



(Specially drawn for "The Church Monthly" by W. H. GROOME.)

"LET'S HOPE IT WASN'T TRUE."

WAS it a dream of Master Jack's,
Or was it really true?
Was it a dream of Master Jack's?
I think it was; don't you?

"A year ago, Sir Lobster—
A year ago to-day.
We've just come down from London
A summer month to stay."

"Shake hands, sir," said the Lobster
With patronising smile;
"Why, Jack dear, since I met you
It seems a dreary while."

He gave his little finger
For Mr. Lob. to shake,
The kindly Lobster shook it
In a way that made it ache.

Oh, was it a dream of Master Jack's?
I think it was; don't you?
'Twas rather hard on Master Jack
If such a thing was true.

JOHN LEA.