

## BLUE MONDAY.

THE Rev. S. Reese Murray, of Washington, D. C., was invited by a millionaire Hebrew to perform the wedding ceremony in his house, in the case of a young woman in the employ of his wife. After the marriage the guests were ushered into the spacious dining-room, where a splendid supper was served, and at every plate there was placed a bottle of champagne.

The waiters were instantly busy with their service, and amid the bustle was heard the *pop, pop, pop* of numerous corks. Coming to the parson, and laying hands upon his bottle, the waiter was surprised to hear him whisper a remonstrance. But nothing daunted, he brought a bottle of different wine, which was likewise refused; and so a third and fourth were brought, and in turn they were declined. Hesitating for a moment, the waiter then gently bent down to the parson's ear, and said, "Doctor, that's the end of our wine; but if you want whiskey or brandy, you shall have it in a few moments."

A good story is told in a paper called *South Africa* of Sir Henry Loch, now Governor of the Cape Colony. When Governor of the Isle of Man some years ago, he was crossing from the mainland in company with the then Bishop of Sodor and Man, the Right Rev. Rowley Hill, D.D. As the steamer approached the Douglas breakwater the spray from a larger sea than usual dashed over the bulwarks and drenched the bishop, while Sir Henry, who was standing some yards apart, escaped almost untouched. "Ah," said Sir Henry, laughing, "the elements do not hold the Church in proper respect." Scarcely were the words uttered, however, before a huge volume of water dashed over the side, drenching them both. Quick as thought, his lordship, who was noted for his ready wit, turned to his excel-

lency and said, "No, indeed; the elements are no respecter of persons, for both Church and State have got a wetting."

IN THE HOMILETIC REVIEW of January, in the Blue Monday department, on reading of those ecclesiastical canines, I am reminded of an incident in the life of old Brother D—, of Kentucky. He was a great leader of song. He would attend the protracted meetings for miles around, to lead the singing. He usually rode in a nice buggy, and delighted in a new whip. There was a meeting in progress at R—, and on Sunday morning, just as the people were gathering, to the delight of all present, Brother D— came walking into the church armed with hymn-book and long keen buggy-whip, and took his seat in the corner of the pew nearest the pulpit. After leaning his whip against the pew, with the larger end on the floor, he opened his book and began singing, "Am I a soldier of the cross," etc., when to his chagrin a small dog came trotting down the aisle, and sat down in front of Brother D— looking him in the face, and began howling in rather a suppressed tone; but when Brother D— reached the high part of the song the dog also got on to a higher key. Brother D— could stand it no longer. Gathering his whip, and at the same time unconsciously singing, "Sure I must fight if I would reign," let in to whipping the dog. Poor Tray sought refuge behind the door, but Brother D— in nowise daunted followed him with the whip, and just as he neared the door, he continued the song, "Increase my courage, Lord." Suiting the action to the words of his song, the little dog was ejected to the merriment of the old and the young.

L. H. R.