

BLUE MONDAY.

Mixed Scripture.

It is not our custom to find food for fun in sacred things. And yet how often it happens that the most serious occasions are those in which the most forcible appeals are made to the sense of the ludicrous by some ridiculous expression! A Sunday or two since we were present at the opening exercises of one of our Sunday-schools, and were astounded to hear the superintendent pray that those there gathered might be enabled to know 'the chief of sinners and the altogether lovely.' The combination was almost equal to that of the colored brother who took for his text, "He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

L.

Church Organizations.

APPROPOS of the subject of the multiplicity of church organizations discussed in our last number, here is a good story from the *Bible Reader*:

"We asked an old colored preacher the other day how his church was getting on, and his answer was: 'Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder.' We ventured to ask the trouble, and he replied: 'De cieties, de cieties. Dey is just drawin' all the fatness an' marrow outen de body an' bones ob de blessed Lord's body. We can't do nuffin' wid-out de ciety. Dar is de Lincum Ciety, wid Sister Jones an' Brudder Brown to run it; Sister Williams mus' march in front ob de Daughters of Rebecca. Den dar is de Dorcas, de Marthas, de Daughters of Ham, an' de Liberian Ladies.' 'Well, you have the brethren to help in the church,' we suggested. 'No, sah. Dere am de Masons, de Odd Fellers, de Sons of Ham, an' de Oklahoma Promis' Land Pilgrims. Why, brudder, by de time de brudders an' sisters pays all de dues an' tends all de meetins, dere is nuffin left for Mount Pisgah Church, but jist de cob; de corn has all been shelled off an' frowed to dese speckled chickens.'"

"Great Success."

THE pointed editorial of last month on the word "*Grand*" suggested to me the experience of the good deacon. Our deacon had rather an optimistic turn of mind, which frequently found expression in the phrase, "It was a great success." His good wife sickened and died, and on returning home from the funeral, sad at heart, he dropped into a chair, sighed and said, "It was a great success."

G. R. W.

YARMOUTH, N. S.

The Reason.

It is always a matter for regret when a minister preaches in such a manner over the heads of his people that they are unable to catch the meaning of his sentences. On the other hand, it would be a matter for regret if he so lowered the standard of moral action that it would be an easy thing for any of his hearers to attain to it. In the utterance of truth he should strive to be so plain that none in his audience could fail to understand him. In his presentation of a standard of action he ought not to fall one whit behind the Master who enjoined, "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." If with a high ideal men are able to get no further than the low plane reached by the majority of them, it is almost distressing to think how unworthy would be their attainment should the ideal be lowered. "That was a good answer," says the *Boston Herald*, "that one of Brookline's best-known divines made the other night after prayer-meeting. Coming out of church, one of his parishioners said to him: 'Doctor, don't you know that it is impossible for any one to live up to your preaching in this world?' 'Ah,' said the genial reverend, 'don't you know that I have to blow at the rate of ten knots an hour to keep you fellows going at the rate of five?'"