

THE *Methodist Recorder* tells of a good brother who is painfully addicted to the phrase "By the way." He is also a very cautious man, not apt to endorse any sentiment without second thought. The other day he was listening to a sermon of whose orthodoxy he was not quite sure, but by which his feelings, as well as those of the rest of the congregation, were powerfully affected. At the close of a stirring passage, and after the response of his neighbours had been vehemently spoken, just as the preacher was going on with his sermon, the excited, but cautious saint sang out: "*By the Way, AMEN!*" That must have been what John Paul calls a "climax."

A MINISTER had a negro in his family. One Sunday, when he was preaching, he happened to look into the pew where the negro was, and could hardly contain himself as he saw the negro, who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting he said to the negro, "Tom, what were you doing in the church?" "Taking notes, massa; all de gemmen takes notes." "Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought his notes, which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all the time that you was preaching it."

NO TIME TO WASTE IN MAKING MONEY.—A distinguished man of science was once approached by a wealthy practical man, and urged to turn his great powers to effect in making a fortune. To the great surprise of the man of business, the man of science responded, "But, my dear sir, *I have no time to waste in making money.*"

And has the Christian, who is consecrated to the cause and glory of God, has he, can he, have time to waste in making money?

A MINISTER once preached on the words "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." On leaving the church he asked one of his hearers what he thought of that sermon? "Well," was the hesitating reply. "It was able; but somehow or other I can't help thinking there is a God, after all."

JOHN VARNUM, JR., is a practical joker. A few Sundays ago, in returning from church, he was conversing with his wife on the subject of the sermon, and remarked that he couldn't believe saint and sinner ever dwelt so near together as the sermon represented. His wife intimated that they could, and instanced the following case: "Haven't you and I dwelt in the same house for several years?" This was a square on John, but he wormed out of it, and closed the case with the following argument: "Yes, to be sure; but did I ever call you a sinner?" Judgment for John, and no appeal.

A CERTAIN TRADESMAN was elevated to the important position of corporal in the militia. The next morning he began to practise the manual of arms in the back yard, using a hoe-handle for a musket. His wife heard him calling "Shoulder Arms!" "Present Arms!" "Right-wheel!" "Forward, March!" and then the sound of a fall. She ran to the window. Her husband had fallen down cellar. "Are you hurt, my dear?" she asked him. Go 'long in the house, woman!" he vociferated. "What do you know about war?"

DR. NEALE, when in Vienna, asked the waiter if there were any Baptists in the city, and he was referred to the "head cook." This reminds us of a fur trader, out West, who, after buying skins of the woman, in the absence of her husband, asked if there were any Presbyterians about there. "I guess not," was the reply: "my husband never shot any."

RESPONSES to prayers and sermons may be good if they come in at the right place. Not so, however, came in a response recently to a minister in an African church. He had come down from the pulpit to invite a stranger in one of the pews to preach for him, but was unsuccessful. "Brethren," he said, "I invited brother S—— to preach, but he declines." "Glory be to God!" roared out a man from the middle of the church.

One always has time enough, if he will apply it well.—*Goethe.*