

THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

BY WILL CARETON.

There's come a singular doctrine, Sue,
 Into our church to-day:
 These cur'us words are what the new
 Young preacher had to say:
 That literal everlasting fire
 Was mostly in our eye:
 That sinners dead, if they desire,
 Can get another try;
 He doubted if a warmer clime
 Than this world could be proved;
 The little snip—I fer some time
 He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty, straight an' true,
 An' tried to do it well;
 Part of the time kept heaven in view,
 An' part steered clear o' hell;
 An' now half of this work is naught,
 If I must list to him,
 An' this 'ere devil I have fought
 Was only just a whim;
 Vain are the dangers I have braved,
 The sacrifice they cost;
 For what fun is it to be saved,
 If no one else is lost?

Just think!—Suppose, when once I view
 The heaven I've toiled to win,
 A lot of unsaved sinners, too,
 Comes walkin' grandly in!
 An' acts to home, same as if they
 Had read their titles clear,
 An' looks at me, as if to say,
 "We're glad to see you here!"
 As if to say, "While you have b'en
 So fast to toe the mark,
 We waited till it rained, an' then
 Got tickets for the ark!"

Yet there would be some in that crowd
 I'd rather like to see:
 My boy Jack—it must be allowed,
 There was no worse than he;
 I've always felt somewhat to blame,
 In several different ways,
 That he lay down on thorns o' shame
 To end his boyhood's days;
 An' I'd be willin' to endure,
 If that the Lord thought best,
 A minute's quite hot temperature,
 To clasp him to my breast.

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—
 With heterodoxy crammed;
 I used to think he'd be the one
 If any one was damned;
 Still, when I saw a lot o' poor,
 That he had clothed and fed,
 Cry desolately round his door
 As soon as he was dead,
 There came a thought I couldn't control,
 That in some neutral land,
 I'd like to meet that scorched-up soul,
 An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry
 Of hopeless, sad distress,
 Sank sudden down, one night, to die,
 All in her ball-room dress;
 She had a precious little while
 To pack up an' away;
 She even left her sweet good smile—
 'Twas on the face next day;
 Her soul went off unclashed by even
 One stitch of saving grace;
 How could she hope to go to heaven,
 An' start from such a place?

But once, when I lay sick an' weak,
 She came, an' begged to stay;
 She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek—
 She soothed my pain away;
 She brought me sweet bouquets of flowers
 As fresh as her young heart—
 Through many long an' tedious hours
 She played a Christian part;
 An' I ere long will stand aroun'

The singin' saints among:
 I'll try to take some water down,
 To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

But tears can never quench my creed,
 Nor smooth God's righteous frown,
 Though all the preachers learn to read
 Their Bibles upside down.
 I hold mine right side up with care
 To shield my eyes from sin,
 An' coax the Lord, with daily prayer,
 To call poor wanderers in;
 But if the sinners won't draw nigh,
 An' take salvation's plan,
 I'll have to stand an' see 'em try
 To dodge hell if they can.

—N. Y. Times.

(For the Torch.)

NO. FIVE OF THE WIDOW MCKILLIGAN SERIES.

"Penny," said Aggy, "do 'elp me part these yer, han not sit there so hunfeeling has that."

"Not I," says I, "there well matched, let them fight their own battle. I assisted Mr. Honeycomb out of his difficulty a while ago, and he didn't even thank me."

"Jealous, spiteful thing," retorted Aggy—"because you was not hintrodoosed, here that, an' made a 'esp hof, you'r mad. You 'ad better go to your room till you har better natured."

I pretended not to hear, for I wanted to see the sport.

"Ho Joshua, hif you was honly 'ere, er my poor dear John, hi wouldn't be a poor lone woman without 'elp," said Aggy.

"What fellows be them yer are calling for now?" asked Billy. "If its Josh Clark as lives tuther side ov Spoon Crik, over the medders, across the mountings, beyant the line fence, down tother side Mahogany bay, he can't come; he's as dead as Aggag king ov the Amalekites, four to one on't."

"Aggy, my dear," said Honeycomb, "if you would but relax"—

"Good 'eavens!" shrieked Aggy, "you haw-dacious man."

"Hear me out, sweetest; if you would but relax the grip of that lovely hand on my collar, I would subside, indeed I would."

"Oh dast you to say as I 'oldded you, just has hif I wou'd do such a thing," said Aggy.

"Mr. Spooner," said I, "Mrs. McKilligan was invoking the shades of her departed husbands." I said this out of a bit of spite.

"Oh Lordy," says he, "be she a Morm'nite?"

"Penlope Fowler you shut hup," says Aggy as snappish as a rat-trap, ' hif Mr. Spooner wants to know hanything habout my hntercedents," (antecedents).

"He's not hyar," says Billy, "he never was no where's as I knows on, an I kin tell ov the Spooner's perigee, from Ginesus to xedus, from Dan to Bier-She-ba fur the last four thousand years. Ten to one on't, beginin with the one thousand an first great, great g'and feyther Dom-i-nick-cuss (Dominicus) Spooner, who spliced Parafine Amant'ia Wishbone, and exdud'd this 'ere terra-quarrious globe frum too much apple-jack an run-punch. Three to four on't"

"Mr. Oneycomb hi'm hashamed hof you, han

you a minister hof the gospel, han that," said Aggy.

"Je-hoss-o-fat," said Spooner, "I ax yer all fired parding, Parson, I didn't kinder know you was a Gos-pill-er; but I might a known frum yer City-spun-clos, white hands, an shinin things ginerally. Gos-pillers is as thick as timothy hay seed, at Spoon Crik, er ingin korn. They er allus in the thick ov the fight at sewin suckles, er quiltin-bees, an they're allus huntin after the stile-ish-ist gals as is fine as a Pee-kok, an has the most money; an as ter rich wilders, they draw 'em as the lud-stun the kneedle. Ten thousand to one on that air, they air death on em, and no mistake; they pounce on 'em quicker ner a King-fisher on a gizzard fish, er a Luce-a-fee on a dormouse; an they've bin known to scent a good dinner furder than ye kin smell 'kunk agin the wind. That's so every time present company expected, (excepted) Parson," and the wretch with a broad grin on his ogreish face dared to wink at me again, though I declare I never gave him the slightest encouragement.

"Hi see you Penny Fowler a winkin hat Mr. Spooner," said Aggy.

"I didn't," says I, "Agatha McKill-em-again."

"Shut right hup," says she, "you heterodox creature," (indecorous) and she touched the bell which brought Bridget, looking as sour as rhubarb.

Shure that is it now, thin, says she, me lags is rin clean aff me wid rinnin here, and rinnin there, aggra."

"Bring bin the dinner hat once," said Aggy, "han without hany talk."

"Faith thin, an be daul, I bin waitin fur thim to finish the pow-woo," said she.

"*Hic jacet de profundis*," sighed Honeycomb, "bring on the dinner." Bridget flounced in with it. "There 'tis to ye, by jabers," said she, "barrin the soup which Bounce got."

"Mr. Oneycomb, will you 'elp yourself?" Mr. Spooner—

"Billy tho' I am Mrs er Miss," said he.

"Wid us at home," put in Bridget, "it's plain Bul."

"Leave the room Bridget," said Aggy. "Let me 'elp you Bill—Bill—Billy."

"Not much," says he, "couldn't think of troublin' you," and reaching over he helped himself to nearly the whole of the meat, of which, to be sure there was only about enough for one person. Next he attacked the potatoes and bread, demolishing the most of them.

Honeycomb looked on aghast; Aggy stared. And when the pudding was brought in, she set it down close to her right hand, far out of Spooner's reach. She helped a small piece round to each; Aggy was not very liberal at table, except to her favorites; as for herself, she gorged like an anaconda. But Billy was equal to the situation. Aggy foolishly left the room a moment. Now for Billy's *coup de main*. He made a vicious dart at the pudding dish, but Honeycomb had his eye on him. "Ruse contre ruse," said he, remembering his classics. "Divide the spoils, Billy, my son, and I'll forgive your *lapsus linguæ* of a while ago, otherwise, I shall thrash you within an inch of your lite some day."

GLOW-WORM.