

would hand it over to some circuit for pastoral oversight, and push on to open up new work elsewhere. He always wanted to go to those who needed him the most.

Whenever Brother Little was announced to preach there was sure to be a crowd. He generally entered by the front door, and began at once to sing as he passed down the aisle. He was not a great preacher, but nevertheless sinners were convicted of sin and converted to God. He considered that his mission was to act as a fore-runner to the ordained and better qualified ministers of the gospel. His preaching was conversational and intensely scriptural. He could repeat chapter after chapter from either Old or New Testament.

In the middle of his sermons he frequently dropped into personal conversation with some member of his congregation in the most familiar manner. Sometimes he would appeal to some brother to tell if he was not quoting scripture correctly.

Upon one occasion, in the middle of the sermon, a man went out. Joe immediately stopped and said: "Did that man go out because of anything I said?" Upon being assured that this was not the case, he went on with the sermon. By and by the man returned. Uncle Joe addressed him, and said: "Welcome back, brother, I am glad to see you, for I thought I had offended you."

When discoursing one day on holy living he made use of some words of St. Paul. Desiring to emphasize his remarks, he appealed to an elderly brother in the congregation in this way:

"What do you think about it, friend T—?"

Friend T— had not been following the discourse very closely, and did not know to what the sudden question referred. He therefore kept silent, and the preacher proceeded:

"Well, friend T— does not answer, so I guess we will stick to what St. Paul says about it. He is quite as good an authority."

His illustrations were made as realistic as possible. The difficulty of awakening the sleeping sinner was illustrated by seizing a man who sat in the front seat and shaking him vigorously.

He was discoursing on the fall of Adam and Eve, and when he came to the point where Adam is represented as hiding from God, he held the attention of every listener in his own way. As he read the passage he illustrated by suddenly dropping down behind the teacher's desk, which he was using for a pulpit, and then hid himself from the congregation. When he read the call of God, "Adam, where art thou?" he just peeped his head out at the side of the desk, thus depicting the frightened, cringing coward, the conscience-stricken culprit, more vividly than by the use of language.

#### IRISH WIT.

Uncle Joe's wit bubbled up spontaneously like a mountain spring. It seemed that he couldn't help saying witty things.

In one of his services in a Baptist home, he had occasion to use the family Bible, which was lying upon the table before him. Finding that some of the leaves did not separate very readily, he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Dear me, I wonder if there is anything in here against baptism, and sister S— has glued these leaves together to hide it!"

Upon one of his trips to Sarnia, Uncle Joe stopped at a blacksmith shop to get his horse (Toby's) shoes set. There had been a thaw in the winter, followed by severe freezing, with the result that the roads were very slippery, making it almost impossible to travel unless the horse was sharply shod. Toby's shoes were rather smooth, therefore his master stepped into the shop and exclaimed:

"Good morning! Can you do anything to Toby to keep him from backsliding?"

"O yes, Uncle Joe," was the reply. "Bring him in and we will fix up his sole."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the traveller. "That's what he wants."

After Toby was fixed up, "free, gratis, for nothing," the preacher said:

"That's the way I like to work, too. I like to treat souls free. But, oh, if I could only fix up backsliding sinners as easily as you have fixed Toby I might hope to get a lot of you fellows into heaven." This was his parting shot.

During one of his trips in the spring of the year Joe came to a ditch which was unusually full of water.

"Well, Toby! We must get across here somehow. But how are you going to do it, eh, Toby?"

He then backed the faithful beast for some distance, perhaps a rod or two, and urged him to a run, with the intention of jumping across. They were moving at a pretty good rate when they reached the edge of the water, and the venerable rider was beginning to congratulate himself on the success of the venture, when Toby suddenly changed his mind. He planted his front feet firmly at the edge of the ditch and came to a full stop. Uncle Joe was not prepared for this; indeed, he had no thought of stopping, but went flying over his pony's head as if he were shot from a catapult. He landed safely on the other shore. Then, straightening himself up, he turned, and said: "Well, Toby; that's all right for me, but how are you going to get across?" We are not told how Toby overcame his difficulty.

A great missionary meeting was being held in the village of Wyoming, and Mr. Little was one of the speakers. In the course of his remarks he related his experience as a collector for the good work. He told of the great preparation he had made for the canvass and of the success which had attended his efforts.

"All went well," he said, "until I came to Brother S—." "How much will you give to save the world, Brother S—?" I asked.

He scratched his head and responded slowly: "Oh, I guess you can put me down for three dollars." "Very good," said I, and asked again: "But who is this for, yourself or your wife?"

"I tell you, friends, you should have seen him scratch his head then. In a little while he replied:

"Put one dollar for my wife and two for me." "Oh, ay," I exclaimed, as I eyed the rascal. "And you count yourself twice as good as your wife. Well, I don't I'll put you down for a dollar and a half each, for I think your wife is as good as you any day."

"Isn't that right, now, friends?" asked the collector.

"Yes," answered a man who sat just below the pulpit. Uncle Joe looked to see who answered, and when he saw that it was an old bachelor, he exclaimed:

"Who is saying 'yes'! Go and do thou likewise."

The book is full of interesting incidents like the above, and will abundantly repay a careful reading.

Uncle Joe Little died in distant Anticosti, where he had gone to do missionary work in response to a Macedonian call. His body was brought home for burial, and the funeral was the greatest ever known in Lambton County.

The general feeling toward the kind-hearted old preacher is illustrated by an incident which occurred at the funeral. The grave digger prepared the grave but when the coffin had been lowered the people looked for him in vain, as he had disappeared. When asked the reason of his strange conduct, he replied: "I vowed to God that I would never throw a shovelful of dirt in the old man's face."

The memory of Uncle Joe Little is still blessed throughout Western Ontario.

## A Prison Incident.

IT is said that there are no more horrible prisons than those found in certain provinces in Russia. A traveller, just returned from these provinces, gives an interesting incident in connection with prison life there. A Colonel was appointed to take charge of one of the largest and most noxious of the prisons. It was situated in the centre of an important province, and was filled with turbulent men and abandoned women. Harsh discipline, poor food, insufficient ventilation, uncleanness and hopelessness—all conspired to brutalize the inmates.

Especially was this true of the women. The longer they were imprisoned the more depraved and unmanageable they became, until it needed a disciplinarian of the severest type to keep them under control. The Colonel could manage the men, but the women defied him, and he began to think that he must resort to flogging to subdue them.

One morning the Colonel's young wife took a walk in the prison yard. She was a gentle enthusiast, who had made up her mind when her husband first entered upon his official duties, to reform, if possible, the women prisoners by kindness. This purpose she failed to accomplish, for kindness seemed to have no more influence over them than solitary