

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

'Tis time when wounds are washed and
healed,
That the inward motive be revealed;
But now, whate'er the spirit be,
Mere words are shallow mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tomes of saintly lore.
Pray, if you must, within your 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 generous souls who aid mankind
Are like to diamonds 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 a lift when men are down.

SUPERLUOUS DEVICES.

Who but a man bereft of sense would
think
To prop the sky, and thus prevent its
fall?

Or stop Niagara at its very brink
By the erection of a mud-built wall?
Or stretch a chain across the boisterous
sea,

To force it into slumbrous repose?
Or regulate the law of gravity,
Lest chaos come all order to foreclose?
And who but one demented will contend,
That Truth, unaided by external force,
Successfully her cause cannot defend,

But must to carnal weapons have
recourse?

That in religion reason is no guide?
That Liberty to license is allied?

—*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

The whale spouted in triumph. "Never
you mind!" shouted Jonah, vindictively.
"You've given me a good deal of trouble,
I'll admit; but you just wait till the lat-
ter day theologians tackle you!" With
a hoarse chuckle he struck out over the
sand-dunes toward Nineveh.

THE LAY JUDGE'S PERPLEXITY.

Some years ago one of the laymen who
find places on the bench of the highest
court of New Jersey, thanks to political
influence and accommodating Governors,
was a builder or contractor living in the
northern part of the state, a man notori-
ously ignorant of the law and unfitted for
any judicial position. Not long after his
appointment a Judge of a Federal Court,
who knew the man, met him and with
rather an amused smile asked:

"Well, Judge, how do you get along on
the bench?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I get along very
well. You see I have been on the grand
jury a good deal and so had picked up
considerable about law. But, Judge," he
went on rather earnestly, "I find I have
got to study Latin."

"Indeed. That's rather a serious busi-
ness for a man of your age to take up, is
it not?"

"Yes, but I've got to do it. You see
there are so many words I don't under-
stand. Now look here, what do they
mean when they say *latches*?"

He pronounced the word *latches* and, as
he spoke it, made a motion with his index
finger as of a man lifting a latch.

The future course of the Judge's study
of Latin is not recorded.

A lady of rank, whose Sunday duties
had long been neglected, was moved one
day to attend with her daughters the
morning services at the little chapel of St.
James' Palace. Unluckily, there was no
room; every seat was filled. "Well,
never mind, dears," said my lady to her
girls as they turned away. "Anyhow we
have done the civil thing." She had paid
her "call."

Bad Boy—"What ye talkin' 'bout me
goin' to the bad place fer? Our preacher
says there is one, but Johnny Stagg's
preacher an' lots of other preachers says
there ain't. Guess they know 'bout it as
well as our preacher does."

His Mother (with decision)—"My son,
whenever a preacher says anything that
bad boys like to hear, you can jest make
up your mind it ain't true."—*New York
Weekly.*

And the same may be said of a good
deal the preachers say that grown-up
people like to hear.