



JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

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PRACTICE VS. PREACHING.

Give me an eye to others' failings blind,  
(Miss Smith's new bonnet's quite a fright be-  
hind;)  
Wake me in charity for the suffering poor,  
(There comes that contribution plate once  
more;)

Take from my soul all feelings covetous,  
(I'll have a shawl like that or make a fuss!)

Let love for all my kind my spirit stir,  
(Save Mrs. James! I'll never speak to her!)

Let me in truth's fair pages take delight,  
(I'll read that other novel through to-night!)

Make me contented with my earthly state,  
(I wish I'd married rich, but it's too late!)

Give me a heart of faith in all my kind,  
(Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find!)

Help me to see myself as others see,  
(This dress is quite becoming unto me!)

Let me act no falsehood, I appeal,  
(I wonder if they'll think these curls are real!)

Make my heart of humility the fount,  
(How glad I am our pew's so near the front!)

Fill me with patience and strength to wait,  
(I know he'll preach until our dinner's late!)

Take from my heart each grain of self-conceit!  
(I'm sure the gentlemen must think me sweet!)

Let saintly wisdom be my daily food,  
(I wonder what they'll have for dinner good!)

Let not my feet ache in the road to light,  
(Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and  
bite!)

In this world teach me to deserve the next,  
(Church out? Charles, do you recollect the  
text?)

WHY THE GAS BURNED LOW.—When a Ful-  
ton father came home the other evening and  
stepped into the parlor to fill up the coal stove,  
he was startled to see, when the flame of his  
hand-lamp dissipated the darkness that his  
daughter and her ducky doodle Adolphus were  
sojourning in the shadow of the lowered gas  
jet. But they were in separate chairs! And  
were engrossed in a box of figs! He felt com-  
pelled to ask: "Something the matter with the  
gas?" And the time-tried youth, grasping one  
of the golden thoughts that overwhelm us in  
the time of emergency, answered, as he me-  
chanically picked up another fig: "No, sir, we  
turned it down so as not to notice when we bit  
into a worm!"

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

HOME SCENE.—Husband entering, and throw-  
ing himself languidly upon the sofa, as he  
wipes the perspiration from his brow: "Oh,  
dear, business is killing me, I am so tired."

Wife, jumping for a pillow: "Lay down  
there like a dear good fellow, and take a little  
rest."

Little four year old daughter: "Oh, papa! I  
fought 'ood be awful tired after I saw oo car-  
rying the new hired girl all 'bout the tichen."  
Tableau, blue fire, &c., &c.—*Whitehall Times.*

ECHOES.

Once, with a wail of anguish,  
I called upon thy name,  
And "Fancy" told me thy loving voice  
Answered me back again.

—*St. John Torch.*

But only "Fancy" my feelings—  
For to tell them to you I can't—  
That which I took to be your voice  
Was the roar of an elephant.

—*N. Y. News.*

A leading health journal says: "Never go  
to bed with cold feet." If your feet are cold,  
you'd better leave them down stairs alongside  
the kitchen fire when you go to bed. The ad-  
vice given in health journals should be heeded.  
—*Norristown Herald.*

Hear the tinkling of the bells—

Moffet bells;

What a sale of alcohol their melody foretell!

How they jingle, jingle, jingle,

In each saloon in town,

And the barkeepers a single

Half-dime cannot knock down.

Keeping count, count, count

Of the pestiest amount—

Of every drink the bar-keeper across the coun-  
ter sells.

With its bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

With its pretty Moffet patent registering bells!

—*New York World.*

It is saddening to watch the drying day, to  
see the flickering light fall pulseless behind the  
western hills. It is harder still to watch for  
water to boil, over a doubtful fire, when in a  
hurry for breakfast.—*Danbury News.*

A coquette is a rosebush from which each  
young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are  
left for the husband, says an exchange. This  
leaves talk only for the neighbors.—*Bridgeport  
Standard.*

TORCHISMS.

\*\*\*Wise acres—Wisdom teeth aching.

\*\*\*Why must the scenery in a ravine be al-  
ways beautiful? Because it's so gorge-ous.

\*\*\*What is the difference between a watch  
and a bankrupt? A watch must be wound up  
before it will go, but a bankrupt stops as soon  
as he is "wound up."

\*\*\*Do actors plan-it before-hand when they  
make "star" engagements?

\*\*\*Is it necessary for a man to be a good  
arithmetician to enable him to sigh-for plenty  
of money?

\*\*\*A man, who had a scolding wife, said to  
her, "My dear, with all thy faults, I love thee  
still."

\*\*\*If a chicken wished to describe its parent-  
age, in what particular kind of preserves would  
it do so? Mamma-lade

\*\*\*If you were riding on a donkey, what  
kind of fruit would you resemble? A pear.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up  
by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon  
its waves and sink into nothingness. Else,  
why is it the high and glorious aspirations  
which leap like angels from the temple of our  
hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied?  
Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come  
over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and  
then pass off to leave us to muse over their  
loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which  
hold their festival around the midnight throne,  
are set above the grasp of our limited faculties,  
forever mocking us with their unapproachable  
glory? And, finally, why is it that the bright  
forms of beauty are presented to our view and  
taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of  
our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent  
upon our hearts? We are born for a higher  
destiny than of earth. There is a realm where  
the rainbow never fades—where the stars will  
be spread out before us like the islands that  
slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful  
beings which now pass before us like shadows  
will stay forever in our presence.

The man who has the habit of drinking the  
health of other people is very apt to complete-  
ly ruin his own.—*N. Y. News.*