

and perhaps it may be wholesome for him as well as delightful for them. But if they could only see what he stops! In reading the "proof" of an eminent expositor lately, we were astounded to find him speaking of a passage of the Psalms as "this obscene and difficult verse." Of course the copy showed that the author had written "obscure."

A DISTINGUISHED speaker interrupted himself in an address to invoke a blessing on a friend. The compositor reversed the intention by one fine touch, and made it read, "My friend, Herick Johnson—whom may God bless?"

BUT there is this excuse for the amusing compositor, that his invention is often heavily taxed. In the "proof" of a renowned Doctor of Divinity recently, we found him speaking of "brills," which we could not understand. On examining the MS., it seemed to be "bulls," which was worse. At length we converged upon it two proof-readers, two college presidents and three editors, and to this tremendous pressure the word yielded up its true meaning of "bulk."

For the Prize.

THE MEANEST PARISHIONER.

THE CONTRIBUTOR—We were straining every nerve to put our house in a state of repair. The brethren who give had given as largely as they thought they could, at the first and then had again increased their contributions. So, one day I met one who had not yet given anything. I presented the case to his narrow mind as clearly as possible, and said to him: "Now, we *must* have new heaters, and I have arranged with the merchant to furnish them at actual cost."

In response he said: "I'll give you — (a certain amount). I took his name for the stated amount, and thinking all was well, reported to the Committee on Repairs. Thus it went on till the time of settlement with the pastor came, when the man had the cheek to contend that he ought also to have credit for the amount on the *pastor's salary*."

THE BEST PARISHIONER.—Soon after accepting the call of the church in A—(it was during the war), as I was leaving the house of my "best parishioner" one evening in November he said, as he helped me on with my overcoat: "You and I need new overcoats. Let us look for some to-morrow." The next day he ordered overcoats for himself and me just alike and, as he supposed, the best in the market, paying of course for both. The cloth proved to be, like much made during the war, "shoddy," and his overcoat was soon worn out. Mine, by special care, was made to do service till more than three years after. I was about removing to an-

other parish. As I was about leaving, my "best parishioner" took me to a merchant tailor and said to him, "I cheated Mr. B—once on an overcoat and I am ashamed of it, and now I want to make it right. Make him the best overcoat you can get up and send the bill to me." The order was promptly filled and the second overcoat was all that was ordered. N. S. B.

THE FRUIT GROWER.

The meanest man I have met during my ministry was in a fruit-growing district. I had just moved to the charge and was only acquainting myself with my people, when towards evening of a heavy day's pastoral visiting I tied my horse before a very comfortable home. The good wife met me at the door, and pointing to a building of considerable size, informed me that her husband was there. I entered, and with a hearty welcome the gentleman told me of the great success of his year's work. It was berry time, and the pickers came in one after another, all laden with the berries they had picked, until now the storehouse was nearly full. The owner told me of his large berry patch, and how well the crop had paid this year. He pointed with pride to the quantity of fruit stored there for the next market day. During the conversation, while telling me of the thousands of baskets of fruit he had, I stepped towards a large basket, which was filled with very fine fruit, and picking up a berry was about to place it in my mouth, when the owner, with stern and meaning tones, said, "Excuse me, sir, those berries *sell* for seven cents a basket." I dropped the berry, and commend this to you as a sample of superlative meanness.

ONTARIO.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.—An illustrative incident of the meanest parishioner I have ever known is this: In my congregation is a man who is so extremely pious that it hurts him: one of these goody-goody fellows. He prays for his church and pastor, that all may prosper, and goes to the Lord's Supper, but on the sly he tries to induce other members to go with him to another church. Still more, when I have induced some to join our church, he slyly tries to discourage them from taking the step. He is a veritable Judas. A. X.

A well-known clergyman (with a bad memory for names, but a very discriminating mind in the use of synonyms) had a member in his church by the name of Rapp. In one of the devotional meetings the pastor said: "Will Brother *Strike* please lead us in prayer?" Brother Rapp, taking in the situation, at once responded in prayer, while an audible smile was observable in the audience, and broke up the solemnity of the meeting. His synonym for Rapp, to say the least, was *very striking*.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

When Prof. A. E. Waffle was first called to the pastorate of the Lewisburg Baptist Church, a very pious but elderly sister was telling a neighbor that "our pastor, Rev. Mr. *Fan-cake*, is just splendid."