

## The Fireside.

### THE NEW THEOLOGY.

Well, you're hum once't agin with the  
old foks,  
On the old ranch where you was  
born,  
Where you chased the jack-rabbits  
Towser,  
And helped dad to stack up the  
corn.

Sure my boy, we are happy to see  
you,  
Bin countin' the days till you come;  
Yer ma and I both hev bin waitin',  
Impatient to welcome you hum.

Mighty glad that you got yer diplo-  
mer,  
Right proud of the honors you  
won;  
We allowed that a good edication  
Would help you to prosper, my  
son.

Your folks haint been famous for  
larnin',  
Yer father, my son, had no show;  
Fer I had to work hard for alivin',  
From mornin' till night, with my  
hoe.

But when the Lord sent our boy baby,  
The only one born on our ranch;  
We made up our minds we 'd be  
savin',  
To give that ar baby a chance.

'Tween times, when our boy was yet  
little,  
As we lived miles away from a  
school,

We larned him to read with our Bible  
So he might not be reckoned a  
fool.

Then when our boy growed up to be  
older,  
Began to be middlin' tall,  
He could read any part of the Bible,  
Pronouncin' the hard names and all.

And then ma and me liked to lis'en,  
While he read us a chapter or two;  
And we never got tired of them  
stories,  
Which all of reckoned was true.

He would read about good faithful  
Daniel,  
Protected by God's mighty power;  
And Job, and Elijah, and Jonah,  
And we 'd lis'en to him by the hour.

But when he would read about Jesus  
I reckon we liked that the best;  
For we all seemed to find in his  
sayin's,  
A feelin' of comfort and rest.

But since you 've come back from  
college,  
Your notions don't seem as of old,  
And I 'm little afear'd that your  
larnin'  
Has pushed your faith out in the  
cold.

When you read how Christ walked  
on the water,  
Or fed the five thousand, you  
know,  
You hint that the Book is mistaken,  
And I 'm feared that you think it  
'taint so.

You say there is fixed laws in natur'—

A fact every scholar must see,—  
That nothin' can ever upset 'em,  
So miracles never could be.

Now, I said I believed in folks larnin'  
As much as they kin at the schools,  
But larnin' don't always make wis-  
dom,  
And some larned scholars are fools.

I reckon we ought to be careful,  
(Though we mightn't all think in  
accord),  
To remember, with all of our larnin',  
We don't know as much as the  
Lord.

And if the Lord gives us the Bible,  
I guess what we find thar is true;  
And if we pertend to believe it,  
We must hold to it all the way  
through.

There is greatness in knowledge and  
larnin',  
In the service of sich men as Paul;  
There is greatness in what we call  
reason,  
But God's Word is the greatest of  
all.

And I guess, when as old as your  
father,  
You 'll find it your heart's greatest  
joy,  
To read over again the old Bible,  
And believe as you did when a boy.  
—Frank Beard, in the Ram's Horn.

### THE CLERK WITH A CONSCIENCE.

I was in one of Boston's largest  
dry goods stores the other day. In  
my hand was a sample, which had  
been sent me by mail, of a certain  
piece of black dress goods, which I  
wished to procure. The friend who  
was with me also wished to purchase  
black dress goods; so we decided to  
look for hers first, since I already  
knew what I wanted.

After trying in vain to receive  
courteous attention from two differ-  
ent clerks, one of whom was busy  
(?) with a box of samples, and the  
other with invisible specks on his  
coat, we turned to a third clerk,  
rather timidly, for we were not sure  
of the reception we should receive.

He was making out a sale slip, but  
he turned at once. "Certainly, mad-  
am, I have just what you want. I  
will wait on you in a moment."

His tone was so different from  
what we had come to expect that we  
would willingly have waited half an  
hour for him to finish what he was  
doing. In a few seconds, however,  
he was at leisure, and piece after  
piece of dress goods was displayed  
for our inspection.

My friend made her selection, and  
then I showed him my sample. At  
once he glanced at the slits cut in the  
sides of the tiny piece of goods.

"That isn't one of my samples,"  
he remarked. "I will ask the clerk  
who mailed this sample to wait on  
you."

"But I don't want any other clerk  
to wait on me," I responded hastily,  
fearing that my sample might have  
come originally from one of the dis-



## Travellers and Tourists

Travelling from place to place are subject to all kinds  
of Bowel Complaint on account of change of water,  
diet and temperature.

## Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry

is a sure cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic,  
Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Seasickness, Cholera,  
Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Com-  
plaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels in Children and  
Adults.

Its effects are marvellous.

It acts like a charm.

Relief is almost instantaneous.

Does not leave the Bowels in a constipated condition.

courteous clerks whom we first en-  
countered. "I want you to have this  
sale."

"If you had asked for goods of  
that quality, width and price, without  
showing me the sample, I could have  
found it for you at once," he replied  
with a smile. "But now this sale be-  
longs to the clerk who sent out the  
sample."

"Then I won't give you this sample  
to hunt it up by," I said, wishing to  
see whether I could carry my point.  
"No one knows, except my friend,  
that you have seen it." And I pro-  
ceeded to tuck it away in my purse.

"But I know that I have seen it,  
and my conscience knows it," and he  
laughingly laid his hand on his heart  
as he turned to look for the other  
clerk.

In a moment he returned. The  
other clerk was at lunch. What a  
sigh of relief we gave!

"I will make out the sale, and  
turn it over to him when he comes  
in," our salesman said, displaying the  
shining black folds of the goods I  
desired.

As he made out his slip sale, cred-  
iting the goods to "the office" instead  
of to his own number, I could not  
but admire the fine quality of that  
man's honesty. In a matter where  
no one would have been the wiser he  
was true to himself. He did as he  
would have been done by. And in  
making future purchases in that de-  
partment I shall always look for my  
"clerk with a conscience."—Ella T.  
Maynard, in Christian Endeavor  
World.

### AN EXAMPLE OF INDIVIDUAL WORK.

Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, in his  
"Individual Work for Individuals,"  
gives a beautiful illustration of per-  
sonal work:

"A Y.M.C.A. worker was going to  
Montreal to attend an International  
Convention. As the train approached  
the city, a bright young man came  
into the train to advertise a promi-  
nent hotel in Montreal. He inquired  
of the young man the location and  
advantages of the house, and the  
young man became quite eloquent in  
describing them, and convinced the  
gentleman. He agreed to take a room  
and then turned the subject by ask-  
ing, 'My young friend are you a fol-  
lower of Jesus?' 'I cannot say that  
I am, sir.' 'Still,' said the gentle-  
man, 'if you were in Christ's service  
and plead as earnestly for his cause  
as you did for the hotel you repre-  
sent, you would be a valuable helper  
to your Master, and might do a great  
deal of good to others.'

"Several years passed away. The  
gentleman was sitting in his private  
office in a New England city, and  
happened to call out a question to  
some one in the hallway. Almost  
immediately a strange young man  
appeared at the door and said: 'Ex-  
cuse me, but did you not attend a  
convention in Montreal several sum-  
mers ago?' 'Yes, but what of that?'  
'Do you remember speaking to a  
young man on the cars and telling  
him you wished he were working as  
faithfully for Jesus as he was then  
working for a hotel in Montreal?'