

Anecdotal.

Funny Occurrences in Church.

The church is not a place of entertainment, and we do not go there to be amused, but sometimes very funny things happen in connection with the services. Of course they are always of an impromptu character, and not "on the programme." Possibly the solemnity of the surroundings may, by contrast, cause these incidents to be noticed more than if they happened under other circumstances. The following are true stories of unusual occurrences in church, which have never before been in print:

It was on a summer Sunday afternoon in a country church, that a couple of dogs strayed in through the open door, and before long got into a fight. The noise of the battle attracted several other curs in, and soon there was a general altercation which stopped the service. A big brawny Irishman came to the rescue by snatching one of the yelping canines by the neck, and bore him out triumphantly. As he did so, he shouted, "Let every one of yez catch a dog and put him out." The absurdity of the proposal was manifest in the fact there were about 150 people and only six or seven dogs.

Here is another very good dog story. A minister in one of our town churches was conducting service when a large Newfoundland walked solemnly down the aisle and took up his quarters right before the pulpit. The attention of the people was, of course, attracted from the preacher, who was greatly annoyed. "Brethren," said he, "never mind that animal. He is only a common dog. Look at me."

SOMETIMES very funny things happen in connection with giving out the hymns. A minister in the Hamilton Conference, some years ago, was reading the hymn which commences thus:

"As round about Jerusalem, the hilly bulwarks stand."

In some strange way he got the line mixed, and read it,

"As round about Jerusalem, the bully hill-works stand."

Noticing that his audience seemed amused, he read it again exactly the same way, which did not tend to lessen the smiles that passed over the congregation. His wife explained matters to the preacher after he reached home.

A FEW years ago, Rev. B. F. Dimmick, D.D., then of Cleveland, O., was preaching an Epworth League sermon in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on Ezekiel's vision of the wheels. During the course of his sermon he made frequent reference to the "wheels," until at last the wheels began to move in the head of an old lady who occupied a prominent seat in the gallery. She attended church regularly, and while known to be "a little off,"

never seriously disturbed the service. Upon this occasion, however, she became very much excited, and just as the eloquent doctor was well into his peroration, sprang to her feet and began to shout, "wheels, wheels, wheels." A couple of men immediately picked her up and carried her from the church, but as she disappeared through the door, the congregation heard her screaming, "Wheels! Wheels! Wheels!" It was too much for the preacher, who brought his sermon to an abrupt close.

A PASTOR in the Montreal Conference was conducting a fellowship meeting at which a man in giving his testimony told of having recently attended some Menno nite services where the ceremony of feet-washing had been performed. He went on to say that he had been greatly impressed with it, and expressed the hope a similar service might be introduced into the Methodist Church. There was by no means unanimity of opinion on the question, for an old gentleman sprang to his feet excitedly, exclaiming, "I don't believe in it at all. There's no need for this feet-washing." Then he added, as a clincher, "Why, brethren, there are thousands of people in heaven who never washed their feet."

In the old Adelaide Street Methodist Church in London, quite a number of years ago, Rev. W. J. Hunter, D.D., was conducting service one Sunday evening, when quite a disturbance was caused by a free fight between a couple of women, one of whom was under the influence of liquor. They battered each other with fists and hymn books until two of the stewards succeeded in getting them apart, and removed both from the church. The struggle caused such a commotion that the pastor thought a little singing would have a soothing effect. He therefore asked some one to start a hymn. An old man who had "hoisted" the tunes for forty years, and was always ready with an appropriate hymn, immediately struck up:

"Then let us lawfully contend
And fight our passage through."

It was impossible for either preacher or congregation to refrain from laughter.

Hating the Poets.

The poet Whittier was one of the kindest of men. A lady who during her childhood was for a few days in the same house with him tells, in *The Youth's Companion*, a delightful anecdote concerning him:

She was of a dainty palate and a vehement tongue, and one day at dinner had declined to touch the chief dish served, declaring it was a kind of meat she "hated."

That afternoon she was curled up in a corner of the parlor sofa studying her grammar lesson, when Mr. Whittier came in and paused to speak to her. He inquired kindly what brought such an anxious pucker to her forehead, and she replied that she was parsing poetry.

"It's a great deal worse to parse than anything else," she added, quite forgetting in her vexation to whom she spoke. "I

don't see why people ever write it! They say things wrong end to, and hind side before, and every which way, that they might just as well say right out plain and not bother anybody! I hate poets!"

"Oh, no, no, no! Not hate!" protested the poet of the New England home, with a humorous gleam in his eye. "I dare say they're troublesome, but they needn't hate them. They shouldn't hate anything except wickedness, Abby,—not even pork and poets!"

A Speedy Answer.

A little five-year-old girl had been very naughty one day, and her mother sent her into a room by herself, and told her to ask God to forgive her, and not to come out until He had done so.

In an incredibly short time she came cheerfully into the family circle again. Her mother, taken by surprise, said:

"I thought I told you to stay in the room until God had forgiven you."

"Well," she answered, promptly, "I spoke to Him about it, and He said, 'Don't mention it, Miss Jones. You ain't so worse.'"

This is a true story.—*Epworth Herald*.

Danger Ahead.

Two brothers, grown men now, are fond of comparing past experiences. There was an old coffee-mill in the attic, which, as boys, they greatly desired to possess. One of them, Tom, by name, sought his mother and begged her to give it to them.

"I don't believe I can, Tom," said she, regretfully. "I should like to, but I'm afraid I can't."

"But why, mother?" urged Tom. "You don't use it."

"No, we don't use it."

"Then why won't you give it to us?"

"Well, dear, I'm afraid you and Ben will get quarrelling over it."

"O, no, we shan't!" cried Tom, eagerly. "You needn't be afraid of that, mother. I won't let Ben touch it!"

A Meeting in a Far Country.

An English war correspondent tells of the meeting at Cape Town of two officers newly arrived from different parts of up-country:

Rather lonely and a good deal bored, they scraped acquaintance and found one another agreeable. When the dinner hour came they agreed to dine together.

The keen edge of appetites having been taken off by a good dinner, the senior officer became a trifle more expansive.

"Do you know," said he, "I rather like you, and there's something about you that seems familiar, as if we had met before. I am Major S. of the —."

"Hello, are you?" said the other. "I'm Lieutenant S.—just joined—your youngest brother!"

There was an unheeded scene as the two khaki clad warriors sprang to their feet and pounded each other on the back—which is the Briton's way of falling on the neck and weeping. They had not met for years, and the baby brother had meantime sprouted into a tall youth with an incipient mustache.