

not the same intensity of convictions on all points. For instance, many a man firmly believes in the divinity of our Lord and in the doctrine of the Trinity, who may doubt the genuineness of 1 John v. 7. Many good and sincere men, many Methodists among them, believe in the divine inspiration of the scriptures, who do not believe in the verbal inspiration theory. Many men believe in an universal deluge, while others think the idea is not deducible from scripture fairly interpreted, but that, on the contrary, the deluge was only partial. Some believe that the world was made in six literal days, while others equally sincere and in the same denominations believe that these days were not literal, but signify indefinite long periods of time. We mention these points, and we might largely add to their number, to show that persons who do sincerely hold substantially the same faith, diverge from each other in some points. But the trouble is when we attempt to discuss them, we get irritated, call names, apply epithets, not always polite, and there is a general breeze all round; so that a poor editor gets to his wits' end how to keep the peace. Of course if he rejects brother A.'s communication, who has called Brother B. anything but an orthodox gentleman, Brother A. instantly writes, "stop my paper." Communications not acceptable, have no more to do with you. If he rejects Brother B.'s communication, then he becomes irate in his turn, and imagines all kinds of things except the true thing as the reason of its exclusion. The fact is, we have found in our experience of the duties of editing a paper, that we are held responsible for everything that happens in the church, whether as between ministers and members or between members alone. I may once wrote, "stop my paper," because some other man had sold him a horse spavined, we believe, which we believe did not suit him. We feel, therefore, very doubtful about these theological discussions; we are afraid of them, and shall be till we all get more sense.—*Evangelical Witness.*

HOW MINISTERS ARE BORED.—A gentleman living in a house that had previously been occupied by a popular clergyman, at Rochester, N. Y., was so constantly bored by all sorts of travelling agents and other bores, that he had posted a card on his door, addressed "to all whom it may concern," running thus:—

"Dr. ——— does not live here. He has moved away, and will not occupy this house again till May 15, 1867. In consequence of this, the present incumbent has decided to suspend the free list. No books, maps, pictures, stationery, or recipes of any kind wanted. No history of the rebellion, whether written by Greeley or Jeff. Davis. Have no desire to put my name to any subscription book in order that it may be used for influence. Have no old clothes except those I am now wearing, and the customs of modern society are unfortunately such that I cannot dispense with them. Have no cold pieces, for we cannot get money enough to purchase at one time more than we can eat at one meal, consequently proprietors of boarding houses will have to look elsewhere for supplies. This house will not be kept as a hotel, and warm meals at all hours will not be furnished. Have not a spear of hay in the barn, nor a single oat; have not taken care of horses since I drove on the canal; which means that we have no room for horses or donkeys either. Have no vacant rooms or beds to spare for agents, elders, beggars, sponges, leeches, professional bores, seedy students, soldiers, sailors, negroes, freedman's aid society agents, rebels or abolitionists, even though ministers in neighbouring towns and cities have told them to be sure and call here. No money to spare for any of the above individuals or enterprizes which they represent, even though it be for laudable object of furnishing unborn African children with red flannel night caps and fine tooth combs. In a word, the minister don't live here now, and things are changed."

Young men, don't stand at the corners of the streets. A few weeks ago, I got a place for a young lad which I thought would be the making of him. Just as he was going to the place, the gentleman called on me, and said, 'Mr. A., I'll not have that lad. I saw him last night outside a jeweller's shop-window with a short pipe in his mouth.' It was a bad look-out, and the lad is out of place yet."