

Religious Miscellany.

OLD FLOWERS AND OLD FAITHS.

As dear familiar fragrant flowers, That in old gardens bloom, In these new times and moods of ours, To foreign plants give room...

Aunt Jerusha's Vacation.

"Home again, are you, Auntie? Had a good time? We're real glad to see you. Now your vacation is over you must tell us all about it."

"Well, I guess I'm as glad to get home as you can be to see me. I thought I was purty middlin' tired 'fore I started, but now I'm enmost tuckered out."

"I guess so. We had lots of fun, n' I should guess that was somethin' new in a theological seminary. Everybody was happy 'cept two or three who was afraid that Congregationalists was a-gittin' too lib'ral."

"You may think that's a work of time—perhaps a long time; but it's got to come. An' if Charley Hodge don't live to see it, if he grows up healthy, you needn't call me Aunt Jerusha any more!"

"Let us see them," replied the judge. "You must let us see them." "The ain't no poetry in 'em as I can see; but they was a relief, perhaps, to the writer. They was headed: 'The Heresy-Hunt of Our Three Giants,' an' read like this:

More dexterous far in horsemanship; He rides two nags, ye see. He's liberal an' he's orthodox In a very high degree.

"Our Edwards is the mightiest man; The grandest of the three, No mortal yet could sign a creed So loftily as he, And he's keen as any bound to take The scent of heresy."

"Well, Auntie, you are not sorry you went to Andover?" said Parson Hopeful. "Oh, I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"I thought you would believe in the new theology if you could only go and hear some of it."

"Well, really, 'twasn't new at all; it's just what I've always believed, only it was better expressed than I've often heard it. It was just what they've been teaching at Oberlin, a reasonable, biblical and progressive theology."

"You like both Andover and Oberlin so well you hardly know where to send your grandson to study theology?" suggested the judge.

"I ain't troubled 'bout that. Katie thinks she will train him herself, so he'll be a great theologian before he's old enough to go to either."

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The Fireside.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet, Reeking on the highest billow, Laughing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sailors, Anchored yet within the bay: You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey Up the mountains, steep and high, You can stand within the valley, While the multitudes go by: You can chant in happy measures As they slowly pass along; Though they may forget the singer, They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver Ever ready to command, If you cannot toward the needy Reach an ever open hand, You can visit the afflicted, O'er the erring you can weep, You can be a true disciple, Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict Prove yourself a soldier too; If, where fire and smoke are thickest, There's no work for you to do; When the battle-flags are flying, You can go with silent tread; You can bear away the wounded, You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting For some greater work to do; Fortune is a lazy goddess, She will never come to you; Go and toll in any vineyard, Do not fear to do and dare; If you can find a field of labor, You can find it anywhere. —Selected.

How She Lost Her Husband.

Mrs. Bryan had a widowed mother, who leaned on her in the weariness of age, and to whom she ministered with an unwearying devotion. She had little ones, whose lives were dearer to her than was her own life, and whose merry voices and loving acts kept her soul and heart in health.

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How the Boys Are Ruined.

In a late number of the London Punch, a prodigal son, who has gone to the bad, is represented as saying to his father, in answer to a stern rebuke: "Ah, it's all very well for you to talk, father. It's precious easy to keep straight on nothing a year, and you were thrown penniless on the world at fourteen! I should like to have seen you in my circumstances, after a public school and college education, and an allowance of £500 per annum ever since!"

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Modern Civilization.

The daughter of modern civilization, dressed at her utmost best, is a morsel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climates, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast; her robe is from Paris; her lace is from Venice, or Spain, or France; her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa; her furs from the remote home of the Esquimaux and the aurora; her fan from Japan; her diamonds from Brazil; her bracelets from California; her pearls from Ceylon; her cameos from Rome; she has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms that have been dust and ashes now for forty centuries; her watch is from Geneva; her card-case is from China; her hair is from—oh, I don't know where her hair is from; I never could find out. That is, her other hair; her public hair, her Sunday hair; I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. Why, you ought to know the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it does a brickbat or a gun, or any other thing you correct people with. It's a thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head, beehive fashion, and then tucks the end under the hair and harpoons it with a hairpin. —Mark Twain.

One of the Cranks of the Supreme Court.

Then, again, there is Praying Patsey. He comes occasionally, just as the judges are about taking their noonday recess, and, stationing himself in the doorway of the court-room, mutters a short prayer. Whether it be ritual or extempore, and who may be the special objects of his petitions—bench, bar, suitors or witnesses—are alike matters of mystery, inasmuch as his utterances are so rapid and muffled as to be totally unintelligible. His act of devotion accomplished, he swiftly moves toward another part of the court, there again to perform his self-imposed duty. He is strictly impartial, concerning the benefits of his intercessory offering on every room in the building, not omitting even the comptroller's office and the bureau for the collection of arrears. What ideas he may have respecting the necessity or value of his services no one knows, for he speaks to no one. He is convinced, no doubt, that his presence and prayers are absolutely essential to the welfare, if not, indeed, the existence of the building and its inmates. One thing, at least, is certain. If he does no good, he does no harm, and his lunacy might easily assume a more objectionable form. —The Manhattan for September.

Humbug in Alpine Climbing.

There is an immense deal of humbug in Alpine climbing. People tear over glaciers and up and down mountains, merely for the sake of saying they have done the Alps. Your constitutional tramp grasps his staff, and with eyes fixed on the ground, walks, and walks, and never stopping to look upward—never asking what is to be gained by the expenditure of time and leather. On his return he will show you his staff, on which are recorded his feats of pedestrianism. Only this and nothing more. At least this poor ambition conduces to many muscle, and there are tramps whose souls rise above their boots. But I no longer marvel that this Cook's-tourist way of assaulting scenery has disgusted artists with Switzerland. Once upon a time a king of France marched up a hill and then marched down again. That king has many followers in this region. —Kate Field, in the Manhattan for September.

Extravagance of Both.

Mrs. Willard, of the Union Signal, is responsible for this: "Let us hear no more of woman's extravagance. General Francis Walker, the untiring chief of the census bureau, has taken our case in hand and has ably and simply maintained our defence. He says, or rather the figures say, that the men of this country spend \$408,000,000 in dress, while we women, with our 'love of bonnets,' etc., ask our husbands for only \$387,000,000, an average of forty-five dollars per annum for the lords of creation and twenty-seven for the ladies. Tell it in Gath, publish it up and down the streets of Askelon!"

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. —Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder.

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CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Omaha, and St. Paul. —Advertisement for Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific RY.

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Omaha, and St. Paul. —Advertisement for Great Rock Island Route.

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THE GREAT German Remedy. TRUTHS FOR THE SICK. For those deathly ailments, such as Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, etc., Sulphur Bitters will cure you. —Advertisement for Sulphur Bitters.

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Make Practical Arithmetic easy for all. Simplifies the art of computation, and enables every Farmer and Tradesman to make correct and instantaneous calculations in all their business transactions. —Advertisement for Ropp's Calculator and Diary.

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Eggs and Poultry WANTED.

All kinds of Poultry, all the year round, and Eggs by the dozen or case. Highest cash price will be paid. —Advertisement for Eggs and Poultry Wanted.

New Advertisements.



Leghorn Eggs for Setting. We make a specialty of furnishing White and Brown Leghorn Eggs for setting at fifty cents per dozen. —Advertisement for Leghorn Eggs for Setting.

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