



“THE O’CONNOR MARCH!”

OUR special composer getting up something real stirring in honor of Toronto's new “Champion Oarsman of America.”

DE MISTAKES OB SCRIPTURE.

MISTAKE NO. 2.

BREDREN, it am de mos' 'stordinarist feanomenons ob a 'strodinary age, dem dar mistakes ob Scripture. And, bredren, it am necessary to hab dis yar nineteenth century wid all its enlightningment an' all its Christian institutions for a background in order to throw out dem dar mistakes in all dere lurid blackness.

De mistake we will proceed to 'scuss dis mawnin you will fin' somewhar betwixt de boards ob de New Testament and it am as follows—“*Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*” Bredren, who eber am 'sponsible fo' dis it am hard to fin' out, but dere can be no doubt dat it am an unsean and palpable mistake. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon? Good lands! Why? Co'se yer can! Fact, de way society am constitooted it am next to impossible to serve de one without de udder. Where you think we am going to get money to build fifty thousand dollar churches 'less we keep on de sof side o' brudder Mammon? Where you think dis chicken going to get three or fo' hundred dollars fo' de missionary s'ciety if I am going to give dese yer shop gals ob mine mor'en two dollars a week? Won't pay dere board, eh? Nothing for clothes? Oh! dat's dere look out, not mine; if gals *will* be extravagant and fond of dress and gib way to temptation for to get close fo' dere backs, den I say dey are foolish and wicked, but as fo' me and my house, as old Abram said, “We will serve de Lawd,” an' dat's what I can't do ef I've got to pay 'em a wage enough to buy food and close into de bargain. If I am to serve de Lawd 'cording to de purveiling ideas of dis yer times we live in, I must serve Mammon too. Ef a poor woman comes to me and says—“Please, Mister, my husband's dead and dere am four chillen to purvide for—Johnny

de oldest am only seven years old; help me, sah,” do you s'pose I'se goin' to turn that po' widow woman away widout holding out a helpin' hand to her? No, bredren—de person who addresses you dis mawnin' am a Christian—and he says to dat ar po' widow, “Where am yo' oldest boy?” “At school.” “Den take him way from school and I'll give him a position in my store as cash boy.” And he goes down to his store and pays off de cash boy he has been payin' a dollar an' a half a week to, and puts the little orphan in his place and purvides fo' dat po' widow's family by assuring to her ninety cents a week fo' de boy's wages. Dat am a clear profit of sixty cents a week to de Lawd's cause—de missionaries, de build-in' fund and de sick. Now, bredren, if dis chicken hadn't been guided by de rules of Mammon in dis yer transaction—where would de po' widow's income of ninety cents a week have been? Didn't de Lawd's cause gain by dat ar sixty cents a week. What voice 'am dat from de back seats?—I might have given de po' widow ninety cents and let the boy go to school, eh? In dat case, what about dat sixty cents fo' de Lawd's cause? What! you ask me to keep back d weekly dole out ob de Lawd's pocket? Don't you know, yo' miserable sinner, dat if I was to go on doin' dat sort ob thing, I'd soon be as po' as—as—de

Master hisself was on yerf. Instead ob bein' slick an' comfortable with a mansion on dis yarf an' another one waitin' in de skies, I'd be only makin' a livin' fo' myself—and what would de Church come to den, I'd like to know. Least ways, dat ar catastrophe is what's goin' to happen when folks get it into dere head dat dey cannot serve God and Mammon. When a man gives to de Church, and gets to be a big gun in de Church, dy'e spose he am going to give what he am going to miss? No, sah, de way to serve God with the aid of Mammon am to give what udders miss, what your cashier, an' your clerks, an' de woman dat makes up your ready-made clothing fo' de store misses, when de children go without food half de time in order dat de margin of profit may be large to give to de Lawd. De time when de Lawd and Mammon were pitted gainst each oder in de race am long gone by; dey am no longer antagonistic fawces; dey am now a team yoked togeder in de Gospel chariot, and de way dat chariot am making de dust fly now-a-days half blinds de eyes of de doubters who still keep on axing, “Is it possible to make de best ob both worlds?” Why, co'se you can; all you want am a proper knowledge ob how to go about it and de following hints may be useful. Fust—set out in life determined to make money; second, to keep it after it is made, all ceptin de extras which am de Lawd's, a sacred trust; third, keep de ears ob yo' conscience well corked up, oderwise dere am certain sounds from de world ob poverty which might break yo' rest o' nights, upset all de calm an' heavenly frame ob mind you got accustomed to—and breed delusions ob de senses such as “ye cannot serve God and Mammon.”

JAY K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

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