

Jerry paused a moment in his reply, and then spoke with great deliberation: "Ye mind t'answer I gied ye when ye cam' on that business afore, and I wonder that ye'd come again, but ye soldiering folk don't give in for a trifle I reckon. Anyhow, I ain't a-going to give t'same answer this time, and I'll tell ye why. I know all t'folks about here as well as I know my own mother. They've been born in t'village and come in and out o' this door since they were big just enough to stand a tip-toe and peep over t'bottom half. And some of them's honest and some isn't. It's only a sprinkling here and there that manages to keep out of debt, and there are dozens in t'village that got into my books and never cared about getting out again, until, a few weeks ago, first one came and cleared a few shillings off, and then another, and now they've squared it all off. Though I've said nought to them, nor them to me, I've noticed that it's them as has been keenest about going to your master's meetings that have changed their manners so much, and old Jerry can put two and two together as well as most folks. So now let me know how much oil you want, and you shall have it, and make my respects to t'Colonel and say that if his religion teaches folks to be honest and pay their debts, there must be summat in it, and for the future I'll be glad to let him have all the light he wants for nothing."

A striking lesson, never more needed than in these times. It is easy to say "Lord, Lord," when saying so does not put the life in jeopardy, it is not so easy to be true in all our words and honest in all our dealings for His sake. A devout believer who "adds to his faith" towards God, this "virtue" of fair dealing towards his fellow-men, does more to disarm an infidel of his best weapons, than could the cleverest book on the "Evidences."

M. C. F.

A HUMBLE CONFESSION.

Several years ago, in a Western Town, a young lawyer, a member of a large church, got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He demurred. He knew the members to be good people, but that they had their faults, such as driving sharp bargains, screwing the laborer down to low wages, loaning at illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, &c. But they were good people, and pressed the lawyer to come before the church meeting and own up his sin of taking a glass too much for they were a temperance people and abhorred intemperance.

They sinner finally went to the confession, and found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose and whose eyes glistened with pure delight as the lawyer began his confession.

"I confess," he said, "that I never took ten per cent. for money." On that confession, down went a brother's head with a groan. "I never turned a poor man from my door who needed food and shelter." Down went another head. "I confess I never sold a skim-milk cheese for a new one"—whereupon a sister shrieked for mercy. "But," concluded the sinner, "I have been drunk, and am very sorry for it." Whereupon the meeting very peaceably adjourned.