

which, when they were procurable, he indulged. The reverend gentleman seeking to improve the occasion, urged the other in the strongest terms to join the total abstinence society and forcibly declared that rum, brandy, gin, and whiskey were bad for man and beast. The black sheep listened patiently for some time and the rector began to entertain some hope of ultimate success in a most unpromising case. That he did not succeed is made pretty clear by the account which the former subsequently gave of the concluding details of the incident. "There I sot," said he, "and the Passon kept on a talking, when I seed a toad by the side of the road. Then says I, Passon stop that hoss, and he drew up all t'wonce an I got out. Then I sez, Passon you says that rum ain't good for man or beast—well now I want to see about that sez I. Then I sed, Passon, do you see that toad? and he said he did. Then I took the toad and opened its mouth and poured in about half a gill o' rum and sot the creatur down, an sir, its true as I'm alive, that that toad sot there a grin-nin an blinkin and a lickin its lips an ruminatin fur about two minnits, an then it ups, with two skips and a kinder hop, an goes about its bizness as pert an sassy as you please. An I looked at the Passon and the Passon looked at me, and sez I to him, sez I, Passon, I guess I wont jine that yere society." I cannot resist the temptation of capping this with something from my own experience.

On the 18th of May, 1883, when we in St. John celebrated the civic centennial, I encountered on one of our steepest streets, which was then almost deserted by the dining citizens, a somewhat remarkable looking man. He was tall and extremely angular and bony, dressed in homespun and unmistakably from a farming district and unaccustomed to a city. He had a shrewd and inquiring expression on his face which led me to