

2. Fred H. Wines, Springfield, Ill., is very courteous in furnishing prison statistics, etc., and is a thoroughly competent authority.

3. Thirty-five Methodist ministers in the State of Michigan alone are sons of ministers. As large a proportion of ministers' sons as of any other profession have become noted. See recent number of the *Christian Intelligencer*, the *Canadian Presbyterian*, the *American Methodist*, etc., on this subject. The following are ministers' sons: The editor of the "Century," Senator Colquitt, Judge Stevens, of the U. S. Supr. Court, Cyrus W. Fields, Justice Brewer, Senator Hawley, Presidents Arthur and Cleveland, Bancroft, Potts, Holmes, Lowell, etc., etc. G. M. SMILEY.
CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

Blue Monday.

A CLERGYMAN in Canada sends the following: A good, earnest Christian woman, member of and class leader in my church, although engaged in business, was very attentive to her religious duties. Going right from the store to the church, she astonished the members of the class by announcing, "Hymn, Two dollars and a half." It is needless to say that the meeting was a brief one.

A wealthy member of my church, a representative of the Higher Life idea, and posing as an exceptionally good man, with his wife called on a sick young man belonging to the same congregation. After conversation and prayer, he kindly inquired if there was anything in the fruit line he could eat, and on his return home sent the invalid *one orange*.

The wife of this worthy, visiting a sick member of the church, informed her that whatever she gave to the poor she did by the direction of the Holy Spirit, and she had been thus directed to bring her this, handing her as she spoke *one half pound of biscuits*.

In a certain theological seminary, a student translated the *reem* of the Psalms, according to the Authorized Version, as the "unicorn." "What is the unicorn?" demanded the professor. With confused memories of Gesenius' definition in mind, the young man answered, "A fabulous animal found only in Thibet!"

HOW TO SECURE A RESPECTABLE MARRIAGE FEE.

In conversation with a brother minister not long since, the conversation turned on the paltry marriage fees which we had received. "Well," said he, "I have hit upon a good plan to secure a respectable fee from those close-fisted fellows. They, of course, generally ask in a low tone, 'What is your charge, sir.' I smilingly reply, 'Only half the value of the bride.' It works like a charm.

G. R. WHITE.

YARMOUTH, N. S., Canada.

A MINISTER was speaking to a parishioner of the goodness of God, when a disputatious unbeliever inquired, "How can you reconcile the goodness of God with his killing men for offering strange fire, which didn't hurt Him?" The pastor replied, "Did you ever know a farmer who was so merciful that he wouldn't kill the wolves to save the sheep?" To which the objector frankly answered, "I'm beat!"

A MOVING DISCOURSE.—There were three of us fellow students for the ministry in the old North Salem Academy, getting ready for college. H. was a bright young man who had already been preaching for two or three years and who is now a successful New England pastor. A. was a young man, pious as he was poor and stupid, who had been exercising his gifts for a shorter period. One Sunday when I was absent on a visit home, A. went out to preach to a rural congregation in a school-house at ———, and H. accompanied him to keep him in countenance. On Monday I asked H., "Well, what sort of a sermon did A. preach?" With wonderful gravity he answered: "*A Moving Discourse!*" "What do you mean?" said I. With a voice as if from his boots, he replied: "I thought it was a moving discourse. When A. finished preaching I was the only one left in the house!" Wasn't it a moving discourse? Poor A. went home long ago, but judging from the complaints about "empty churches," the "moving discourses" did not end with him, though the time required for their full effect may have been somewhat extended.

SOMETIMES "Blue Monday" gets relief without going out of the parsonage. Little three-year-old Kent heard his elder ten-year-old brother call several things relevant and irrelevant, "chestnuts." Kent upset the spiritual gravity of the whole family one day when grace had been pronounced at dinner by saying, with some disgust, "Don't, say Amen, papa, *that's a chestnut!*"

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTE.—Rev. Peter Clark, of Belmont, N. H., was a noted wit. One day a company of young men gathered in the post-office, saw "Elder Clark" coming. "Now for some sport" I said one. The Elder stepped into the office, when one of them said, "Good morning, Elder, have you heard the news?" "No," replied, the venerable man, "What is it?" "The Devil is dead!" said the would-be-wit. "Ah," said the minister, as he took a piece of money from his pocket and handed it to the fellow. "I always make it a point to help fatherless children." R. W. CHURCHILL,
SACO, ME.

Humors of the Type.

CRITICS come down on the editor fearfully when a typographical blunder slips through,