



HISTORY.

GOVERNESS—"Can you tell me why the Orangemen parade on the 12th of July?"
PROMISING SON—"Yes: 'cause that's Orange-walk day!"

THE TRUE STORY ABOUT A CALL.

THE preacher he sed in his solemnest tone:
"Dear people, I've jest hed a call!"
And his voice kinder choked—old Deacon Stone
Sort o' grunted, "His collar's too tall."
The preacher, you see, wore a choker most high ez a garden wall.

Fur the deacon he hated soft-sawder stuff,
He was rough, he was curt, he was plain,
An' he'd hearn the facts all straight enuff
'Bout that call—'t went against his grain
To see enny woman's doin's in a up-and-up biz. explain.

"My stay with you here ez a pastor
Hez been full to o'erflowin' with joy;
I hev labored 'mongst you fur the Master
With pleasure unmixed with alloy!"
"But you went, all the same," sez the Deacon, "to preach fur a call, my boy!"

"And to-night, my dear friends, I'm not certain—
I 'most could pray fur to see
Away back behind thet 'ere curtain
Thet hides from us futurity!"
Sez the Deacon, "You really don't hev to—why can't you let well enough be?"

"You air loving, united an' growin'—"
The young man he went on to say,
"But mebbe you'll find by my goin'
More luck in the spiri'al way."
Yet—"Oh, go!" the Deacon he blurted; "get out ef you don't want to stay!"

"Ennyways, thar's a call thet hez come here
To me in the reg'lar way—
Ez to whether I stay or go frum here
I'm agoin', (an' I want yous) to pray!"
But the Deacon he hollered, "Not much, I don't—It's simply fur him to say!"

"The call is a hearty an' strong one;
Thar wa'n't one dissientient pew—
They say, 'How kin our choice be a wrong one
When we air all struck dead on you?'"
The Deacon: "Another candidate—he declined—thet's what they told him too!"

"When we think of thet patient, shepherdless flock
A-wanderin' about unled,
Our hearts would indeed be hard ez rock
Did we not a tear fur them shed."
The Deacon snorted, "A city call turns enny young preacher's head."

"Come over and help us!" they plead with me,
'For your comfort pray have no fear;
We'll love an' cherish you faithfully—
We will strengthen you—we will cheer!"
"An' give you"—the Deacon laughed, ha! ha!—"a few hundred more a year!"

"No thought of the worldly honor kinferr'd
Must the minister's soul entrance,
His dooty lies ez his heart is stirred
By the Master—His call the chance!"
"Jest tell 'em," said Deacon Stone, right here, "thet besides the raise there's a manse."

"These air my plain-spoke words to you,
My people. An' now I'll try
To make a decision fa'r an' true—
Shall I let the call go by?"
"They promise you, too," said the Deacon, "a month's vacash and supply."

Of course, the Deacon he sot by me,
An' 'twas jest fur my special ear
Thet he med his comments so full an' free
Ez I hev reported here.
The Deacon wa'n't no ruff'n to set a hull church by the ear.

The young man fin'ly cum to the p'int—
The church it was crowded thet day,
An' we all sot nervous an' out o' j'int
To learn ef he'd found a way
Out of his great dilemnar, an' what he had got to say.

"I—feel—thet—the—call's—the—Lord's—
An'—my—path—of—dooty—is—plain—
Frum—the—country—citywards"—
An' then he sot back's 'if prayin'.
The Deacon he whispered to me, "All down—set 'em up again."

An' this is the lesson I've studied out—
Thet a preacher's no more'n a man,
An' a "call" is a pow'ful turnabout—
Kin draw from Beersheba to Dan.
But—sedoccin' a minister in this way's no part of the Gospel plan.

An' ef I was a gambler I'd stake my pile
On the truth of what here I say:
Thet it's mighty human to reconcile
A better job with "the way."
'N so, 'taint allus the case thet a "vacant desk" means only the devil to pay.
T. T.



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