

# How do you pronounce it?

"How did you get home?"

"Oh, I walked home along the road."

"But how did you get out of the pit?"

"The way I always do, I got into the cage and I was pulled up to the top."

"How much do you pay to come out of the pit?"

He looked at me astonished, and said, "Pay? Of course, I don't pay anything."

I said to him, "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in that cage? Was it not too cheap?"

"Oh, no," he said. "It was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft."

And without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and he saw if he could have salvation without money and without price, it had cost the Infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men.

G. C. M.

## A PREACHER PREACHED TO

The famous New York City preacher Dr. John Roach Straton told of a family in Georgia he used to visit nearly once a year. They lived on a rather large estate and employed several servants. The cook was a specialist; her name was Mary. Dr. Straton said one time: "When I went there they always prepared a great dinner. On one occasion Mary had made some corn bread, of which I am very fond. I ate, and ate, and ate, until I was ashamed of myself. I thought it was the finest corn bread I had ever tasted. I always made a point of going out to the kitchen to thank Mary for the dinner she had prepared; so I went out that day, and said, 'Mary, you always prepare a great dinner, but I think you surprised yourself today. I don't think you ever

got a better dinner than that; and that corn bread was the best you ever made. Do you know, Mary, I cannot help but think that the Lord will take account of that when you get to Heaven.'" Dr. Straton went on: "The smile vanished from her face. She looked at me, and said very solemnly, 'See here, Marse John, I ain't trustin' to any corn bread to get me to Heaven: I am just trustin' to de precious blood.'"

That is all that any of us can trust, and it is enough for all to trust. *"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter 1:18, 19). "God hath set (Christ) forth to be a propitiation (for sin) through faith in His blood" (Romans 3:25).*

T. T. S.

Years ago several Swedish families, immigrants, settled in the same locality and organized a church. After some time they substituted English for Swedish in the preaching services, and even came to speak English in their homes — fluently, but with an accent. Their accent and their love for things Swedish were matters of good natured joking among themselves and with their American friends.

Among the younger generation born in this country, was a little girl, age eight, who had heard her mother joking about her father's strong accent. With a giggle she told a friend, "My father says, *Shickens*." "And how do you say it," asked the friend. "Oh," answered the little girl, conscious of her American superiority, "I say, *Shickens*."

There are many Christians, completely naturalized, or even born in Christian homes, that still speak Christian with an accent. They know the language; no one doubts their citizenship; but the manner of worldly thought clings to their speech. They are not interested in foreign missions; they attend more suppers than evangelistic meetings; they think a dollar a Sunday is a handsome contribution to the church — if they happen to come. They have absorbed the secular culture of the age, and though they think they say "Chickens," in reality they still say, "Shickens."

We all need constantly to compare our speech with the Bible and to correct ourselves by its standards. Think a moment: How do you pronounce Christianity in your thought and conduct?

G. H. C.