

the Divine love, did he feel that his mission to them was accomplished. His work was well done. His life was an effectual answer to the question of a skeptical age, "Is life worth living?" We congratulate him on his promotion in service, as we have no doubt he has already received higher and more blessed congratulations.

The Tabernacle Pulpit.

A NOTE from Dr. Pierson, just received, brings the following information, which we have no doubt will be of interest to the readers of this REVIEW: "After three months, the Tabernacle authorities unanimously invite me to continue three months longer, and if all goes well at home I may do so."

BLUE MONDAY.

The Meanest Parishioner.

DURING an illness of my wife, and while she was still in bed, an invitation came for us to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Lofty. My wife insisted that I should accept. I did so and spent a very pleasant evening in company with numerous friends. The following day, early in the morning, Bridget took to my wife's bed a package which had been handed in for her with the compliments of Mrs. Lofty. She opened it, but immediately delivered it over to our faithful servant, with orders to empty it into the swill-pail. Bridget took one glance, and in her sarcastic way said: "Shure and Mrs. Lofty moost ha thot we'uns were hoongry for cake."

The package was made up of the cut slices of half a cake, each slice such that it resembled glue in color and consistency. But this was not enough; we must have insult heaped upon injury. After my wife was able to leave home, and in the presence of others, Mrs. Lofty said to her: "I hope, Mrs. W., you didn't think that cake I sent to you was a sample of what I gave my guests? It was one I found unfit for use, so I sent half to Mr. Ford's and the remainder to you. I always try to remember the *poo-oh*."

J. K. W.

The Best Parishioner.

IN W——, in Galloway, in a former charge, there lived an aged believer who went by the name of "Nelly." She was bent and racked with rheumatism. She made a few pence by selling "peats" and firewood, which some of the farmers were kind enough to leave at her door. Against her will, and somewhat to her indignation, the "Poor Board" resolved, without application, to pay her two shillings and sixpence (sixty cents) per week. On the week of her first payment she sent me, carefully wrapped in paper, one shilling and sixpence for church purposes. She was scarcely able again to crawl to church. But to the very end she sent, by a little girl who passed her door every Sabbath morning, one penny to put on the "plate" for her.

"All they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want,"

D. D. R.

Gall in Sweetness.

HE was an apiarist. He called to sell me some honey, and was informed that none was needed. Having expatiated on the merits of that particular honey, and having used his persuasive powers to their utmost extent toward its sale, he departed, much to my relief, for I was unusually busy. But this was not the end. Late in the afternoon he appeared with a liberal smile on his face, handed me about twenty pounds of honey, saying, "Keep this till I call for it." As this remark had been used by others, who had made me presents, the honey was accepted in good faith as a gift, rather than give the brother offence by refusing it. Part of it had been disposed of among the neighbors, on the principle, "Freely ye have received, freely give." The rest was still in the cellar. But the end was not yet. On settling with the church treasurer I found that the honey parishioner had charged me with the amount that the honey would sell at the highest market price, and had induced the treasurer to give him credit on his subscription for that amount. Thus an article that was a drug on the market was forced on me under the cloak of beneficence. That honey, thereafter, was "sweet in the mouth but bitter in the belly."

THE preacher was in charge of a small station where several of the members lived in the country. One day a very prominent and wealthy member from the country was in town and called at the parsonage for dinner, ostensibly to save a hotel bill. The preacher was glad to see him; but the pantry was empty and so was the purse. Not willing that his parishioner should know the true situation, the preacher went out and borrowed a dollar with which his wife provided a very nice dinner. The guest ate heartily and praised the dinner in a most flattering manner.

A few days afterward one of the stewards of the charge called on this parishioner for quarterage for the pastor, upon which he indignantly replied: "I won't do it! I took dinner with that preacher last week and he lives better than I do."

G. T. A.