

Criticism on Bob Ingersoll.

BY F. D. HOLMAN.

"This life is but a narrow vale"
(So Colonel Robert says.)
"Between the barren mountain peaks,
Of two Eternities."

But tell us colonel, if you please,
Where you this term did find,
Did science, put this giant thought
Into your fertile mind?

Or was it not from that "good book"
Which no poor mortal dare,
Assume to know more than it tells,
Of hidden mysteries rare?

Your critic does not wisdom claim,
But does claim common sense—
Against whose law, true science makes
No logical defense.

"The true that science, and God's mind,
May in all things agree,
But science, never taught to man
The term 'Eternity.'"

So if the world you would deceive,
And rob the human breast,
Of all her hope of happiness,
—The hope of futurity—

We will let you steal a term,
From God's most Holy Word,
A term which science never knew,
Nor nature ever heard.

With which to prove your fallacy,
And thus deceive mankind,
By making them believe a lie,
—That science governs mind—

Before the Law of Science, was,
In God there was a mind,
And in whose mind, all science dwells,
But is by Him defined.

As the result of His great mind,
But by His mind controlled,
While "Revolutions" is the means
Through which His mind is told.

Through it we learn of all time past:
Of all time yet to be;
It is the union of these terms,
Which makes "Eternity."

In vain we look to science, for
The message by which we can,
Define the character of God,
Or destiny of man;

But "Revelation" makes it plain,
That God, is Spirit—mind—
And makes it equally as clear,
To all of human kind.

That Christ's own word, is God's great power,
By which to save mankind,
And that obedience is required
In heart, and life, and mind.

And therefore that man's destiny,
Is far beyond that vale
Which Colonel Robert Ingersoll
Would bitterly assail.

"Yet try to hope, that by and by,
He may his brother see,
When he has passed beyond this vale,
Into Eternity."

Lower California, July 4, 1881.

Aunt Nancy's Mind on the Subject.

And this is the New Testament,
And 'tis come in the sweet o' the year,
When the fields are shining in cloth of gold,
And the birds are singing so clear;
And over and into the grand old text,
Reverent and thoughtful men,
Through many a summer and winter past,
Have been peering with look and pen;

Till they've straightened the moods and tenses out,
And dropped each obsolete phrase,
And softened the strong old-fashioned words
To our daintier modern ways;
Collated the ancient manuscripts,
Particle, verb and line,
And faithfully done their level best
To improve the book divine.

I haven't a doubt that they have meant it well,
But it is not clear to me
That we needed the trouble it was to them,
On either side of the sea,
I cannot help it, a thought that comes—
You know I'm old and plain—
But it seems like touching the ark of God,
And the touch to my heart is pain.

For ten years past, and for five times ten
At the back of that, my dear,
I've made and mended and folded and saved,
With my Bible very near.
Sometimes it was only a verse at morn
That lifted me up with care,
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark
Cleaving the golden air.

And sometimes on Sunday afternoons
'Twas a chapter rich and long,
That came to my heart in its weary hour
With the lift of triumphant song.
I studied the precious words, my dear,
When a child at my mother's knee;
And I tell you the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

I may be stubborn and out of date,
But my hair is white as snow,
And I love the things I learned to love
In the beautiful long ago.
I cannot be changing at any time;
'Twould be losing a part of myself.
You may lay the new New Testament
Away on the upper shelf.

I tell to the one my good man read
In our fireside prayers at night;
To the one the little children liped
Ere they faded out of my sight.
I shall gather my dear ones close again
Where the many mansions be,
And till then the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

MARGARET E. SANOSTER in *Harper's Bazar*.

Have Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry
always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds,
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Influenza,
Consumption and all Throat and Lung
Complaints, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.

Little Boy Blue.

BY E. DOUGLASS.

"Where's Little Boy Blue?" asked
Uncle Hal, as he came into the sit-
ting-room, and looked around, without
seeing the busy little fellow.

"Under the sofa, fast asleep," sang
Aunt Say, looking up from her
zephyr.

A funny little giggle from the direc-
tion of the sofa made them all smile,
and when Uncle Hal said, "I hear
something," it was repeated.

"Well, the reason I wanted to
know," began Uncle Hal, when, after
a few minutes, he came in again, and
put his slippered feet on the fender,
and took up the evening paper, "I
saw a fine old gentleman to-day, who
asked me if I had ever heard of such
a boy, and I said, 'Yes, we have one.'"
Again came the little giggle, which
suddenly became still, when Uncle
Hal went out: "But I presume he
would not have believed me, after all,
if he had not come home with me, for
there seems to be no Little Boy Blue
to-night."

"What did the old gentleman say
then?" asked mamma.

"Well, he was the one who came
around last Christmas with a wagon
and a locomotive in a big pack, you
remember, but then it is not worth
while to say any more about it, since
Little Boy Blue is gone."

"Go on," piped a small voice, very
emphatically.

"How? What is that?"

"Tell us what he said, and if Boy
Blue is still missing we will ring the
tea-bell; that always brings him,"
taunted Aunt Say.

"He asked me what kind of a Boy
Blue ours was; if he cried when he
had his hair combed, or his mamma
wanted to go anywhere without him,
and if he reached over the tea-table
to help himself." (A subdued kind of
snort was heard from under the sofa,
in which mingled disgust and con-
sciousness and fun.) "I said no; our
boy was generally pretty good, espe-
cially when he had his own way."

Mamma and Aunt Say smiled, and
interested tones called out, after a
minute's pause.

"What'd he say then?"

"Oh, he said he might want to call
around if he was a good boy, and won-
dered what he had better bring."

A vigorous kicking of small feet
upon the floor greeted this announce-
ment, and shortly after Little Boy
Blue rolled out from under the sofa,
and over and over, all alive from his
yellow curls to his dainty black toes.

"Oh, ain't I glad I'm Boy Blue,"
he laughed to himself, whereupon ev-
ery one else laughed, for they all
knew how dear to Guy's heart was
the cunning blue suit he wore. After
an anxious conference and a romp with
Uncle Hal, he ran out to the dining-
room, where grandma and Aunt Jen-
nie were busy, to ask their opinions.
Then he ran out through the hall to
see if grandpa was coming from the
bank. As he passed the hat-rack, it
occurred to his busy brain that per-
haps Uncle Hal had something in his
overcoat pockets for him, and had for-
gotten to give it to him. He had bet-
ter see. So he did, but without any
more satisfactory result than the find-
ing of some of Uncle Hal's prime ci-
gars. With one of these, however, he
wended his way back to the dining-
room, and proceeded to light it by
thrusting one end in the fire. When
Aunt Jennie interfered, he turned
quickly, and in imperious tones, ex-
claimed:

"I speck dis is mine, but," lower-
ing his voice, "I specks Uncle Hal
don't think so."

Next morning the minister called
and Guy sat very quiet on the hearth-
rug, and looked at him, and longed
for his glasses. He thought he should
like a pair himself. At length he vol-
unteered the information:

"Gramma has glasses."

"Guy," said mamma, warmly;
and the young clergyman smiled, and

made some pleasant remark to the
little boy. Then they went on talk-
ing, but Guy was not through yet,
and at the first break in the conversa-
tion he continued:

"She lets me play with herth some-
times. Do you let your little boy
play with you's?"

"I have no little boy," said he,
coloring and looking unutterable
things at the Little Boy Blue, who
only rejoined:

"Hoh!" with overpowering disgust
in tone and face.

That evening Aunt Say gave a de-
scription of the call in the French,
because mamma did not like Guy's
doings to be told before him very
much; but when they all laughed he
came and laughed, too. Grandma's
gray cat, seizing the first favorable mo-
ment, rushed wildly out of the room.

"Oh, now!" shouted Guy, but he
was too late, so he climbed up in
grandpa's lap, and was still three
whole minutes. Then a thought
struck him: "Uncle Hal," he said, "I
shaw the Christmas man to-day."

"You did? Where were you?"

"I shaw him, and he shaid some-
thing to me. He shaid, 'Are you Boy
Blue?' an' I shaid 'I should sink so.'"
Nen he asked if we had a big boy
Hal at our house, an' I shaid 'Yes, sir,
a big Hal wif a mustash.' 'All right;
is he a good Hal?' 'Course, I told him;
nen he shaid, 'Does he go down town
wif the fellows nights when gramma
wants him to sthay home, or play
cards, or go to the theater an' sthay
out till morning.'"

"Well, that is about enough, young
man," said Uncle Hal, shortly, taking
up his paper again.

There were tears in grandma's eyes,
which she bent over her, knitting to
conceal, but the boy's quick eyes saw,
and he said:

"Gramma's cryin', like when the
preacher man talked. Don't."

"Guy, hush," said mamma, very
decidedly, and an uncomfortable si-
lence followed, broken by a ring,
which Aunt Jennie answered, and did
not come back.

"Where did you hear all that, Lit-
tle Boy Blue?" asked grandpa at
length.

"I'm hushed," replied the child,
looking cautiously at his mamma,
whereupon, notwithstanding all that
had passed, Uncle Hal laughed. Then
mamma said:

"Answer grandpa, Guy."

"The preacher man shaid it some, I
heard him, but I like my Uncle Hal
better than him, an' I was only goin'
to shay what I played I told the
Christmas man," and Little Boy Blue
gave vent to his wounded feelings in a
prolonged wail.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Un-
cle Hal, who, whatever he might be to
others, was never cross with Guy.
"Let's go and see about the overcoat
pockets to-night. You forgot to look
Did you know that? Come along."

Presently they returned, Guy chat-
tering and laughing over his candies;
but he clung very closely to Uncle
Hal all the evening, and finally went
to sleep in his arms.

"When the 'Christmas man' did
come in a few days, Guy found all his
hopes fully realized. He walked
round and round the tree in grandpa's
parlors, and finally said:

"Well, I never! He knew dust
what I had to have, didn't he?"

And he never knew until long af-
terward why that Christmas was hap-
pier than all others, as they said, or
how he himself had brought it about
by the little sermon he preached, as
Uncle Hal said: "By the way, Little
Boy Blue turned the tables." Dear
Little Boy Blue!—*Times*.

—Many of the most pernicious
weeds with which farmers have to
contend are eagerly eaten by sheep in
their early or soft state, and ultimate-
ly may be eradicated in this way. It
is stated as a fact that land stocked
with sheep is comparatively free from
weeds.

The Man He Trusted.

BY REV. BIERSON BROWN.

In a pretty village among the hills
of Berkshire lived a farmer who
neither feared God nor trusted his
fellow-men. He was shrewd to ac-
cumulate money, and beyond this
world he cared for nothing and ex-
pected nothing. It was his principal
concern to "make" as much as he
could, and put it where nobody else
could get it. Banks were his horror,
and most of his surplus gains he in-
vested in land. It was a form of prop-
erty that he could keep his eye on,
and that "would not run away." Year
after year he extended his terri-
tory, and finally there was so much
of it that he could not watch it con-
veniently. He must dispose of his
wealth in some other way; but grow-
ing more suspicious and miserly as he
grew old and rich, no rate per cent.
could tempt him to allow any fellow-
man, or any institution, to take care
of it for him. To lose even a few of
his hard dollars would have left him
mourning like the Ephraimite when
the rogues of Dan came along and
robbed him. "Ye have taken away
my gods, and what have I more?" He
began to hoard his money, and for the
rest of his life continued to "salt it
down" in odd places known only to
himself.

Misanthropy is a disease, and apt
to be an incurable one, and incurable
diseases always grow worse. Our
miser's unhappy prejudices naturally
increased with his years. What
David said of "all men" in his haste
he said at his leisure. To his notion
the world contained nobody but Ish-
maelites and Philistines and the
church was a category quite unspeak-
able. If there was any choice or
difference in his universal dislike, the
last beings in the world whom he
would trust were the "Presbyterians."
Christians were his pet aversion, and
all Christians were "Presbyterians,"
for his ideas for religion and religious
people were as narrow as they were
profane. The word "Presbyterian"
condensed into twelve letters all his
mean opinion of men in general.

But this doubter and hater of his
kind had one belief. He believed
that at some time or other he would
die. One day happening into a
cabinet maker's shop, he saw the
mechanic making a coffin. His habit
of seeing to everything himself that
concerned his own interest led him to
promise that the man should take his
measure and make another coffin.

"For you!" said the astonished
mechanic. "Make a coffin for you
while you are alive! Why, I never
heard of such a thing. It's horrible."

"It's business," quoth the old
farmer, grimly. "If I tend to it my-
self I shall know how it's done."

So after considerable demur the
cabinet maker measured him and un-
dertook the job. Morally speaking,
he had taken his customer's "measure"
a good while ago. He knew the man,
and had known him a long time.

The coffin was made, and exactly
according to orders. It was an enor-
mously heavy box of two-inch, pitch-
pine plank, lined with sheet lead, the
lead extending above the edges in
flaps, so as to fold down over the
prospective dead body like a coverlet.
The eccentric miser's last freak was
the talk of the town. "What in the
world possessed you to get such a
thing as that to be buried in?" was
one of the questions he had to answer
more than once during the "nine days
wonder."

And the old man's only answer
was, "They'll carry me to the grave-
yard, it's likely, and I don't mean to
have my dust mixed with them dead
Presbyterians."

At last the time came when the
owner of so many broad acres must
give them up, and go to occupy his
six feet of earth. In his deathbed
the question who should settle his
estate troubled him much. He had

looked after his property so entirely
and exclusively himself, and so long
taken it for granted that all the rest
of mankind were knaves, that now he
was in despair what to do. Even the
members of his own family—yes, he
had a family—he could not trust. He
worried over the matter terribly, can-
vassing the whole roll of his acquaint-
ance up and down, and before he
breathed his last he named a man for
his administrator; one man among all
he knew. It was a good deacon of
the "Presbyterian" church.

There comes a spasm of honest dis-
covery to most self-deluded people in
the article of death—a confession that
will be sure to come later if it comes
not then. The rich man in the parable
despised Lazarus and slighted Abra-
ham. In his "torment" he turned to
them, and was quite ready to let them
help him.—*N. Y. Observer*.

How to Preach.

Make no apologies. If you have
the Lord's message, deliver it; if not,
hold your peace. Have short prefaces
and introductions. Say your best
things first, and stop before you get
prosy. Do not spoil the appetite for
dinner by too much thin soup. Leave
self out of the pulpit and take Jesus
in. Defend the Gospel and let the
Lord defend you and your character.
If you are lied about, thank the Devil
for putting you on your guard and
take care that the story shall never
come true. Let your beard grow.
Throw away your cravat. If you
do not "want to break" make your
shirt collar an inch larger and give
the blood a chance to flow back to the
heart. Do not get excited too soon.
Do not run away from your hearers.
Engine driving-wheels fly fast with no
load, but when they draw anything
they go slower. It takes a cold ham-
mer to bend a hot iron. Heat up the
people, but keep the hammer cool.
Do not bawl and scream. Too much
noise drowns sense. Empty vessels
ring the loudest. Powder isn't
shot. Thunder isn't lightning. Light-
ning kills. If you have lightning you
can afford to thunder. But do not
try to thunder out of an empty cloud.
Do not scold the people. Do not abuse
the faithful souls who come to meet-
ing rainy days, because of the others
who do not come. Preach the best to
smallest assemblies. Jesus preached
to one woman at the well and she got
all Samaria out to hear him next time.
Ventilate your meeting-room. Sleep-
ing in church is due to bad air oftener
than to bad manners. Do not repeat
sentences, saying, "As I said before."
If you said it before say something
else after. Leave out words you can
not define. Stop your declamation
and talk to folks. Come down from
your stilted and sacred tones, and be-
come as a little child. Change the
subject if it goes hard. Do not tire
yourself and every one else out. Do
not preach till the middle of your ser-
mon buries the beginning and is bur-
ied by the end. Beware of long
prayers except in the close. Where
weariness begins, devotion ends.
Look people in the face and live so
that you are not afraid of them. Take
long breaths. Fill your lungs and
keep them full. Stop to breathe be-
fore the air is exhausted. Then you
will not finish off each sentence ah,
with a terrible gasp-ah, as if you were
dying for air-ah, as some good men do
ah, and so strain their lungs-ah, and
never find it out-ah, because their
friends dare not tell them-ah, and so
leave them to make sport for the
Philistines-ah! Inflate your lungs.
It is easier to run a saw mill with a
full pond than it is with an empty
one. Be moderate at first. Hoist
the gate a little way; when you are
half through raise a little more; when
nearly done put on a full head of wa-
ter. Aim at the mark. Hit it! Stop
and see where the shot struck and
then fire another broadside. Pack
your sermons. Make your words
like bullets. A beard hurts a man
worse if it strikes him edgewise.—
Advocate.