

## Don't get down on your hands and knees

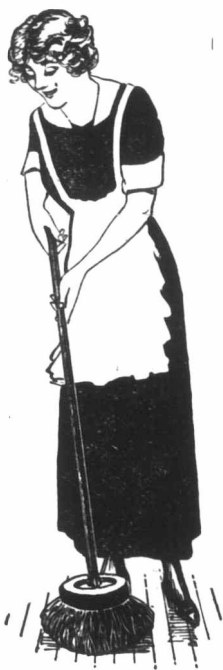
to polish hardwood floors or climb on chairs to dust mouldings, or crawl under the bed to dust.

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the belfry of St. Clement's must remain silent.

St. Clement's bells belong to no single parish, not even to great London. They have rung for untold centuries, through the whole realm of nursery-land, whose boundaries only the most distant oceans encompass—

"Oranges and lemons,"

Say the bells of St. Clement's—who is there alive, with English blood in his veins, who does not remember the rhyme since earliest childhood? And who wrote those lines? Someone has missed immortality by not leaving us his name. No one knows their date. I am prone to suspect that they are Elizabethan, a product of that great age of greater poetry than the jingle can lay claim to be, which has given so many rhymes that live in nursery literature. The catch sayings with which our youngest hopeful seek to entrap their elders, forgetting that they themselves were once children, are for the most part, of still earlier date. "How many cows' tails would it take to reach the moon?" "One—if it were long

enough!" This is delightfully familiar; but it has been left to learned bibliophiles, greybeards with strained eyes poring through gold-rimmed spectacles over the earliest productions of the English printing press, to discover that this little quip was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in his "Demaundes Joyous," a nursery book of the year 1510. Four centuries have not blunted its points, and still it is potent to produce shouts of infantile laughter.

"Lend me five farthings,"  
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

"When will you pay me?"  
Say the bells of Old Bailey;

"When I am rich,"  
Say the bells of Shoreditch, etc., etc.

St. Martin's, the bells of Old Bailey, Shoreditch—Stepney—they are all identified in their proper names and places, and so is "the big bell of Bow," which, with its "I'm sure I don't know," closes the animated conversation between the belfries.



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The Canadian Churchman

## A TRUE STORY

By H. H. Stiles.

Some years ago a young man came from the West to Pittsburg as a student. He did not know a solitary human being in either of the "Twin Cities." At his boarding house he was asked where he thought of going to church. He mentioned the place he had chosen, not because he knew anybody there, but because it was near at hand. "Well," the questioner replied, "they will soon freeze you out from that congregation." "I'll give them a chance to welcome me, anyway," was the rejoinder. "I don't believe they are as cold as you think."

The next Sunday morning found the student waiting in the vestibule for an usher to show him a seat. All of them were busy at the time, and the young man waited—did not run out of the door—just waited until someone had had a fair chance to notice him. After a while he felt a little squeeze of his arm from somebody behind. He turned, and was confronted by a rather stout gentleman of strong but kindly features. There was but one word of inquiry—"Stranger?" "Yes, sir," the young man replied, "Come with me to a seat." "Stranger" obeyed. Shortly after two ladies entered the same pew. Not a word was spoken until after the benediction. Then the stout gentleman uttered another interrogatory word, "Student?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Come and take dinner with me." (Aside: "What's your name?") "This lady is my mother and this, my sister. Here, let me introduce you to one of our elders, and here comes the pastor, Dr. Cox. Say, Mr. Shelly (a deacon), come over here; here's a new friend I have just found; we want him to get acquainted. Now let's start for home." (On the way:) "Sing?" "A little—not very much—just enough, I guess." "Come up to our Mission Sunday School after dinner and help us, will you? I am superintendent." "Sure."

That day was the beginning of three years' happy acquaintance and helpful social intercourse with as cordial a congregation as ever assembled in any church.

The young man found that the best place of all to extend his acquaintance was the mid-week prayer meeting, which invariably ended up in a "chatter" after dismissal. The young man might have shot out of the door the instant the benediction was pronounced, but it seemed to him to be only fair treatment of the church people to give them a chance to approach him. Some of the members were a little backward, of course, and eyed him a few times, but when he came to a third and fourth meeting the "eyeing" ceased. None of the young ladies rushed up to shower at-

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tention upon him nor any of the elderly ladies, either, the very first time. But not many "times" had passed before the good women of the church began to speak to the young stranger, and when a rational, not an artificial, opportunity came along, the older introduced him to the younger women. Within two years the "Stranger" had passed out of existence. He knew by sight, by name, and was on cordial speaking terms with almost every one of the four hundred members of that church.

Why was this? Two simple reasons suffice. First, the stranger did not expect the congregation to make a stampede for him the minute he first appeared. Second, the congregation did not expect that the stranger would vanish out of the door without giving them a chance.

The obligation worked both ways. That opened the door—as it always does. The stranger did not wait to be lionized, but went on using the start he had to win still further acquaintance with the people who had always held out the "glad hand" to everyone who would reach out and grasp it.

Moral—Be steadily in evidence. Be approachable.

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