

**Widder Green's Last Words.**

[An old Baltimore Sun.]  
 "I'm goin' to die," says the Widder Greene,  
 "I'm goin to quit this airthly scene;  
 'Tain't no place for me to stay  
 in such a world as 'tis today;  
 Such works and ways is too much for me,  
 Nobody can't let nobody be.  
 The girls is flounces from top to toe,  
 And that's the hull o' what they know.  
 The men is mad on bonds and stocks  
 Swarin' and shootin', an' pickin' locks:  
 I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself,  
 Ef I aint laid on my final shelf.  
 There ain't a cretur but knows to-day  
 I never was lunitic any way.  
 But since the crazy folks all go free  
 I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me!  
 There's another thing that's pesky hard—  
 I can't step into my neighbor's yard  
 To say 'How be you,?' or borry a pin,  
 But what the paper'll have in it.  
 'We're pleased to say the Widder Greene  
 Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene.'  
 Or, "Our worthy friend Mrs. Green has gone  
 Down to Barkhamstead to see her son."  
 Great Jerusalem! can't I stir  
 Without raisin' some feller's fur?  
 There ain't no privacy, so to say.  
 No more'n if this was Judgment Day.  
 And as for meetin'—I want to swear  
 Every time I put my head in there.  
 Why, even Old Hundred's spiled and done  
 Like every thing else under the sun.  
 It used to be so solemn an' slow.  
 Praise to the Lord from men below,  
 Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,  
 High didle didle! there an' here.  
 No respect to the Lord above  
 No more'n ef He wash and an' glove  
 With all the creaturs he ever made.  
 And all the jigs that ever was played.  
 Preachin', too,—but here I'm dumb;  
 But I tell you what! I'd like it some  
 If good old Parson Nathan Strong  
 Out of his grave would come along,  
 An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire,—  
 Judgment an' justice is my desire,  
 'Taint all love an' sickish sweet  
 That makes this world or t'other complete.  
 But law! I'm old! I'd better be dead  
 When the world'd a turnin' over my head:  
 Sperits, talkin' like tarnal fools,  
 Bibles kicked out of deestric schools,  
 Crazy creturs a-murderin' round—  
 Honest folks'd better be under ground.  
 So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene  
 No more'll be pestered by Widder Greene.

**Ethan Allen's Way.**

We have heard of Ethan Allen. He was the man who went across Lake Champlain in the early dawn of May 10, 1775, and demanded the surrender of old Fort Ticonderoga in the "name of the great Jehovah and Continental Congress" and took it all in ten minutes. Well, he had occasion once, it is said, to superintend the burial of some British troops and Tory sympathizers and gave orders to "bury them deep and with their faces downward" so if they came to life and tried to dig out they would dig through into China and give him and his cause no more trouble.

That's the way to bury this filter-

bed business, so deep that it will never know a resurrection in our day. Every voter from Allen's old state and everywhere else will bury it deep and strong. Vote early and vote right on that subject.

**Literary Notes.**

The April number of the Biblical World, just out from the University of Chicago press, is noticeable for a fourteen-page critical notice and review of the new Encyclopedia Biblica, by Drs. Cheyne and Black. It is the more suggestive from the fact that while the Encyclopedia is "advanced" higher criticism, as are the editors of the Biblical World, they take direct issue with the Encyclopedia in many respects. Another

very marked and valuable feature of review is that it compares and contrasts the Encyclopedia with the new Hastings' Bible Dictionary, which is the more conservative, and to us much more satisfactory and useful work. This fourteen-page review is a model of such kind of work, although written from a point of view with which we do not fully sympathize. Let us say, also, the Biblical World itself is a very valuable magazine for ministers and advanced Sunday school teacher. It is fresh and up to date twelve times a year.

There is one passage of scripture we want people to use every time the filter-bed comes up, it is Rev. 3:16 "I will spew thee out of my mouth."

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