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Give Him a Lift!

Give him a lift! Don't kneel to pray,
Not unless with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is really help—not prayer and creed.

"To time when the wounds are washed and healed,
That the inward anthem be revealed;
But now, where is the spirit he,
Mere words are but a mockery.

One grain of alms now is more
To him than sermons mainly love;
Pray, if you must, in your full heart,
But give him a lift—give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice;
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold, and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds;
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives not a lift when they are down.

—Home Journal.

VARIETY.

The latest name for bachelor: air-single.

A prudent man is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far.

Boston is supposed to be a healthy city, but a great many people dye there for want of fresh hair.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintance.

A little girl asked the following conundrum: "How many letters are there in a postman's bag?" She said there were three; b-a-g.

A Grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note stating: "Too much sand for table use and not enough for building purposes."

The last and greatest slander is that Gen. Grant met Richard Wagner the other day, and paid the latter a fleeting compliment on the elegance and comfort of his palace-car.

The American after dinner orator in England will soon be able to say: "Speaking the same language, glorifying in the same literature, of the same blood, and subject to the same potato-bug," etc.

A wicked man killed himself in the lowest level of a Nevada mine, and the account says: "Thus his alleged soul was saved over half a mile of transportation."

It has been inferred that Dryden wasn't opposed to a cheery soliloquy, from a remark he once made: "Stories may be made the instruments of happiness."

The strike on James street yesterday morning was promptly quelled. The old lady marched upon the scene with a broom, and the boys took the saw and returned to work on the wood-pile at old rates.

"What's the use of all this sacrifice of human life, this bloody butchery of Turks and Russians?" said a Philadelphia Quaker to a Continental big merchant. "I don't know," replied the latter, mournfully, "pork isn't cut any that I can see."

The United States army is being rapidly put upon a war footing. Two more soldiers have reported for duty, and a man in the hospital with a sore leg will be ready for business in less than a fortnight.

The exploring party struck the shore where Friday used to trade for his four and beans at Mysome, the other day, and found the Trojan monarch's passbook, showing that his account was behind by Ilyrian drachmas. Dr. Schliemann says this accounts all the grower passions of his nature.

An intelligent telegraph operator says that a house was lately burned in St. John N. B., which was "occupied by three families, three barns and two sheds." It ought to have burned; crowding a house in that way is a sin.

Sweet Home.—"Home's the place for boys," said a stern parent to his son, who was fond of going out at night. "That's just what I think when you drive me off to school every morning," said the son.

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dere is look out," he says, "which is to put out your head and see; and look out, which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrairie.

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook a good meal shall get married till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls in sweet chorus.

An able physician stood meditating at a street corner this morning, in front of a fruit stand "Three packs of green apples a bushel, of pretty bad cherries, a gallon and a half of lemonade. Ah, humph-well, I should say about eighteen attacks of cholera-morbus and a dozen or so of some other complaints; business is looking up, and I think I will buy that new straw hat.

The following versions of the word "kerosene" have actually been received by the Portland Kerosene Oil Company in its correspondence: Carsoline, carsoaine, carsoine, carsone, carsogne, carsoel, carsogne, carsine, carsine, carsone, carsoine, carsoine, carsoel, carsyene, carsoie, carsoel, carsoel, carsoene, carsoel, carsoeil, karsoene, karsoin, karsoine, karsoene, karsoene, karsoel, karsoel, karsoel, karsoene, karsone, karsoene, karsoine, karsoine, karsoene, karsine, karsoine, karsoene, karsoel, karsoel, karsoel