

*CURIOUS INCIDENT IN ST.  
JAMES'S TORONTO.*

It was in the old days, before St. James was called a cathedral, or a Bishop of Toronto was thought of, and while the original frame church was still in existence. Dr. Baldwin, the father of the late Hon. Robt. Baldwin, had taken his seat, with his family, in the family pew, just before morning service. In the pew just across the passage or aisle was seated a man respectable looking enough, but evidently very poor and a stranger. The service began, and after it began, the owner of the pew walked up the aisle to enjoy the privileges of the Gospel and worship God in his pew. But on reaching it he discovers that it is already occupied; and of course he cannot allow his worship to be disturbed by the presence of a person whom nobody knows. So opening the door of his pew he points down the aisle to the man's proper place—the seats for the poor—and stands at the door till the intruder rises and beats a retreat. On seeing the stranger leaving the pew Dr. Baldwin rises, with Christian indignation, and opens *his* door; and taking the stranger by the arm is about to bring him in to share his pew. Mr. ——— cannot suppose for a moment that Dr. Baldwin is going to take the fellow to a seat beside himself, and naturally takes the other supposition that he too is indignant at his intrusion, and intends merely to escort him to the door. Of course Mr. ———'s courtesy will not allow this. He insists upon *his* right, as the owner of the pew whose sanctity had been invaded, to expel the intruder, unassisted, and so he grasps

the man's other arm and pulls him away from Dr. Baldwin. The Dr.'s spirit rouses, and he resolves that the man *shall not* be driven away, as if God's house belonged only to those who pay pew rents; he takes common ground with the man, as a brother Christian, and he pulls vigorously towards his pew. The more the Dr. pulls one way the more Mr. ——— pulls the other. And so they tug away at the unfortunate man. Pull away! Down to your proper place, sir! Down here near the door—says the pull on one side. Come to my seat, sir! There is room for you with me, says the other pull. And so the struggle goes on, until a clever jerk rescues the stranger from the indignant pew-owner, and lands him safely among the Dr.'s cushions.

“Ob what denomination are de chile? asked an old colored preacher down South,” who had brought to him an infant for Baptism. “Sah?” said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word denomination.” “I asked you ob what denomination de chile war,” repeated the minister, a little severely. The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment; then the father stammered out: “I doesn't know what you mean by 'denomination,' sah.” “Houh, you don't?” replied the preacher scornfully. “Well, den, I'll simplify it, 'cordin to yo' ig'nance so yo' kin understand it. Are de chile a boy or gal chile?”

The weariness of Jesus is a marvel full of pathos; and to tired souls and fatigue in these days is the normal state of Christian souls—it is full also of consolation.—*Faber.*