

Point and Illustration.

The Wrong End.

Strand Magazine, August 1894.

THERE is a good deal of character about some of our engine-drivers, and many good things are told both of and by them. One old stager, who was driving a train that happened to be a bit behind time, observed a gentleman go up to the guard, put half a crown into his hand and say, "Do your best, guard, to make up your lost time, or I shall lose my train at such a junction, which I want very much to get." "All right, sir," said the guard, touching his hat. Before starting he gave a hint to the driver; but the driver had his own views on the "morality" of the question, and when his engine sailed into the junction, the train the passenger wished to catch was seen to be quietly steaming out at the other end of the station. The disappointed traveller, greatly annoyed, approached the driver, and said, "I thought, driver, you might have enabled me to get my train. Half a minute would have done it." "Ah, sir," replied the old driver, "it might have been done easily; but, you see, you greased the wheels at the wrong end of the train."

Homiletic.

Record, August 24, 1894.

WE can vouch for the truth of the following story:—An old lady hearing that a certain young curate was about to preach at an important church, sent to him the following sermonette in a sermon-case, with the request that he would preach it.

"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job v. 7).

"I will divide my sermon into three parts:—

"1. Man's Ingress—naked and bare.

"2. Man's Progress—trouble and care.

"3. Man's Egress—nobody knows where.

"But this I can tell: he who does well here will do so there.

"And I can tell you no more if I preach for a year."

Love's Evolution.

Independent and Nonconformist.

WHEN all the world was very young,
And all the stars of morning sung,
For very joy of love, that hung

In heaven above:

When men and maidens loved right well,
And had no other tale to tell,
Then love began with a little "I";

That was love!

And when the world was old and sere,
When mind became the heart's compeer,
And peopled all the hollow sphere,
And skies above,

With little gods, as poets tell,
Who cast the dart or wove a spell—
Then love began with a capital "L";
That was Love!

And now the world is half decayed,
When heart and mind are things of trade,
And men, when marriages are made,
Think wealth above

All sense and sentiment; and sell
Or buy sweet lives for gold—the spell
Of love begins with a sterling "£";
That is Love!

A Parable.

School Board Papers.

Q. Define a Parable.

A. A heavenly story with no earthly meaning.

Thou shalt (not) Steal.

MR. BELFORD BAX, in his *Religion of Socialism* (published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co. in their "Social Science" series), maintains that "a waft of healthy moral instinct whispers to a man that it is not the same thing to 'defraud' a 'company' as to rob his neighbour." Addressing the railway company he says, "Business is business; let us have no sentimentality. We are on a footing of competition, only that it is not 'free,' seeing that you have the law on your side. However, let that bide. Your 'business' is to get as much money-value as possible out of me, the passenger on your line ('conveyance' being the specific form of social utility your capital works in, in order to realise itself as surplus value), and to give as little as possible in return, only in fact as much as will make your line pay. My 'business' as an individual passenger, on the contrary, is to get as much *use*-value, to derive as much advantage from the social function which you casually perform in pursuance of your profit, as I possibly can, and to give you as little as possible in return. You seek under the protection of the law to guard yourself from 'fraud,' as you term it. Good. If I can evade the law passed in your interest and elude your vigilance, I have a perfect right to do so, and my success in doing so will be the reward of my ingenuity. If I fail I am only an unfortunate man. The talk of 'dishonesty' or 'dishonour' where no moral obligation or 'duty' can possibly exist is absurd. You choose to make certain arbitrary rules to regulate the commercial game. I decline to pledge myself to be bound by them, and in so doing I am clearly within my moral right. We each try to get as much out of the other as we can, you in your way, I in mine. Only, I repeat, you are backed by the law, I am not. That is all the difference."

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