



INOPPORTUNE, VERY.

WIFEY—"Oh, George, what a world of snow! How beautiful! So pure, so white! It looks—"

GEORGE—"Maria, if you don't go in and shut that door instantly I'll not be responsible for my actions."

CHURCH UNION.

DISCOURSE BY VERY REVEREND ARCHDEACON DIAPHONOUS DIXIE, D.D.



ELUBBED BRUD DER IN
an Sistern.—Ef dem ar low-down w'ite men by de do' wich am haw-hawin' an' spittin' terbacker-juice inter Brudder Peabody's ober-shoes doan' spect de solemnities ob de occashun I mus' request de sextant fur to eviscerate dem. Yo' hear me! I was ergwine ter prognosticate w'en de recriminashun occurred dat de subjec' ob Church Union mout profitably preponderate in our minds dis eben-in'. Yo' pasture dun

got a communicashun from de Ministerial Associashun techin' upon de pint, an' ef dat confraternity ain't got no better mannahs nor to omit de "Very" from befo' de "Reverend," an' de two "D's" w'ich am appended to de humble appellashun dat was gib me by my god-fader and god-moder, I reckon dat we doan' want no truck

wid dem. De dignitary ob de Church mus' be maintained. Dat's jest erbout all I git outen dis congregashun annyhow, an' ef I can't git de back-salary due me an' got to gib de landlord de bland an' obsequious stand-off, an' satisfy de grocery man by an order on de treasurer dat I feel shore won't be paid, 'kase he's blowed de money in at poker, dat ain't no reason wharfo' de respec' due to de archdianconal functions should be withheld. Dat's w'at's de mattah!

Erbout dis heah Church Union scheme, I jes' got ter say dat ef it am gwine ter amount to anything dey's got ter come ter us—we ain't gwine ter dem. 'Kase w'y, we's de de true an' only church. We's done got de historic episcopate, an' doan' you forgit it, brudderin. Dat's de trade-mark. Bewar' ob counterfeits an' imitations got up fur ter deceibe de public. No other am genuine. Ef a church doan' hab dat dar historic episcopate tain't a real church at all. It am a soundin' brass an' tinklin' cymbal. Selah!

I know dat dar am scoffers an' schismatics w'ich say, "You am gibin' us a stiff. Doan' beliebe dar am no sech a thing. Ef you've got a his oric episcopate concealed eround dis buildin' jes' trot 'er out an' let's see it." Dat, my brudderin, am de language ob ribaldry frum de seat ob de scorner. Yo' pasture ain't a-gwine to chuck pearls beso' hogs nor to profane de mysteries ob de temple to satisfy de Gentiles. But dat historic episcopate am all right. I took good car' ob it. I jest had it locked up for safety in de vaults ob de Safe Deposit Co. Dar's whar it am, ef ye wanter know. Did yo' s'pose I was gwine ter leab it layin' around loose, whar Dalton Imitators break froo an' steal? Did yo' imagine fur a moment dat I was gwine ter 'low Treasurer Ebenezer Partridge to git hoit ob dat priceless treasure w'en dar am a shortage in his accounts ob \$17.59? No, brudderin—how did I know but he'd take an' blow it in wid some ob de Queen Street sheenies an' abscond wid de proceeds? I got onto him early in de game, an' darfo' de church am safe.

Now, brudderin, seein' we's got de historic episcopate an' am de only true church, am we a-gwine to put ourselbes onto de level ob de hard-shell Baptists an' de Methodists an' de Presbyterians an' de Quakers an' de Shakers an' de Salvashun Army, w'ich, as I said befo', am a soundin' brass an' a tinklin' cymbal? Is we gwine to descend from de lofty pinnacle ob de mount to mingle wid de common herd upon de dusty plain? Am yo' belubbed pasture, w'ich am a high priest after de order ob Melchizedech, compared wid w'ich de order ob St. Michael and St. George ain't a solitary circumstance, to swasheat wid ordinary w'ite preachers on terms ob equality? Not so, my deluded fellow-hearers. Doan', you fool away yo' buthright fur a mess of potash in de shape ob Church Union. Ef dey's ambitionin' in dat direction all dey's got ter do is jes' ter come right in wid us introspective of color, an' we'll gib dem de right hand ob fellowship, mo' specially ef dey'll ante up dar pew-rents in advance. Selah!

I trust dat de congregashun will respon' to de fiduciary solicitashuns ob de deacons wid unusual responsiveness, as I 'clar to grashus I got to hab half a ton ob coal dis week somehow.

SAM JONES was never known to write a no-pun letter.

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