

Poetry.

I received the other day, a telegram from a good old man in Cincinnati; a man who always favored me when I was a mischievous youngster, and always made the most of me when I deserved the least. His telegram, which I reproduce here, set me thinking about

"COLONEL JONES."

Cincinnati, July 15.
"Sixty to-day. May you be as young at my age."
A. E. Jones."

Short of six feet stood Colonel Jones.
"Good man, old man!"
Steady his steps and strong his bones,
And he laughed and he sang in rollicking tones;
He mocked at fatigue, and he laughed at the storm,
For his heart was as young as his blood was warm.
His speech was fair
And his shoulder square,
When old Time shouted in heartiest tones,
"Morning! You're sixty, Colonel Jones."
Of honest old stock came Colonel Jones,
"Good man, old man."
Proud of the lineage he bears and owns
That mocked at scepters and struck at thrones,
That shouted defiance at old King George,
And shivered and hungered at Valley Forge;
Dishonor and shame
Cannot touch the name
Baptized in that fountain of tears and moans,
And it fits him splendidly, "Colonel Jones."
So to the front stepped Colonel Jones,
"Good man, old man."
When Sumpter's guns and Freedom's moans
Were echoing Treason's hateful tones;
He girt on the sword that his grandfathers wore,
And he threw the scabbard away and swore
That the sword he draws
In Freedom's cause,
Shall never go back till the old flag owns
Every star in the union, said Colonel Jones.
But his frame grew old, though his heart kept young
"Good man old man!"
And he cheerily wrought with pen and tongue,
And he joined in the songs that his children sung;
Till the slow bells tolled from the spire one day,
And Alfred the first born was taken away;
Then the wedding bells chimed, as the years went on,
And Nettie, the darling, was married and gone,
And the tears will rise
In the old blue eyes,
And a tremor comes into the hearty tones,
"Ah, the Lord knows best," says Colonel Jones.
So the years flow by like a placid stream,
"Good man, old man!"
And the old man's eyes with the young light beam;
Like the murmuring tide with its ebb and flow
His children's voices come and go;
Sweet old time memories, o'er and o'er
Like the splashing fountain beside his door,
Creep into his life, with their dreamy flow
And carry him back to the "Long ago."
So melts his day
Into evening gray,
Till the good Lord's angel, in gentle tones,
Says, "Time is done with you, Colonel Jones."
R. J. B.

Family Circle.

Dr. Moffatt's Anecdotes of a Bechuana Dog and an enemy Overcome.

At a recent meeting in London, the Rev. Dr. Moffatt, the celebrated African Missionary, who is now over eighty years of age, related the following anecdotes: Some time after the Gospel had been preached among the Bechuanas, and converts had been made, I met an elderly man who looked very downcast. He had quite an elongated countenance, such as I had never seen him with before. I said to him, "My friend, what is the matter; who is dead?" "Oh!" said he, "there is no one dead." "Well, what is the matter? You seem to be mourning." The man then scratched his head, and said, "My son tells me that my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible." "Well, what of that," I said; "Perhaps I can replace it." "Oh," said the man, "the dog will never be any good he will never bite anybody; he will never catch any jackals; he will be as tame as I see the people become who believe in that book. All our warriors become as gentle as women and my dog is done for."
There was a man in the congregation over which I was pastor, in the country where I labored, and he had conceived a bitter hatred of me, which burnt like fire in his breast. The cause was this: he had observed that the people who received my testimony became quite other creatures, and he could not comprehend what kind of medicine I used in order to produce the change. The general testimony borne in answer to his inquiries was, "Oh, Moffatt has got his medicine out of the book; that is the medicine that changes men's hearts into women's hearts." The man continued to hate me, and he would have given anything to get me cut off. If I met him by chance in a narrow lane or in any hole or corner, he would get out of the way.
On one occasion when I thus met him in a lane, I saw him a long way off. He

could not turn to the right or to the left. I thought to myself, "Have you found me, O, my enemy?" There was no alternative for him but to come forward. Of course, I was not going to turn back. When he came a little nearer he shouted in the Bechuana language, "Look away from me." Then he came nearer and nearer, until he came within ten or twelve paces, and he roared out again, "Look away from me." When he came close to me, I said to him, "My good friend, what is this all about?" smiling at him all the time. "Why do you want me to look away? I can look at you and you can look at me. He then dropped his spear and shield, and called out, "Forgive me, my lord, forgive me." I grasped his hands at once. "Forgive you!" I said. "With all my heart I have forgiven you." He again repeated, imploringly, "Forgive me." I said, "What have you done? I have forgiven you whatever you intended to do or whatever you have done."

He said, "If I had had my will, you would have long since been dead. I have waylaid you, with that spear, when you knew it not, but I dared not throw it. When you returned from visiting the sick during the midnight hour, I had my bow and arrow, and I could have shot you, and you would not have known where it came from; but I dared not, I could not."

"But what have I said that has brought all this about? It is sure not my face; you always saw my face, and knew that I was kind. What has brought this about?" The man replied, "You were kind to my wife." About two months his wife had been ill, and the man had been absent, as the Bechuana men always are when their wives are poorly. The Queen sent her maid to conduct me to the house. I could not have visited her unless I had authority from the Queen. I administered medicine to the lady, and she was very soon restored. Kindness to this man's wife had melted his heart, and he was afterwards a steadfast admirer of every thing that had to do with the work of missions.

Cromwell's Last Hours.

Men prayed for his recovery, looking into the dark future with dismay at the anarchy that might ensue when the one man was gone who could hold the rival parties down and compel them to live in peace. "His heart," says one who then attended him, "was so carried out for God and his people, yea, indeed, for some who had added no little sorrow to him, that at this time he seemed to forget his own family and nearest relations. He would frequently say, 'God is good, indeed he is,' and would speak out with much cheerfulness and fervor of spirit in the midst of his pains. Again he said, 'I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done; yet God will be with his people.' He was very restless most part of the (Thursday) night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered to him, he was desired to take the same and endeavor to sleep, upon which he answered, 'It is not my desire to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.' The next day was the 3rd of September—his lucky day—the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day Oliver Cromwell lay dead."

A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story, says the Wayside, is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars:
"Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."
"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."
"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man, in astonishment. "Why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!"
"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?"
"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rental they bring you!"
"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I

receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."
"But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact, anything you desire."
"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life—cannot buy back my youth—cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain—cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then, what will all avail when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all for ever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

He Didn't Believe the Catechism.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, the distinguished preacher and pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, New York, must have been a bright, thoughtful and conscientious boy, as shown by the following incident taken from a Southern paper: Dr. Armitage was reared in the Church of England. Of course he was "made a child of God, a member of Christ's church, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," by his so-called baptism, when an infant. He was taught by the catechism and ritual of that church to believe himself regenerate, and in a state of salvation. When he was about ten years of age, he was called upon one day by his rector, Rev. Mr. Wilson, to say his catechism, as found in the Book of Common Prayer.

"What is your name?" the minister asked.
"Thomas."
"Who gave you that name?"
"My godfather and godmother, in my baptism"—the child stopped.
"Well, go on, child."
"Mr. Wilson," he said, "there is nothing more."
"Why, do you not know your catechism?"
"Yes."
"Repeat it, then."
"I cannot."
"Why?"
"Because it is not true."
"What do you mean?" asked the astonished rector.
"Precisely what I say."
"Cannot you repeat it?"
"Yes: 'wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.' Sir I was made nothing of the kind. Only yesterday my grandmother whipped me for being wicked. I am not a 'member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.'"
"Where have you got these views, boy?"
"Mr. Wilson, from hearing your sermon, last Sunday week, on the text, 'Ye must be born again,' and you showed me that unless my heart is renewed, and I am made a new creature in Christ Jesus, I cannot enter into the kingdom of God. I am not a new creature; my baptism did not make me anything like a new creature."

Sold to Satan.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

In the family of Luther was a young woman by the name of Elizabeth, who, in consequence of some slight provocation suddenly left the house, giving no notice of her intentions. She afterwards led a wicked life, and became dangerously sick. In her sickness she sent for Luther to visit her. He came, and taking his seat by her bedside, said: "Well, Elizabeth, what is your wish?"
"I wish to ask forgiveness," she replied, "for having left your family so suddenly. But I have something else that lies heavily on my heart. I have given my soul to Satan."
"So!" said Luther, "that's no great crime. What more?"
"I have done many wicked things," she continued, "but what troubles me most is that I have sold my soul to Satan. O, tell me can I expect to be forgiven for such a crime?"
"Elizabeth, listen to me," said Luther. "Supposing you were still in my family, and had sold all my children to some stranger, and delivered them to him,

would such a sale and delivery be lawful and binding?"
"No," said the weeping young woman, "for I should have no right to do such a thing."
"Well, you had even less right to deliver your own soul to the arch enemy. It no more belongs to you than my children belong to you. It is the property of the Lord Jesus Christ. He created it. When it was lost, he redeemed it. It is his, with all its faculties and powers; and you can neither sell nor give away that which does not belong to you. If you have tried to do it the bargain was null and void. Go, then, to the Lord Jesus. With a sincere and broken heart confess your sins to him, and entreat him to forgive you, and to take that which belongs to him. And as to the sin of trying to give away his rightful property, throw that back upon Satan; for that and that only belongs to him."
The young woman followed his advice, became truly converted, and died full of faith and hope.

The above anecdote, translated from the German, illustrates the method of the great Reformer in pastoral works, his ready wit and fearless promptitude in dealing with the tried and the anxious. The heroic treatment of diseased souls is sometimes as needful as the heroic treatment of diseased bodies. To be able to speak the right word at the right moment, to meet the necessity of a desponding heart by an unanswerable argument of illustration is one of the most important and highest attainments in a pastor's office, and one of the noblest elements of pastoral efficiency.

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