

the welfare of missionaries moved to address Heaven in the following manner: "We commend to Thy care those missionaries whose lives are in danger in the Fiji Islands—which Thou knowest are situated in the Pacific Ocean." And he is not far removed in our minds from the New England pastor who preached on the well-known text of St. Paul, and having read: "All things are possible to me," took a five dollar bill out of his pocket, and placing it on the edge of the pulpit, said: "No, Paul, that is going too far. I bet you five dollars that you can't." But continuing the reading of the text: "Through Christ who strengtheneth me," exclaimed: "Ah! that's a very different matter!" and put back the five dollar bill in his pocket.

This kind of amalgamation of the sacred and the profane is constantly confronting one in American soil, and has a firm foothold in American humour.

Colonel Elliott F. Shephard, proprietor of the *New York Mail and Express*, every morning sends to the editor a fresh text from the Bible for publication at the top of the editorials. One day that text was received, but somehow got lost, and by noon was still unfound. I was told that "you should have heard the compositors' room ring with 'Where can that d——d text be?'" Finally the text was wired and duly inserted. These men, however, did not intend any religious disrespect. Such a thing was probably as far from their minds as it was from the minds of the Puritan preachers of old. There are men who swear, as others pray, without meaning anything. One is a bad habit, the other a good one.

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All that naive philosophy, with which America abounds, must, I fancy, be the outcome of hardship endured by the pioneers of former days, and by the Westerner of our own times.