable darky, with whom he thought he would have a "little fun."

"Uncle," said the Governor, "are you going to church?"

"No, sah, not edzactly—I'm gwine back from church."

"You're a Baptist, I reckon—now, ain't you?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Baptist, do most of the bredren and sisters about here has been under de water."

"Methodist, then?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Mefodis', nudder."

"Campbellite?"

"No, sah; I can't errogate to myseff de Camelite way of thinkin'."

"Well, what in the name of goodness are you, then?" rejoined the Governor, remembering the narrow range of choice in religions among North Carolina negroes.

"Well, de fac' is, sah, my old mars-ter was a Herruld of de Cross in de Presbyterian church, and I was fotch up in dat faith."

"What! You don't mean it? Why, that is my church."

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Governor Vance went at him again:

"And do you believe in all of the Presbyterian creed?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of predestination?"

"I dunno dat I recognize de name, sah."

"Why, do you believe that if a man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and that if he is elected to be damned he will be damned?"

"Oh, yes, boss, I believe dat. It's Gospel talk, dat is."

"Well, now, take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

"Come, now, answer my question," pressed the Governor. "What do you say?"

"Well, I tell you what 'tis, Marse Zeb; I'se ben libin' in dis hyah world nigh on sixty years, and I nebber yit hyard of any man bein' 'lected 'dout he was a candidate."

A Remarkable Nasal Organ.

How to avoid a nasal tone in the pulpit is one of the problems which every preacher is called upon to solve. The employment of such a tone is, under all ordinary circumstances, a wanton violation of ministerial prerogative. An extraordinary instance came under our notice recently, in which we are constrained to confess an exception to the above rule must be made.

A Llanely minister was rather late for service one Sunday morning, and rushed into the chapel-house to tiddivate before ascending the pulpit. In his hurry he let the comb fall on his nose, and the skin was torn and the blood flowed. He picked up a small piece of paper, placed it on his nose, and hurried to his place. When the service was ended, and the usual *set faver* (big pew) chat began, the deacons fell a-laughing most immoderately. And little wonder. The piece of paper on his nose bore the legend, "Three hundred yards long." It was a label off a cotton-reel!