

The Bell's Message.

WHAT THE PEOPLE REPLIED, AND WHAT CONSCIENCE ADDED.

The quiet of a Sunday morning was broken by the tones of a church bell. Over the town floated its full, rich music, and then came back again in faint echoes. The bell seemed charged with a message to the people, which it was telling with all its might, and the message ran thus:

"Come—come. Come—come. Come—come."

But although well understood, it was not heeded by many, and this is what the people said who did not heed it, and what conscience said to them:

Bell. "Come."

People. "We do not feel well to-day."

Conscience. "Isn't it strange there are so many sick people on Sundays? Many who are well enough on Saturday night are unable to go out Sunday, and those who are sick on Sunday recover when Monday morning comes. It might seem as if some weekly epidemic visited the town with a full supply of headaches, colds, fevers, and other disorders."

Bell. "Come—come."

People. "The weather is too unpleasant to-day."

Conscience. "Yes, the weather on Sundays is always wrong—too hot, too cold, too wet, too cloudy, or too windy. Sunday heats are so exhaustive, Sunday rains are so penetrating, Sunday colds so piercing that no one but the minister and the should go out to church!"

Bell. "Come—come."

People. "We have company."

Conscience. "Isn't there something said about the stranger within thy gates keeping the Sabbath holy?"

Bell. "Come—come."

People. "Our garments are not good enough."

Conscience. "There are a great many directions in the Bible about how we should come before our Lord, but the style and the quality of clothes are not mentioned. The church isn't a millinery establishment or a show-room. In old times the rich and poor met together, for the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Bell. "Come—come."

People. "We are better than some who go to church."

Conscience. "You may be much better than some, but are you satisfied with that? Will it do to tell the Lord so? There is something in the parable of the Pharisee and publican bearing upon this point."

Bell. "Come—come."

People. "We haven't any seat in the church."

Conscience. "Yes, there are always seats there for all who come. There need be no fear of wearing out your welcome, for you are urged to come every Sunday."

And so the church bell kept ringing out its message, "Come—come," and some heeded the message, came, thanked God for the privilege of coming, and resolved to come always. Others still refused, and conscience went to sleep, murmuring ere it slept: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—Charles Wesley.

A Deaf and Dumb Witness.

Truth will utter itself somehow against concealed guilt. In one of the Washington City courts was seen recently a strangely dramatic exhibition of it. The correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

Three colored men are being tried here for an unproved murder, and it had not been ascertained which of them obtained the watch and ring of the victim until the testimony was taken of a deaf and dumb colored woman, who can neither read nor write nor use the sign alphabet.

When she was made to understand that information about one of the prisoners was wanted, she immediately held out her left forefinger and drew a line around it; this was said to indicate a ring.

She then put a knuckle over the forefinger; this was said to indicate a seal. Going to a white lamp-shade at some distance, she put her hand on it, this being supposed to indicate that the seal was white.

Then a gold watch was shown, but she shook her head violently. A silver quarter was placed upon it, and she bowed her head; this was said to indicate that it was a silver watch. Other pantomimic gestures as to height, going out and coming in a door, etc., were used to indicate that the prisoner had an interview with her.

She indicated the time by pointing to the figure 12 on the clock, and then put her foot on a ray of sunlight which came into the room and looked up, signifying that it was noon.

—The Southern Baptist Convention representing nearly two-thirds of the Baptists in this county, will hold its annual meeting at Lexington, Ky., beginning May 6th.

Dee-pot or Day-pot.

"DEAR COMPANION,—There is trouble in our house. My sister, who has just come home from boarding-school, says we must pronounce depot, daypo. I tried it on the boys and they all laughed at me. What am I to do? If I say dee-po at home my sister makes a fuss; and if I say daypo at school, I am laughed at as 'stuck up,' and putting on airs. Anyhow, which is right, dee or day?" CHICAGO.

This is not an easy question to answer, simple as it seems. The word depot is French, though the French never use it in the sense of a railroad station. They ordinarily mean by it, the headquarters of a regiment of soldiers. They pronounce it, as the sister of our correspondent says it ought to be pronounced, daypo.

It is—as she would doubtless say—the rule to pronounce French words in the French way; but to this rule there are exceptions. The French pronounce Paris, Par-ee and Calais, Cal-ay. But when a traveller, on returning from Europe, talks about the good times he had at Par-ee and what a rough passage he had in crossing from Dover to Cal-ay, his affectionate relations smile aloud, and he soon abandons that mode of throwing Europe in their faces.

But why do we not pronounce the name of the capital of France as the French pronounce it? The answer is this: Because the word Paris became familiar to our ancestors through their eyes and not their ears. They simply did not know how the French pronounced it; and if they had known it, it is doubtful if they would have conceded to them the right to fix the pronunciation of the word.

"What do you think of the French?" asked one of Nelson's sailors of another, who had been a prisoner of war among them.

"They are a pack of fools," was the reply; "they call a horse a chopper, and a cabbage a shoe."

Two centuries ago, most English people had some such feeling as this, and scarcely any of them, except the nobility and courtiers, knew how to pronounce a French word. Hence, words borrowed from the French in the older time are commonly pronounced in the English manner to this day; and custom compels us all to say Paris and Calais as though they were English names.

But depot came in later, when large numbers of English and Americans knew something of French; and, accordingly, we got the word half-right. No one, however, ever said de-pott. From the first, we pronounced the first syllable in the English manner, and the second in the French. Of late years, there has been an attempt on the part of polite people to get the word pronounced French-fashion throughout.

At first, we confess, we did not relish the change. Custom had so long sanctioned the mixed pronunciation that it seemed hardly worth while to rectify it. Nevertheless, the new mode is gaining ground, and in these matters, the custom of polite people is almost sure to prevail at last.

"Chicago" is advised to keep the peace in his family by saying daypo whenever his sister is at home from school; and, at the same time, to preserve his credit among his schoolfellows by using some other word. Meanwhile, let him observe the signs of the times; let canvass public opinion. Daypo may blow over, and the old democratic de-pot hold its ground. Like a politician, he can remain on the fence, until he finds out just how the boom is going, and then govern his tongue accordingly.

Our impression is that he will side at last with his sister. We hope, however, that he will not go so far as some young ladies do, and write the word with the French accents, de-pot. We must draw the line somewhere.—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Believe It.

Some "civilized" people refuse to believe anything they cannot understand. But the Zulu savages seem to be eminent in that kind of sovereign incredulity.

An English officer in Zululand told Dr. Russell how the missionary at King Lobengula's town fared with his congregation. They crowded the church at the time of service, and listened, with their pipes in their mouths, to the clergyman till he read some passage which they did not accept, and then they are called out in Matabele.

"Holme! That is a lie. We do not believe it."

Once the missionary went to King Lobengula and said he desired to leave to visit one of the Southern towns, as he was in want of new teeth. The king said, gravely,

"You have told me so many falsehoods, and I have borne with you up to this. But now you exhaust my good nature. How dare you at your time of life pretend you want teeth? Go away with you!"

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