

The Tithe.

If the editors of *The Union* will permit a little criticism, I would rise to make a few remarks upon the subject of the Tithe, as treated in the issue of this paper for March.

The challenge given in the text, to which reference is made in the sermon referred to, is unique. I do not recall another instance in the divine word in which God asks, or even permits us, to subject his promise to the test of experiment.

God's sovereignty over us, and his own faithfulness, are the reasons usually set before us, for which we should obey his commands and trust his promises, and to ask further authority is blasphemy. In this case however, we are told to obey the divine command, not because it is the command of God, though that should be a sufficient reason, but to test his truthfulness and to prove that he will fulfil his promise.

"The ultimate blessing" is I think only half referred to in the article in question. It may be the more important half to which attention is drawn, but unless the congregation to which the sermon was addressed differs very materially from many congregations, the other half of the blessing would not be considered wholly unworthy of note.

That ultimate blessing is not all spiritual. Temporal blessings are also promised and in fact, have the chief place in the promise here given, as shown in the context: "And I will rebuke the devonrer for your sakes and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground."

The man who pays the tithe then, has the right to expect temporal prosperity. He would be a man of low spiritual character who would give the tithe solely for this reason, but I believe he would not be disappointed.

There is one matter in reference to the giving of the tithe that I have never seen mentioned. It was to be paid in *kind*, not in money, or at least the payment in money was discouraged. (See Lev. XXVII: 31). The tenth of what God had given his people was required of them, not the tenth of its value.

If the law of the tithe is in force today, is not this restriction also in force? Why should not our churches carry out the letter of the law, and instead of asking

money, provide storehouses and ask that the tithe of the produce of the field be placed therein. The Jews were an agricultural people and so are we.

W.

[The ground that the ultimate blessing is only half described is well taken as far as the Digest is concerned, but if "W." had been in the congregation on the Sunday morning when the sermon was preached, we are sure he would have been quite satisfied with the place given the temporal side of the blessing. As to the other points raised we may have something further to say at another time.—ED.]

Bless The Doctors.

What a tendency to depreciate the skill of physicians, especially when they lose a case! As far as I know them, physicians profess to be neither omnipotent nor all-wise. Like those of us in other professions and occupations, I suppose they sometimes make mistakes; but the time we spend in sarcastic flings at their Christlike and magnificent calling we had better spend in thanksgiving to God for what they accomplish. Better not be too hard on the doctors. Sooner than you expect, you will be sending for them, and between you and the King of Terrors there will be nothing but one of their prescriptions. They stand to-day, as a profession, fighting back whole armies of cancers, pneumonias, diphtherias, and congestions of brain and liver and lung. They do more missionary work than any class of men in the country, and upon them will come the blessing of the Great Physician, as he says, "I was sick, and ye visited me." When the last ailment of body is cured, and the last attack on the children's cradle has been discomfited, and the last broken bone of workman fallen from the house scaffolding shall be set, and the last swollen gum of teething child shall have been lanced, and the last pale patient with tumor successfully removed, shall, with a grateful "Thank you, doctor," be released from the operating table in the clinical department of the city hospital, then it will be time enough to deride the medical profession. Christ took along with him in his journeying a physician, one Doctor Luke, and while some in that calling are skep-

tical and atheistic, many of them know at the same time to medicate body and soul.—*Christian Herald*.

Every sin has a dagger in its hand with which sooner or later it will strike, no matter how harmless it may look.

When He Had La Grippe.

His head was tied up in a shawl,
His noble nose was red.
He thought that he was dying, but
Our friend was far from dead.
I do not wish to be unkind
Yes—he was dying in his mind.

* * *

He hath La Grippe!—about his feet
Hot water bottles rest;
He hath a mustard plaster neat
Upon his manly chest.
He thinks, poor chap, that he is gone,
And thus is how he "carries on!"

* * *

"I'm done for this time sure"
I know I'm past all cure.
Them doctors don't do a t'ing to me,
I'll have a post mortem, then they'll see!
An' when my insides do unfold
They'll know whether 't's only a bad cold.
The folks in the house are far too phant,
Th' disease I've got would kill a giant,
A cast-iron man—a man of stone—
They never hear me when I groan.
It'd take a rod of steel to run 'em,
Them cock-robin doctors fool 'em,
I want desprit remedies—strong;
It's a put up job—that's what's wrong.
What treatment do I get—it's cruel
Boneset tea and a bowl of gruel,
'Round me head is gran'mother's shawl,
Used to wrap babies in—hear 'm bawl?
A mustard plaster—Queen Anne pill,
An' me so awfully—awfully!!!
They say, 'Oh, you'll be all right soon.'
I'll be m—ahem! before noon;
But what do they care? hear me groan,
Dyin' like a dog here all 'lone,
With not a soul beside my cot,
To catch my dying breath—great Scot!
I wish me breath was strong and free
An' robust like it uster be,
I'd [enter & arse]—"What's that you said?"
'Gone just three minutes!!!—silence maid!
Three hours' three years!! three thousand
years!!!

Approaching death has caused these tears.
I'm stone dead clear up to my waist;
Git somebody to pray—make haste.
'Do I want any soup?! Woman!
Friend incarnate—wretch inhuman,
I've want to kill me—'s that it?
Gimme strychnin—when yer at it.
As I in death's dark portal stoop,
Is't a time then to gobble soup?

* * *

Smith called, did he, what diddy he want
to know,
If my cold was better? Oh, woe, woe, woe!
Dying of fifty diseases all told,
An' 'olks think I've only got a bad cold,
When I in death's cold clasp am firmly
locked;
Won't this here household be supremely
shocked?
Oh, they'll be sorry, sorry, sorry then,
Fer me, the most neglected man 'mong men!
Death dews I feel upon my forehead
damp—
No! I don't want any gruel—git out uv here
Er I'll hit ye with the lamp!"

—The Khan.