

fear of offending some of the brethren who supply them with their loaves and fishes and who might be tempted to withdraw their contribution to the parsonage larder. It is to be seen in the humiliating positions in which certain preachers are content to remain, virtually licking the hand that smites them, because "their bread is in it." Some of our pulpits with their occupants need a baptism of the spirit of manliness as well as of godliness. Indeed the highest manliness is godliness. Who can conceive of the Master, in whom godliness and manliness were combined in their perfectness, adopting as His motive in action such a one as this? Who can imagine Him holding His peace in the presence of evil for fear of going hungry awhile, or courting the rich for the sake of their dainties, or suffering wrongfully—that He might not

lose a meal? Yet He is the preacher's model in life as in teaching. May His Spirit possess all to whom is intrusted the proclamation of His Word!

A POPULAR American divine is reported to have said recently that Jesus of Nazareth did not systematically attack the vices and corruptions of the age in which he lived, nor did he organize any method for the overthrowing of evil. He legislated in spirit and not in the letter. He laid down principles of action for the guidance of the sons of men, but took no active part in the suppression of evil. This may be so. But He drove away with anger the money-changers and those who desecrated the House of Prayer. And He enunciated very distinct "woes" against certain classes of evil-doers.

BLUE MONDAY.

Re-tailed.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY once startled his listener by asking: "If the devil lost his tail, where would he go to find another?" and then after a pause he replied, "Why to a gin-palace, of course; for there it is that you find bad spirits are re-tailed."

Nothing in Him.

A LADY once asked Rowland Hill, when he was minister of Surrey Chapel, if he would kindly interview her son and examine him, for she felt sure he had special talents for the ministry, although they were hidden. The preacher examined the youth, and then wrote to the mother: "Madam, I have shaken the napkin, but I cannot find the talent."

"Oanyboaddy" Rather than Mr. S.

A. K. H. B. says he had a friend who was a singularly helpful preacher and marvelously free from self-conceit.

But on one occasion he felt flattered some little. The good parson went to abide for a space at a little town by the seaside where the resident parson is good, but beyond words wooden. A homely elder approached the visiting preacher on an early day and said very earnestly, "Ye maun preach to us some Sabbath while ye're here." The humble-minded preacher was pleased beyond expression. He said to himself, "Here in this remote region my reputation has reached before me, and there seems to be a general desire among the people for my useful ministrations." But in that very moment he got a cold splash in the face. For the devout old elder, holding up both hands, said with an earnest sincerity not to be misinterpreted, "Oh, oanyboaddy, oanyboaddy, rather than Mr. Snooks." As though he would have said, "You're a very poor hand, but the very poorest is better than the awful orator we hear weekly." The incident was somewhat mortifying.