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**SNAP SHOTS.**

From Grave to Gay, From Sober to Severe.

"Pious Like Hell."

BY DAVID BARKER.

A few years since, a powerful revival of religion was witnessed at Oldtown, Maine. Among the hopeful converts was an Indian of the Penobscot tribe, who, soon after his conversion, attended a prayer meeting and was called upon to "tell his experience." Not exactly understanding the construction of the King's English, Peol expressed himself as follows: "Oh glory, me feel pious like hell." That incident suggests the following stanzas:

The hand of religion is potent to save,  
Its value no mortal can prize,  
It leads us in safety clear down to the grave,  
Then gives us a pass to the skies.  
But since the grand choice in the garden was given;  
Since Adam from Paradise fell,  
Full many are known to be pious like heaven,  
While many are "pious like hell."

I once was an orphan boy, mortgaged and leased  
And served without hope of a fee  
For one who was lending the Lord what she fleeced  
From the girl in the kitchen and me—  
'Twas a day or two since that I gazed on the face

Of her, the once mademoiselle,  
And thought, though she bragged of abounding in grace,  
Of Peol, and "pious like hell."

But tares in the wheat nor the counterfeit coin  
Should rob us no night of our rest,  
Let this be our motto, while journeying on:  
God orders all things for the best.  
And mind it, no knowledge to mortals is given  
By which that frail mortal can tell,  
Except by the fruits, who is pious like heaven,  
Or, Peol-like, "pious like hell."

Mrs. Gad—Good morning, Mrs. Feeney! and I heard your summer boarder had run off and not paid the bill!

Mrs. Feeney—Yes! and now he's an officer in the army, sure!

Mrs. Gad—And how's that, Mrs. Feeney?

Mrs. Feeney—And sure he's a left tenant!

**Running an Newspaper.**

Jim Jones he was an editor; that is, he tried to be;  
He bought himself a hand press, and started in to see  
Jes' what there was to editin', but when he'd canvassed round  
Some fifteen hundred editors in that same town, he found.

They all knew more about it than Jones could hope to know;  
They told him: "You must run hev, Jones, jes' so an' so an' so.  
Be sure an' boom the Baptists, they're bound to help you out,  
An' give the good old Methodists a big salvation shout!

"Give every man a notice; be sure and put it down  
Whenever Major Jinks is seen to perambulate the town;  
Put in a few free locals for all the stores an' give  
Each man a free subscription, if you want your sheet to live!"

Well, Jones, he done jes' as they said, for fear they'd make a row;  
But the more he tried to please 'em all, the more they told him how!  
Until at last he took his book an' laid it on the shelf,  
Then run the paper in the ground an' follored it himself!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Goethe says, that, if you plant an oak in a flower-vase, either the oak must wither or the vase crack; some men go for saving the vase. Too many now-a-days have that anxiety. The Puritans would have let it crack. So say I. If there is anything that cannot bear free thought, let it crack. There is a class among us so conservative, that they are afraid the roof will come down if you sweep off the cobwebs. As Douglass Jerrold says, "They can never fully relish the new moon, out of respect for that venerable institution, the old one."—Wendell Phillips.

**Great Scott!**

Thanks, Mr. Scott! You have given us a law whereby we can get all the liquor we can pay for: now, give us an Act whereby we can get all the liquor we want!

One can scarcely charge Mr. Blair in justice of having any leaning towards the Catholics, considering his great horror of "surpluses."