

THA TWO PRACHERS AN THA TEXT

Varmer Stoakes had a proper shindy one day we tha Rector a ower parish, bout a bit a glebe lan.

Varmer got za spiteful, an wur zo upzet, tha a hooden goo ta Church, bit took ta goo ta tha new Methodist Chapel as thay'd a just put up in ower village.

When he's wooldest zon came whoam vrim Bouarden School, in tha hallerdys, tha very vust Zundy he's fiather insteads a takin o'wn ta church, "to tha boys girt astonishment" teakes un in ta Chapel. It happened as how one a tha Local Shinin Lights wur plan'd ta hawld vorth thic Zundy, a downright yearnest energetic zart of a man anuff; bit raather illeterate. A wur blessed wie a mwoast powervul bease voice which a diden varget ta use. When a got up on tha rostrum ta prache, he gied out his text in he's broad Wace Countrie vernacular "*He that got yers to yer let un yer*" and var vive an twenty minutes kept his rustic audience spell bound we he's quaint vlow of languidge. An bein a blacksmith diden varget ta drave he's argyments well whoam to he's hearers by way of he's uplifted brawny yarm an vist on tha open Bible avore un.

When Varmer and he's zon got whoam and wur zit down ta dinner, he's mother axed un how a liked tha Chapel zarvice. Not at all mother, a zaays; The preacher dropped his H's fearfully and did'nt aspirate them when he ought to.

Dang zaasperation he's H's ar drappen on em either, zays tha varmer; I caaled it a good zound plain practical sarmon. Well, zaays the zon, "not var ta zeem

ta contradict he's parent," perhaps it was father and tis no doubt tha fault of my education that wont let me see it in that light; thease leetle bit a tact on tha peart of tha zon, smoothed matters auver, an tha subject drapped. But the very next Zundy Varmer teaks un to a village Church about two miles off, wur a young maisher of a Curate jist vresh vrim College wur conductin tha zarvice.

When a got up ta prache be drat if a diden pitch upon tha very seam text as tha Blacksmith did the Zundy avore. Zoo atter putten he's zarplice an eyeglass ta rights an turnen auver zim sheets a peaper, a gied out in a voice zummat between a Alto an a love zick Tenor "HE THAT HATH YAWS TO YAW LET HIM YAW," an in ten minets got droo ten sheets a zarmon peaper as vast as a schoolbwoy cood race droo a chapter, an diden wonce teak he's eyes off ta zee how tha congregation wur effected be he's vlow a elerquence. Zoo when varmer an he's zom got whoam a zaays, Now me bwoy, what about zasperation an droppen H's now? dwoant ee think tha Chapel Passen av got the baste on't var of ael tha Prachers I've ever lissened too, tha one we yeard ta-day bates tha lot.

And if thats tha way thay be larnt at College ta hold vorth to tha people; a body needen wonder at tha Dissenters vlourishin zoo, in country pleazin.