

POOR DOCUMENT

Literature.

THE PARSON'S SALARY.

The Rev. John Sopor tried hard to do his duty when he became pastor of a church at Windport, on Long Island. It was his first charge and he soon began to think that when he was called to the ministry, either the wrong John Sopor answered the telephone or the message was a fake one.

One of the first things he found out was that the church was in debt and willing to become more so. For a month or two he got the whole of his miserably small salary. Then he only got part of it, and finally he found it necessary to speak about the condition of things.

Deacon Sifter was the chief man in the church. He had the reputation of being well to do. He was the principal storekeeper in the village and lived away from his business in the old-fashioned dwelling facing on the main street.

His daughter Rachel was a very charming girl of 19 or 20. All the young men around were anxious for her acquaintance. But Rachel had received a good education, and was, moreover, sincerely pious, and had no time for the boyish suitings, though she had a certain habit of most of the young men around.

The new pastor was a very different man from the natives in all respects. He was tall, strong and erect, with a manly face and gentle methods. He was well informed and knew how to talk and did not assume an air of superiority, as some young pastors do. I think it is best to say at once that he fell in love with Rachel and not that she was willing and glad. Neither is it necessary to say that he visited the deacon's house oftener than anywhere in Windport.

"I have said that the pastor's salary was miserably small. So when it came in regularly it was barely enough to pay his living expenses. When it ceased to come in, he was taken aback. So he went to the deacon and had a long talk with him, and the deacon said he would see about it.

"I hope you will as speedily as possible," said the pastor, "for you see I am a poor man and possess no other income."

The deacon and his wife after this laid their heads together. They had noticed the pastor's liking for Rachel, and felt rather flattered, taking it for granted that a young man who had spent years at college always dressed well and had accepted the charge of so poor a church must have a good income apart from his profession. The result was that husband and wife agreed that the pastor's visits must be discouraged, as they expected their daughter to marry a man of means and not a pauper, no matter how good he might be. Of course it devolved upon Mrs. Sifter to let the pastor understand in an off hand way the views of her herself and her husband as to their expectations about Rachel.

So when the pastor called soon afterward and was having a pleasant conversation with Rachel in the parlor her mother bustled in and greeted Mr. Sopor with much fervor. She sat down and talked about the weather and the crops and the Sunday school and the hard times. Then she suddenly remembered that she wanted something from the store and supposed that Rachel wouldn't mind fetching it.

Rachel at once rose, excused herself, and departed on her mission.

"See how readily she goes," said her mother. "She's a real good girl, and I'm so thankful that, in spite of her fine education, she is always ready to help me. You see, some people thought that we were spoiling her when we sent her to college, but she was our only one, and we were anxious that she should be a fit wife for a good man, no matter how high up he might be. We've seen so many nice girls make up with young men and marry them, though they hadn't more than \$10 or \$12 a week, and in most cases when anything out of the way happened they had to fall back on their parents for help. Of course we've got a little something laid by, but don't intend our daughter to depend on that when she gets married. Better stay single and bide at home than do that."

There was only one interpretation which Mr. Sopor could find for this speech including that \$10 or \$12 a week allusion, and that was that the deacon and his wife had seen his liking for Rachel and wanted it understood that they would strenuously object to him as a son-in-law.

A few days after in the evening a church meeting was held, and the pastor spoke very plainly about his salary and the failure of the members to attend the services and subscribe. He was always a plain speaker. In the pulpit he used simple language and homely illustrations and never talked politics or lectured on novels, but kept close to his text.

"I won't be in debt for the food I eat," he said, "and you must either pay me the salary agreed on or release me and let me go elsewhere."

"Ye see, pastor," said one of the deacons, "we thought you'd ha' gathered in some o' the worldly minded people around, but ye don't seem to take. I see the young men come along and listen for a minute at the church door and then go. Now if you had a rousin' way with ye and make things hot they'd ha' come right in and might ha' bin converted."

"I am quite aware of my imperfec-

tion," Mr. Sopor said, "and am ready to remove them and myself out of your sight and hearing, but I want it understood that you have consented with me to pay me so much a month and you have not done it, and I must either live on credit or starve."

"I've lived on credit and traded on credit," said Deacon Sifter. "and nobody thinks the worse of me, but then I never was a confessed pauper."

"You are at liberty to live on credit again," Mr. Sopor said, "but as a Christian you are not at liberty to force your pastor to do so. It would be a disgrace to the Christian name."

The meeting grew stormy and adjourned without any attempt to pay the pastor's salary.

The very next day however, something happened to make the pastor less anxious about his salary. He received a letter, informing him that an uncle had died, leaving him an estate of over \$300,000.

Just as it was growing dark he started for the deacon's store, intending to smooth things over about the salary. The deacon however had gone to supper and Mr. Sopor directed his steps toward his dwelling. He found the door ajar and was about to knock with his knuckles on the panel when the door opened and a small parcel was thrust into his hand, and he heard the stern voice of the deacon's wife:

"There! Take that and be off with you. And don't you come looting around here again."

The door was banged in his face. He stood dumfounded. Then he turned away with a sigh and went toward his boarding house, still holding the parcel. When he reached his own apartment, he struck a match and lighted his lamp. Then he looked down on the parcel which he had laid on the table. It was covered with a piece of brown paper. He took it up, felt the weight of it and wondered what it could be. He had once sent a lamp to Rachel for her bicycle, but it didn't feel like that. So he slowly removed the wrapper and found within two slices of stale bread, with a slice of cold meat between them!

His heart sank. This was indeed a wicked act, a most unprovoked insult. It was throwing the dog a bone and then kicking him out.

Next Sunday after the preaching Mr. Sopor told the congregation that he was going to leave.

"You owe me four or five months' salary, but I'll make a present of it to the church," he said. "I am sorry I've had to complain of poverty because of your failure to pay me what you agreed. Still I am grateful that one among you showed a disposition to help me. I went to the door of one of the members the other night, and the lady of the house kindly handed this parcel for my bicycle, but it didn't feel like that. I only know that while the people in the village were at dinner, Deacon Sifter went round to the pastor and carried him away to the Sifter dwelling."

Mrs. Sifter had recovered sufficiently from hysteria to talk between sobs and spasms. This was the explanation she gave:

Just at dusk a tramp came to the house and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Sifter put up a big, substantial sandwich and handed it out at the door to the tramp as she supposed, for it was pretty dark, and she only saw the outline of a man.

She accompanied the gift with the admonitions already recorded. Afterwards she was sorry she had given the rogue anything, for she found her husband's overcoat was gone and was sure that while she was getting the sandwich the tramp had entered through the unlocked door and stolen the garment.

So it turned out that just after the tramp had absconded with the coat the pastor came up to the door and hence the story.

Mr. Sopor didn't leave the church and he did marry Rachel, and I am going down next week, if all be well, to see the baby.—Brooklyn Citizen.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hamstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease

A REFORMED DRUNKARD, OR A REFORMED MAN—WHICH?

There is a sharp distinction between a reformed drunkard and a reformed man: A man who finds the cup degrading—causing him the loss of property and friends—may take the pledge and become a reformed drunkard; but convince him that he would be equally honored and respected, if he still continued to drink, and he would go back to his cups. Not so with one who is convinced that Drunkenness is a sin; and only one of many sins of which he has been guilty. Let such an one, moved by the grace of God, turn from strong drink and every evil, to Christ, as his only and all sufficient Saviour, and he will be likely to stick—he is a reformed man.

Of what effect is a temperance pledge, with the clause, "God helping me," taken as a prayer or trust, by a wicked and impenitent man, who expects to remain in all his sins except drunkenness? Does Christ save partially? Does God impart grace to save from one sin alone, while the sinner intends to continue a rebel? How ill such teaching accords with the Gospel, concerning man's utter sinfulness and ruin and dependence upon Divine grace, every Christian should know. There is a Divinely appointed method of saving drunkards just as other sinners are saved!—God appoints no reformation process whatever as a preparation to receive Christ and His finished salvation. The apostle everywhere preached an immediate salvation, and men were saved first and reformed afterwards.

Robbers' Big haul.

CHENEY, Wyo., Dec. 11.—The office of the Pacific Express Company was robbed last night of several thousand dollars in money. No clue has been discovered. There is a small force of men in the express office at night to handle express on incoming and outgoing trains, and when these trains arrive the men have been in the habit of locking the office doors. This was done last night as usual, and when the expressmen returned twenty minutes later the discovery was made that all the money contained in the safe was missing. Officials of the company refuse to state the amount of money taken, which is reported to be between \$20,000 and \$25,000.

For the Doukhobors.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18.—A committee of Philadelphia Friends have begun the shipment of 35,000 pounds of supplies for the Doukhobors, or Russian Quakers, in Canada. The consignment includes two cars of cornmeal, four tons of clothing, 100 cases of cottonseed oil, fifteen sacks of barley, boxes of malted milk and peas. Three hundred quires of paper are to be sent later. When the Doukhobors arrived from Russia, Philadelphia Quakers sent them about \$8,000 and a few weeks ago a shipment of 42,000 pounds of supplies and \$2,000 was forwarded to them. They will require much assistance during the winter, as their first crop last summer was nearly ruined by frost.

Fighting in Mexico.

ORTEZ, Sonora, Mexico, Dec. 14.—The report of a heavy battle between Mexican soldiers and Yaqui braves on Monday, the 11th, has reached here. General Torres, with 1,100 soldiers, formed a half moon around the headquarters of the Indians, located about fourteen miles from Chumapaco. The number of braves were estimated at 400. The Indians were finally dislodged, and retreated, leaving nine dead in the bushes. The number of wounded is reported to have been heavy. The Mexicans had none killed and only three wounded.

General Torres and his column is following this victory by a steady advance through the district into which the rebels fled.

Secret for Cooking Sausages.

The secret of cooking sausages is to let them heat very gradually. If so done the skins will not burst if they are fresh. The common practice of pricking them lets the gravy out, which is undesirable. The most wholesome way to cook sausages is to bake them. Place them in a baking pan in a single layer, and bake in a moderate oven; turn them over when half done, that they may be equally browned. Serve with pieces of toast between them, having cut the toast about the same size as the sausage, and moisten it with a little of the sausage fat. Many prefer to use sausage meat in bulk. Small portions of the meat should be packed lightly together and fried slowly until nicely browned.

Russian Official—You can't stay in this country, sir.

Traveller—Then I'll leave it.
Official—Have you a permit to leave?
Traveller—No, sir.
Official—Then you cannot go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS. COOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

Burned to Death.

YARMOUTH, Dec. 14.—Fire at six this morning destroyed a small dwelling occupied by Thos. Carr, boiler maker. When discovered the fire had complete control of the house. Mrs. Carr, about 70 years old, who was alone in the house perished. The family came here from St. John several years ago. The adjoining house caught and was badly damaged. Both were owned by the Burrell Johnson Iron Co. The latter was occupied by Arthur Smith, truckman, whose furniture was mostly saved. No insurance.

Mrs. Carr, whose death by burning is reported in this despatch, was the mother of Joseph Carr, driver of No. 5 fire engine, North End. Mr. and Mrs. Carr went to Yarmouth about fifteen years ago from St. John. Mr. Carr was employed in the Burrell-Johnson works.

Another War Threatened.

New York, Dec. 13.—A cable from London to the Journal and Advertiser says that despatches received there from Cairo and Rome indicate that certain European powers are endeavoring to embarrass England in her fight against the Boers. A Cairo despatch is quoted as saying: Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia is moving menacingly towards the British possessions on the White Nile. His camp is now near Adisababa. French and Russian envoys are with him endeavoring to arouse him to an energetic campaign against British interests, urging him to assert his rights over the Soudan, which the envoys declare rightfully belong to his domain. Menelik's progress is slow.

Mother—Harry Tucher is the worst boy in school, Tommy, and I want you to keep as far from him as possible.
Tommy—I do, ma. He is always at the head of our class.

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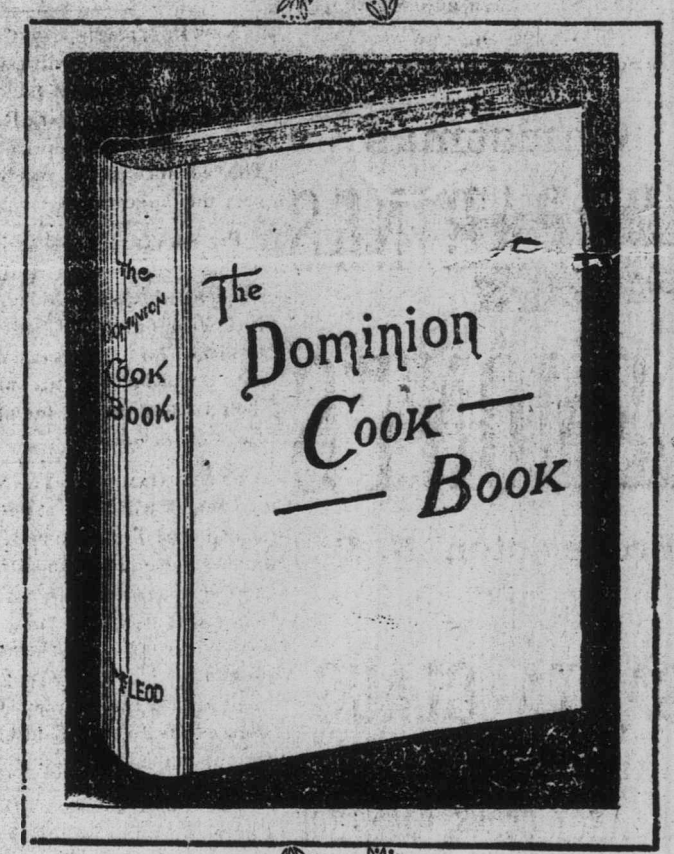
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