

A Rhyme For Modern Bible Critics.

A minister at one time did essay
To teach his flock the right baptismal way;
Said he, "Immersion certainly is wrong;
Which I can prove by evidence most strong,"
And thus he did attempt to prove his point,
Which seem'd to me a trifling out of joint:

he, "The Bible does not always mean
exactly what upon its face is seen.
It's 'into,' simple word! Indeed and small;
really doesn't mean 'into,' at all!
or Moses, we are told, of old time went
'into' the mount, where forty days he
stayed;

Our Saviour too, when low with sorrow bent
'into' the mountain oftentimes went and
prayed.

And I am sure you all will say with me—
For all on point so simple must agree—
That neither up 'into' the mountain went,
That 'into' is the word that's really meant.
Thus Jesus did not, as some seek to show,
When by John baptized into Jordan go;
But 'unto,' near it, close down to its side,
Where John the water to his head applied."

Thus having, as he thought, most clearly
shown
The sprinkling method right, he then sat
down.

The brethren rose, and spoke the joy they
felt,
And thanked their pastor for the way he'd
dealt
With matters they approached with great-
est fear,
But which his fine discourse had made so
clear.
And each one told, with hearts aglow and
light,
How glad they were that they were there
that night.

Then rose a gent of old Pontonic race,
Whose form good feeding never would dis-
grace;
And to the preacher thus himself address'd,
In words of broken English, tho' his best:

"O Mr. Breacher, I fish glad
Dat I vas here to-night,
'Tis certain that your wise discourse
Has set mine doubts to right.
And many, many times dat I
Could not pelf before,
Now to this little mint of mine
Grow clearer and more.
Ve read dat Daniel was thrown
'into' te lion's den,
And, sir, dat he escap't derefrom,
Alife, unharmt agen;
I infer could, mine honored friend,
Pelf dis story quite,
And now I clearly see it coult
Not possibly be right.
For if, indeed, mine friend, he had
'into,' te ten peen thrown,
Te lions coult have eat him up,
And never left a prone.
Thush 'unto' ish te proper vord,
Shust somewhere fery near,
Where he te angry howlings of
Te hungry beasts coult hear;
Where too, te beasts on him coult feast!
Dere greedy eyes, with vops
Of fery lascivious, tainty fare,
Ant longing lick dere mouths.
But I vas understand it now,
For all ish clear as light,
Ant I vas, O, so fery glad
Dat I vas here to-night.

"Agen, te Hephrew chiltren too,
Ve read, vere heatlong cast
'into' te fiery furnace, mit
Its sefen-fold heated plast;
Ant dey, we read, came out alive,
Mit out a hair being singed;
A tale, mine friend, I plainly see,
Mit romance so nevhat tinged;
For surely, if dey really had
'into' te fire peen thrown,
Dey coult, of course, haf peen purnt up,
Ant novding of dem know.
But, tanks to you, I understand
Dese passages aright.
Ant I vas, O, so fery glad
Dat I vas here to-night.

"Ant den agen, mine friend, we read
Of Shonah and te vialie,
Vhat always seem't to me to be
A peeg fesh sort of tale;
Of how te sailors threw him, sir,
'into' te raging sea,
And how te peeg fesh culpt him town
As quick, sir, as coult pe.
Now dis agen, sir, I percelf
Ish wrong mitout a doubt,
And people, sir, are fery wrong
To spreat such tales about.
He vas not thrown 'into' te sea,
Or else he coult be drown't;
Nor in te pelly of te vialie
Did he go scamp'ing round.
And now, sir, it appears to me,
Te more I dink it 'er,
He merely shunt on to its pack,
Ant quickly rote ashore.
My tanks I gif you, sir, for now
I understand it right,
Ant I vas, O, so fery glad
Dat I vas here to-night."

—The Colporter.

In A Country Parish.

"My mother says your father
an't preach half so well as Dr.—,
who vas here before your father
came."

This was the thrust the son of a
parishioner gave to the minister's
son on the way home from school
one day. The two boys had had an
unpleasantness about some trivial
matter, and had been trying, as boys
will, to "get even" with each other.
If there is anybody in the world
a boy takes pride in it is his father.
Of course, this thrust of his com-
panion cut the minister's boy to the
heart. With indignation showing
itself in every feature of his face
and in his manner, he walked into

the parsonage gate. Rushing to his
father's study, he opened the door
without his usual quiet knocking,
and, although his father's head was
resting on his hand and his elbow
leaning heavily on an unfinished
sermon which was perplexing his
theological brain his boy came
bringing in the last feather that
broke the camel's back.

"Father, Mrs. B.—does not
like you at all; she says you don't
know how to preach, and Dr.—,
who was here before you came, is a
great deal better preacher than you
are."

Now Mrs. B.—was one of the
minister's most loyal, helpful pa-
rishioners, to all appearance, and
these words of his boy's were like a
clap of thunder out of a clear sky.

"Sit down, my son, he said quietly,
"and don't get so excited."

The boy burst into tears as he
said: "But, papa, you do preach
just as well as Dr.—; I know you
do, and I was so angry when Sam
said you didn't that I knocked him
down. If he had said anything bad
about me I would not have cared;
but I am your champion, papa, and
I could not hear you talked about in
that way."

"You knocked Sam down, my
son? I am very, very sorry. I ap-
preciate your loyalty to me, but I
would far rather you had left him
and resisted the temptation of letting
your temper get the better, even in
my defence. Men in public service,
of whatever kind, even in the work
of their Lord and Master, expect to
be criticised."

But notwithstanding this quiet
talk with his boy, after he had left
the study the father paced up and
down the floor. Sam's mother had
heretofore been one of his most loyal
and helpful parishioners, and it did
hurt him that she had spoken so
depreciatingly of his services before
her boy. She had a right to her
opinion, of course, but it troubled
him, and being a sensitive man, he
let the mole-hill become a mountain.

The story went on the wings of
the wind all over the town—the
minister's son had knocked Sam B.—
down! To think of it, the min-
ister's son! And Sam B.—went
home crying to his mother, and
she felt at first as if she would go
right to the parsonage and tell the
minister. But on second thought
she began to investigate the cause
of the trouble. Sam had not told
the part he had taken in the affair.
Finally the mother got at the truth
of the story. But she could not
remember having ever made any
such remarks about the minister as
Sam had reported.

But you did, mamma, said Sam,
at the table when we had company
last week.

Then Sam's mother remembered
that she had said that "he present
minister was a better pastor than
the former one, but not as good a
preacher." And Sam had told his
own version of the story.

She was very loyal to the min-
ister, and felt that being a good pastor
is one of the most essential charac-
teristics of a country minister. She
knew that her boy's way of telling
over her remark would hurt the
good man who had so faithfully tried
to do his duty to his people. She
was a just woman, and so she took
her boy and went over to the
minister's. In the study she and
Sam and the minister's boy had the
matter set right, and the boys, in
the common parlance of schoolboys,
made up.

It was a little matter, but it if
had been allowed to go on in its
false light it would have made un-
pleasantness between loyal friends,
and the minister being human, like
the rest of mankind so long as they
are in the flesh, would have had a
sort of aggrieved feeling, which
might have hurt the bond of union
between the pastor and one of his
helpers.

It is greatly to be deplored that
pastors, their sermons and work, are
discussed, oftentimes in a depreciat-
ing manner, as is done by older
people before children. Mrs. B.—'s
remarks were not an offence, but
they made the impression upon her
boy that his mother did not like the
minister's preaching.

This is a true incident, and is
given to show how oftentimes indis-
creet remarks before children bring
about unhappy and sad results.
The minister's son, in his indigna-
tion, magnified the "slight" cast
upon his father, too. "Behold what
a great fire a little matter kindleth!"
if it is not relieved of its combust-
ible additions. It is not what is
said that always makes the trouble,
but the manner in which it is re-
peated. We wd that every boy had
a mother whose sense of justice was
as keen as Sam B.—'s mother's.—
Exchange.

Sermons from the Backwoods

I said in my haste, All men are liars.
—Psalm 116: 11.

David said in his haste, All men
are liars. It is generally supposed
that he regretted the remark as an
outburst of temper, but I have seen
nothing to convince me that David
retracted the sweeping charge.

David had an imperial way about
him, even in his sins and weaknesses,
as well as in his praiseworthy
actions. When he fought, he fought
giant; when he sang, he made his
centuries. When he gave, he gave
magnificently and surprised
himself—so much so that he ex-
claimed: "What am I that I
should be allowed to give after this
sort?" When he sinned, he sinned
imperially as though the world was
all for him. When he confessed, he
confessed with contrition the record
of which has set millions of readers
weeping. In this same superb style
David charges the race with lying,
and though he declares that he said
it in haste, he does not take back
an iota of it.

The psalmist seems to regret that
he let his thoughts out. He forgot
to tie a string to the words. He
certainly showed want of policy.
Had he said, All men but one are
liars, he would have retained some
friends. Numbers of his acquaint-
ances would have supposed them-
selves the exception. But he cut
such a wide swath that he must
have managed to arouse anger
throughout a large circle. Learn,
dearly beloved, from David's example
not to talk in haste. Don't dump
your heart in a hurry. It would
have been just as well had David
said, Some men are liars, or, A great
many men are liars. Either remark
made in response to a statement
too severe for the backbone of one's
credulity would be intelligible to
the average liar. Do not say too
much at once then. Leave room
for something more.

Brethren, it is not for the likes
of a humble man like myself to dis-
pute what David says. I am in-
clined to believe what he states.
His words have been a great com-
fort to me at times. I recall them
when you make excuses for duties
undone, or give way to scandalous
and uncharitable talk about one
another. Then I remember David's
assertion and say to myself: "Poor
things, they are built that way.
'Tis their nature." But I do not
want to preach long or often on the
text because it is too indefinite.
When I say, All men are sinners,
you smile your assent, or say, That's
so, dominie. When I rebuke you
in person with a Thru art the man
kind of a clincher, you object to be
called a thief, or a liar, or even a
sinner at arm's length, but it is that
kind of preaching that reaches you.
That is the talk which best does
what the old New England deacon
asked the Lord to do. "Lord," said
he, "hold these sinners over hell fire
till they see what they are by nature
and what they ought to be by grace."
I am refreshed as I remember that
David once upon a time let his
tongue slip, and without reserve ex-
pressed his own mind, and the mind
of some of the rest of us. But some
things that David did you and I
cannot always, with propriety, do.

PETER PECULIAR.
in N. Y. Observer.

Stewardship.

"No man is thoroughly converted
until his piety reaches his pocket."
So said a Christian layman who had
earned the right to say it. Let the
words ring in men's ears. For few,
how very few, have learned the
blessedness of noble, bountiful, cheer-
ful giving. Paul, who everywhere
urged and organized the charity of
the churches, has told us how "the
Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and
blesseth him that soweth bountifully."
He warns us against the "covetous-
ness which is idolatry"—which
makes money our god. And he
urgently enjoins upon the rich the
duty of a bountiful liberality. The
New Testament doctrine of owner-
ship and giving is summed up in one
word—stewardship.

Dr. Herman Boker says:
A liberal heart will have a liberal
hand, be it full or empty. The most
beautiful examples of charitable
giving are found alike among the
rich and the poor. None are so low
or so destitute but that they may
equal the princes of the earth in
charity. Their mites may even out-
strip, in their beauty and reward,
the largest bestowing of the wealthy.
If riches make us proud, and forget-
ful of our ill deservings, they will
harden the heart. But if they be
received as the largesses of heaven,
and our unworthiness be deeply
tasted in them, we shall delight to
use them for the good of others.

Chrysostom says:
You go into the church to obtain
mercy; first show mercy. Make
God your debtor, and then you may
ask of him and receive with usury.
We are not heard barely for the
lifting up of our hands. Stretch
forth your hands not only to heaven,
but to the poor. If you stretch
out your hands to the poor, you
touch the very height of heaven;
for he who sits there receives your
alms. But if you lift up barren
hands it profits nothing.

Lord Bacon wrote:
Difer not charities till death. He
that doth so is rather liberal of
another man's than of his own.

John Harris says:

A life of benevolence, ending in
a munificent bequest, is like a glori-
ous sunset—a summer's day. But
he who withholds his hand from
deeds of benevolence until his last
hour, surrenders his property to
death rather than devotes it to God.

Sir Thomas Browne writes:
I give no alms merely to satisfy
the hunger of my brother, but to
fulfill and accomplish the will and
command of God. I draw not my
purse for his sake who demand,
but for him who enjoys it. I relieve
no man upon the rhetoric of his
miseries, not to content my own
commiserating disposition, for this
is still but moral charity, and an
act that oweth more to passion than
to reason. He that relieves another
upon the bare suggestion of pity
doth not this so much for his sake
who is pitted as for his own: for by
compassion we make others' miseries
our own, and so by relieving them
we relieve ourselves also.—Herald
& Presbyterian.

A Graceful Act.

It came under my own eye—this
picture that I am about to show you.
A lady and gentleman entered a car
and sat down, talking together.
The former had in her hand a small
bouquet of lovely flowers, sweet peas,
heliotrope, pinks, etc., which she
seemed to enjoy very much. The
car passed on, and presently stopped
at another station. Among the
passengers who got on at this station
were two who attracted some atten-
tion, a middle-aged man and a feeble,
white-haired old lady. They be-
longed evidently to the respectable
poor, although they were neatly
dressed. The man gently led the
old lady to a seat by the window,
and tried his best to make her com-
fortable. Her bonnet was taken
off, and a little scarf tied loosely
over her head took its place.

The lady opposite, with the flow-
ers, was interested at once in the
sick woman.
Pity shone in her eyes as she saw
the sorrowful white face grow whiter
—the poor invalid getting faint
from the heat and closeness of the
car. The middle-aged man—her son
—put the window up, so that the
breeze could fan the sick woman's
cheeks, and then arranged a small
pillow on the back of the seat for
the weary old head. As he was
about to sit down, the lady across
the aisle remarked in a low voice:

"I'm sorry she is so sick. I wish
I could do something for her."
And he answered in almost a
whisper, "Thank you. She's had a
stroke of paralysis, and is very weak
but—There was no more said, his
heart and voice were full.
"Please give her these."

The flowers were passed over, and
put into the frail, pale hands. The
tired eyes opened and saw the sweet
gift, and then closed again. Pre-
sently, while the eyes were still
closed, the pale hand lifted them up
to the pale face, then they were put
down again; but they had comfort-
ed. After awhile the weary eyes
opened, and the flowers were looked
at and smiled of again and again.

The husband of the lady across
the aisle said very quietly:
"Why, my dear, I thought you
wanted those flowers to wear?"
"I did," she whispered, "but I
do not want them now. See how
they comfort her."—Chris. at Work.

Even in Affliction.

A girl, belonging to a church
society, went to call upon a cripple,
taking some sweet spring flowers to
the invalid. After a little conver-
sation the visitor asked:

"Don't you get tired of being tied
to that bed day and night, Miss
Grey, week after week?"
"Yes, I think I do sometimes;
that is, I grow bodily tired," was the
response. "But I try not to think
of that. I only want to remember
that God is good and merciful. In
his love he spared me, even though
I am a cripple, to live that I might
learn to love him here. You see,
before I was hurt, I never thought
about him as being a real Friend
and Helper. But since I have been
compelled to lie here quiet and help-
less, I can even find joy and thank-
fulness in my affliction; I live to serve
him, and that crowds almost every
other thought out.

And the one who had come to
minister went away feeling that she
had received more than she had given
during that brief visit. "Joy and
thankfulness in affliction." Truly,
only those who know him for the
loving Saviour that he is, can say
this.—Young People's Weekly.

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson,
Cameron, states: "I was confined to
my bed with inflammation of the lungs,
and was given up by the physicians.
A neighbor advised me to try Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his
wife has used it for a throat trouble
with the best results. Acting on his
advice, I procured the medicine, and
less than a half a bottle cured me. I
certainly believe it saved my life. It
was with reluctance that I consented
to a trial, as I was reduced to such a
state that I doubted the power of any
remedy to do me any good."

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Mats, (English, all imported direct). Our
such articles of diet that a constitution may
be gradually built up until strong enough
to resist every tendency to disease. Hun-
dreds of subtle maladies are floating around
us ready to attack wherever there is a
weak point. We may escape many a fatal
shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified
with pure blood and a properly nourished
frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

James G. McNally.

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