

GRAVE AND GAY.

GETTIN' RELIGION.

I ain't much on religion, nor prayer-meeting beside,
I've never joined the church as yet, nor ain't been sanctified ;
But a tender sort of feeling draws me nearer to the skies,
Since I got a peep of heaven through a pair of trusting eyes.

Time was when nothing moved my thoughts above this sinful world ;
No preacher's words could stir me up, in wrath an' fury hurled ;
But lately I've been drifting nigher to the better land,
And the force that leads me upward is a little dimpled hand.

Seems like the bad thoughts sneak away, with that wee chap hard by ;
And cuss words that were handy once won't come when he is nigh ;
Fact is, it sort o' shames me to see those clear blue eyes
Look at me (when I'm gettin' riled) in pity an' surprise.

I don't know much of heaven or angels an' such things ;
But, somehow, when I picture 'em it ain't with harps and wings ;
But with yeller curls, all tangled, and tender eyes that shine,
An' lips that's soft an' loving, like that little chap of mine.

Then, when he folds his dimpled hands, in his little bed at night,
An' whispers " Now I lay me," why thar's something ails my sight,
An' my throat gits sort of husky when he blesses me, an' then
I'm dead sure I've got religion by the time he says " Amen ! "

—*Ida Goldsmith Morris, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mr. Grayson—You say that this Mrs. Sappington is a bad woman, and yet you invite her to your house. I'd like to know how you justify yourself?

Mrs. Grayson—Oh, but society hasn't found her out yet.

YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHY.

A little girl going to church with her mother one Sunday saw some men working on the street-car tracks. " See those men breaking the Sabbath," said her mother, thinking to suggest a moral lesson. The little girl watched them gravely. Then she looked up in her mother's face and said : " And can't God mend it ? "

An astute little boy was asked the other day what was meant by " sins of omission," and he responded, without any pause or hesitation, " The sins we have forgotten to commit."

Sweet little Meg came into her Sunday school class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and looking up into her teacher's face, said : " Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he's awfully cross to strangers."

A certain young woman teaches a class in a mission Sunday-school. She has a difficult task imparting scraps of religious instruction to her young charges, and often amusing answers are unconsciously returned to questions which she asks. On one occasion she asked her pupils : " What do the high priests do ? " And received the reply : " They burned insects before the people," by which the youngster, of course, meant incense.

But one of the funniest experiences, which well shows the queer ideas which the children receive in their lessons, was given when, after a discussion of shipwreck which followed a lesson three or four weeks previously on the well-known story of Jonah and the whale, she happened to ask : " Suppose a big storm arose at sea and it looked as though you were going to be drowned, what would you do ? " " I would throw a man overboard for a whale to swallow," was the reply.

The following appears in the *Victor (Colo.) Times*:—" Rev. Mr. L— is expected to arrive in Victor this evening. He will occupy the pulpit of Rev. M—, whose brokerage business now requires his entire time, rendering it impossible for him to fulfill his duties as pastor."