

## Anecdotal.

### A Business Man.

"So teach me to number my days, that my way may apply to wisdom."—*Psa. 90: 12.*

The Rev. Matthew Wilks was once waited upon by a gentleman. He received him most kindly; but after some conversation asked, "Have you anything more to tell me?"

"Nothing particular."

"Any other question to ask?"

"No."

"Then," said Mr. Wilks, "you must leave me, as I have my Master's business to attend to." The gentleman said afterward that he had received a lesson on the value of time which he never forgot.

Joseph Alleine used to say, "Give me a Christian who counts his time more precious than gold."

### "You Have Used Soap."

In the early days of Johannesburg, twenty years or more ago, water was very scarce and regular famines often happened.

A lady, says the author of "South African Recollections," who was once staying at a hotel, saw a tin bath half full of water standing outside her door, and thinking it was intended for her use, she took possession of it.

By-and-by some one came to fetch the tin, and was extremely angry to find it gone. The lady heard, to her dismay, that it was the only water in the hotel, and was meant for cooking. "It would not have mattered so much," said the angry landlord, "only you have used soap!"

Even in these later days, people in some parts of South Africa have been obliged to use soda water for washing, and think themselves lucky to get that.

### Learning Sense.

The *Economist* says that once when Chief Justice John Marshall was driving, the hub of his wheel caught on a small sapling growing by the roadside. After striving unsuccessfully for some moments to extricate the wheel, he heard the sound of an axe in the woods, and saw a negro approaching. Hailing him, he said: "If you get that axe and cut down this tree, I'll give you a dollar." "I can't get yer 'bout no axe, ef dat's all yer want." "Yes, that's all," said the judge. The man simply backed the horse until the wheel was clear of the sapling, and then brought the vehicle safely around it. "You don't charge a dollar for that, do you?" asked the astonished chief justice. "No, massa, but it's wuf a dollar to larn some folks sense." The quick-witted darkey got the dollar without further questioning.

### Gently Parried.

Disraeli had a devoted friend in the late Duchess of Teck. She approved of his unrelaxing imperialism, and he appreciated her grasp of political problems as well as her womanly personality; but a little story, found in the recent *Memoirs of the Duchess*, indicates that he was not to be charmed into telling tales out of school.

They were one dining together. It was during a crisis in foreign affairs, and as she was puzzled at the inaction of the government, the duchess said:

"What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?"

The prime minister paused long enough to take up the menu, and looking quickly at it replied:

"Mutton and potatoes, ma'am."

### Easily Satisfied.

"Lived here thirty years and yet never saw the city?" "Never." "Did you ever have a desire to go to town?" "Well, yes; I reckon I has, but you see, 'fore the railroad come it wuz too far to travel on foot, an' the mule wuz too busy plowin', an' 'then arter the railroad come they went to chargin' people for ridin' on it, an' so I thought I'd jist stay at home an' not bother bout seein' the world. But what do you reckon boys, peep in to us 'tother day?" "Don't know." "Well, sir, my son John ackchully bought a ticket, jumped aboard 'of the railroad, went to the city an'—subscribed to a newspaper."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### The Advantage of Position.

The late Charles Haddon Spurgeon was not one of those geniuses who suddenly become a sudden revelation to their friends. As a child he was exceedingly intelligent, and his subsequent development was continuous. His schoolmaster looked to him whenever a question had long gone unanswered.

One winter's day, however, when the weather was bitterly cold, a change seemed to come over the boy. His answers went wide of the mark. Soon he dropped to the bottom of the class and stayed there.

The teacher was puzzled; his prize pupil seemed to have lost every spark of intelligence. But as he thought, he noticed that Spurgeon, at the foot of the class, sat right in front of the stove. It took but a moment to rearrange the pupils. The head boy was given the warm seat, and Spurgeon was placed next the window. Then the questions began again.

The change was complete. From that moment Spurgeon did not hesitate for the right answer. Five minutes later he was once more at the head of the class, sitting in front of the stove.—*Youth's Companion.*

### "Not Worth Talking About."

The late Dr. M. D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., tells of two Christian men who "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candor and try to get rid of them?" "Yes, sir," replied the other, "I will do it." They went aside, and the former said: "Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in the prayer." It was done, and, when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview said: "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied: "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that, in going around talking against you, I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you." Dr. Hoge tells the story very well, and here and there in almost every community is a man or woman who might profit by it.—*Religious Herald, Richmond.*

### How He Won Them.

Philip Whipple says that when he went into the West to preach, he was exceedingly anxious to reach artisans and railway operatives, of whom there were hundreds in Chicago. He called upon William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena Railway, and asked his advice as to the best way of approaching the employees of the road.

"How much do you know about a steam engine?" said McAlpine.

"Nothing."

"Then," said McAlpine, "read 'Gardner's Railway Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive, and he not think you a fool."

The clergyman had the practical sense to see the justice of that advice. So he "read up," and in due season went to the round-house of the Galena Railway, where he found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. He saw that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, and asked, at a venture:

"Which do you like best, inside or outside connections?"

This brought out information about steam-heaters and variable exhausts, and in half an hour he had learned more than his book had ever taught him. When he said goodbye, he added:

"Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you need me, I shall be glad to go to you."

The following Sunday every man was in church.

### The Baker's Complaint.

A baker once came to a preacher, who, in the course of conversation, asked him whether he was in the habit of attending religious service, as he professed to be a Christian.

The baker answered, "I was formerly a member of a congregation, but being deceived by the preacher, I have since lost confidence in all preachers, and will henceforth join no church."

To this the pastor replied: "A certain friend of mine had the same experience with a baker. He sent to him for a fresh loaf of bread, but the baker sent him a hard, stale loaf, and since then he has lost all confidence in bakers."

"But, pastor," the baker exclaimed, "they are not all that way!"

The pastor replied: "Neither are all pastors like the one of whom you speak. You have no valid reason, therefore, to stay away from church; and you will not be able to excuse yourself before God with the story of that wicked pastor on the judgment day."

### Two Ways of Doing It.

Here is a pleasant and true story which has lately appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, being there printed for the first time. The poet, Walt Whitman, was, as is well-known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for a support. A few years before his death, one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman, "no; I am at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me fifty dollars a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street-cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet, thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

David Christie Murray, the well-known author, told in print some time ago the story of the hardships of his first years in London. After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing house to another, he found himself penniless and homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankment for two nights. For two days he had not eaten food.

On the third morning he was standing on