

An Archbishop's Dilemma.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, when preaching at St. Paul's, had the notes of his sermon, containing some important statistics, on half a sheet of note paper before him on the pulpit cushion. During the hymn a sudden gust of wind whirled the little paper among the audience and wafted it into the face of a citizen at some distance from the pulpit. The Archbishop expected it to be brought back; the man looked over the scribbled paper and a sudden look of bright intelligence stole into his face; he closed his book, folded up the paper, placed it in his breast pocket, and hurriedly left the church, congratulating himself upon having secured so undoubted an autograph under such exceptionally interesting and unique circumstances. The keen sense of humor, so characteristic of Dr. Tait, came to his relief; and it is a strong testimony to the imperturbable serenity of the man that he was able to preach his sermon as if nothing had happened.

Religion and Rum.

Christian nations continue to exhibit to heathen nations the terrible farce of carrying in one hand an open Bible, and in the other hand the bottle of rum. The *Bombay Guardian* has been speaking out very plainly on this question. It calls this business by the name of "The Devil's Missionary Enterprise." All vessels bound for West

and South Africa, coming from ports in Europe and America, stop at Madeira, and here is a list of spirituous liquors which passed through in one week, taken from the daily returns posted in Liverpool:

960,000 cases of Gin	£240,000
24,000 butts of Rum	240,000
30,000 cases of Brandy.	90,000
28,900 cases of Irish Whiskey.	56,000
800,000 demijohns of Rum	240,000
26,000 barrels of Rum.	72,000
30,000 cases of old Tom.	60,000
15,000 barrels of Absinthe.	45,000
47,000 cases of Vermouth	3,000

Thanking God for Our Thorn.

Dr. George Mathewson, of Scotland, is totally blind, and yet he is one of the most learned and gifted men in all Britain. He was a member of Pan-Presbyterian Alliance of Belfast, in 1884, and no man in all that body of great men was heard with more profound attention than he. In oratorical power he had few, if any, equals in that body of eloquent men. He spoke with such fluency, power and magnetism that he swept everything before him.

It is beautiful to witness the sweetness of the spirit of this man. Although he lives, and must always live, in total darkness, yet he is a cheerful and happy-hearted Christian. The following touching words from his pen ought to strengthen the Christian patience of God's afflicted children:

"My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have