

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. XXXI.]

FEBRUARY, 1897.

[No. 2.

The Golden Text.

I LIKE to think on the Lord's-day morn,
Of the hosts of children, far and wide,
Their faces fair and their brows unworn,
Who blithely sit at a mother's side,
Conning, in tones so low and sweet,
Over and over, with patient care,
Till by heart they know it and can repeat
The Golden Text, be it praise or prayer.

For praise or prayer it is sure to be—
The beautiful verse, a polished gem,
Culled from the sacred treasury,
And fit for a royal diadem.

I like to think that the children dear
Will know that truth when their heads are
grey;
That the hallowed phrase their souls will cheer
Many a time on the pilgrim way.

I sometimes muse on the Lord's-day eve,
When the Golden Texts have all been said,
And my tender fancies I like to weave
Over many a small white bed.
The children sleep till to-morrow's morn,
Armed for whatever is coming next;
Their strength and courage alike unshorn!
And the sword they will carry—the Golden
Text.

—Mrs. Sangster.

Hard on the Hebraists.

In that charming volume, entitled "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren, which we could wish might be enjoyed by every reader, may be found a racy passage which we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing here for the benefit of such as may not have seen the book, and who may be tempted by this *morceau* to procure it for themselves. It goes to show how a Drum-

tochy witness held his own in an ecclesiastical court. A minister was on trial for alleged intoxication. The advocate in the case had found himself utterly baffled by the shrewdly evasive answers of the canny Scotchman, who was indisposed, in so serious a matter, to commit himself.

Finally the advocate plumply asked him, "Was there a smell of drink on him?"

"Noo, since ye press me, a'll juist tell ye the hale truth; it was doonricht stupid o' me, but, as sure as a'm livin', a' clean forgot tae try him."

Then the chastened counsel gathered himself up for his last effort.

"Will you answer me one question, sir? You are on your oath. Did you see anything unusual in MacOmish's walk? Did he stagger?"

"Na,"—when he had spent two minutes in recalling the scene—"na, I cudna say stagger, but he might gie a bit trimmil (tremble).

"We are coming to the truth now. What did you consider the cause of the trimmiling, as you call it?" and the innocent young advocate looked around in triumph.

"Weel," replied Drumtochy, making a clean breast of it, "since ye maun hae it, a' heard that he wes a very learned man, and it came intae mind that the Hebrew, which, a'm telt (told), is very contrary langidge, hed gaen doon and settled in his legs."

Now whatever may have been the facts with reference to the Rev. "Maister MacOmish," the ingenious, not to say ingenious answer of the Drumtochy witness, suggests a possible and charitable explanation of the "shakiness" of some of our great modern biblical scholars, which is to be found in the fact that the Hebrew, with which they are so constantly conversant, and which is said to be such a "contrary language," has "gone down and settled in their legs." Let us hope that they will get their legs settled by-and-by.—*Baptist Teacher.*