

THE BOILER-ROOM BIBLE CLASS.

"I never knowed one," said Shapleigh, rolling a huge tobacco quid from side to side of his ample jaw. "I've seen pious people of most all professions, but I never did see a pious 'puddler,' an' I've ben in the Steel Works goin' onto twenty-nine years."

"Well," said his comrade, "you're bound to be surprised then; this Jones is coming here as boss puddler, and Wheeler told me he saw the same man teaching Sunday-school class up the North End."

"He must hev ben mistaken," was the positive answer.

But he was not. The "boss puddler," Mr. Jones, took his place in the steel works the next morning, and the brawny men that made up his gang waited in silence for the first orders. They came as soon as he had taken a deliberate survey of the premises.

"He knows his business," said Shapleigh, as his friend stood beside him a few hours after the new boss had come.

"Do you think that he is pious?" inquired the other, anxiously.

"Pious! no sir! he ain't no lamb; he's a reg'lar lion. Did kou see him pick up that crucible? There isn't another man in the Works that can do it as easily as he did."

A number of days passed, and the men came to like their new overseer extremely; but it began to be whispered about among them that he hadn't sworn since he had been there.

"That's all right," said Shapleigh; he isn't acquainted, an' don't like to branch out just yet. Wait awhile until young Connors breaks something, an' then, you mark my words, he will just lift the roof."

Connors blundered, bent, and broke, with all his unfortunate might, but no oath came from the boss. The matter was growing serious. Perhaps, after all, "Brother Jones," for so he was called by the younger men, was pious. Before they had opportunity to speculate further, the object of all this anxious inquiry settled the question forever by a few simple words.

"Shapleigh," he began, "I heard a sermon last winter, in which the preacher said that there was no real devil—that what we thought was the devil was really only the bad that was in us from the beginning."

"Well, perhaps he knows as much about it as any of 'em."

"I don't know about that," said the boss, in his shrewd, matter-of-fact way. "I thought as long as he took his text from the Bible, I would see if the same book would prove him wrong."

"An' it did?"

"Oh, I haven't tried it yet. Come out in the boiler-house after the next heat, and you shall keep tally while I hunt up the places."

Before the other man could demur he was gone.

"The Boiler-house," thought Shapleigh, "that is where all the puddlers loaf and smoke between heats."

True to the appointment, Shapleigh was on hand, and soon the two were discussing passages that the pocket concordance pointed out. Before long everyone present was deeply interested in the search, and

when the whistle blew, Jones said, carelessly:

"Some of you fellows hunt up another Bible for tomorrow, will you? and, Thompson, you bring a pencil and some paper to keep account of the points. Look alive now, boys, or our heat will be late!"

The next day, three brought Bibles and finished the question to their hearts' content, agreeing solemnly that the Bible taught a personal devil.

Another question was raised by one of the men, and settled the same way. The profane puddlers, so suddenly transformed into Bible students, began to be interested in their novel work. Their boss was so popular, so much one of themselves, that they never imagined a trap, and when he proposed that they go into a Bible class up town for one Sunday, just to see what a "real professional" would say with regard to the question that they had settled, every one agreed.

The next Sabbath they were all in the class named, much to the surprise of the worthy teacher.

"You didn't tell him we was comin'?" said Shapleigh to his overseer, with sudden suspicion.

"Not a word," was the earnest reply.

They listened with respectful gravity throughout the lesson, and one or two made brief comments.

The next Sunday three of them went again, and ere long all but one had joined the class.

"Boss," said Shapleigh one morning as they worked side by side, "I'm feelin' pretty good today."

"Are you?" said the other.

"Yes, an' I'll tell you why. Thompson an' I was readin' of that verse where it tells about a person's sins being all blotted clean out, an' we made up our minds that it was jest exactly what we wanted; so we prayed, an' boss, I can't tell you how I feel, but"—here the old man's voice broke, and his eyes filled—"I've been praying ever since, an' I'm so happy that I just have to hold myself to keep from shoutin' out that tune that they sing up thar, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

All but one of "Brother Jones'" class found the Master; and now to find in the Steel Works a puddler that swears, is as rare as it formerly was to find one that did not.—H. C. P., in the Safeguard.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE LOST?

A certain evangelist is using a card on one side of which is the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and following it are the Scriptures which point out the way of Salvation. On the other side of the card is the question, "What must I do to be lost?" and the answers follow, "Nothing."—Sel.

A GOOD WAKING THOUGHT.

Shortly before her death in 1845 Elizabeth Fry said to her daughter: "Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or night, without my first waking thought being how I might serve my Lord."—Christian Life.

MODERN RELIGION.

"Religion up-to-date" is the name that might be applied to much of the modern popular religion that passes under the name of Christian. Why cannot real Bible Christians affiliate with and fellowship this type of religion that is prevalent in most of the churches? There have been many answers made to this question, but we would summarize what has been said by adding that much of the present-day religion is man-made and is not the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We cannot discuss at length the fellowship of the world which is the common practice in many religious circles, and many of the kindred evils; but we do wish to mention briefly one or two of these modern heresies. The doctrine is being freely taught that the virgin birth of Christ is contrary to all reason and science, and acceptance of this Bible doctrine is unnecessary for Christians; that Jesus Christ is the son of God in the same sense that the rest of us are the sons of God, being His offspring; and that He is divine, yes, because we are all divine; religious discipline consists in developing character and manliness and is a spiritual exercise. And so we might go on at length.

We do not exaggerate these statements, for they are far more flagrant than we could possibly paint them. The extent to which these and similar errors are prevalent is not only serious, but alarming. When Jesus comes will He find faith on the earth? It is doubtful if there will be a great deal of genuine faith, if the present rate of defection continues. "Our Hope" reports that during the Protestant Episcopal General Convention in St. Louis recently, Bishop Lawrence said that the development of individual character means the development of Christianity. He said, "A friend of mine called football the most spiritual game because it develops discipline, self-restraint and character. All of these make for religion." He then added, "A child can get religion on the playground, or anywhere he can get growth of character."

According to this, the more a person develops character by discipline and self-restraint and if he lives decently, the more religion he has. The same conditions prevalent in the time of St. Paul are with us still. Describing the times in which he lived the Apostle wrote: "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted to the righteousness of God." The only escape from this condition is for true Christians to so live under the anointing and power of the Spirit that superficial Christians will be brought under conviction and thus be brought out into the light of God.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Its good to have money, and things that money can buy, but its good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things money can't buy.—Wiregrass Farmer.

"Now and then some preacher marries a woman who is part butterfly and part yellow-jacket, and immediately his church grows into a hornet's nest."