

John Hillyard Cameron.

Give ear : we name a Man, for he was one
 Who left the shores of Time but yesterday.
 Let party blame or praise his actions done—
 No weakling soul then trod the Eternal Way,
 Through Lite's long fight a leader in the fray,
 His still to choose the path those following trod.
 Much good the friends, slight ill the foes can say,
 Of him whose form we place beneath the sod,
 Of him whose spirit now stands hushed before its God.

Where in our land his equal shall we find ?
 Not in our legislative halls, nor where
 Beneath judicial dome the legal mind
 Sifts Truth from Evidence with painful care.
 Build high the tomb ; the columned shaft prepare,
 And write thereon what written shall be true—
 With more than many mortals have to bear,
 His failings were—his virtues were not—few.
 May He who gave the soul be gracious thereunto.

A Parable.

1. And the genius GRIP sat on the outskirts of a great city.
2. And it came to pass that a great concourse of people appeared out of the city, coming toward him, and they were burdened as for a great journey.
3. And GRIP rose and said unto them, "O ye that come from the city, and that journey thence. Tell me now the reason of your journey, for ye seem not like ordinary travellers, but like men distressed and driven.
4. And the concourse of people, even of all trades and handicrafts, came nigh unto GRIP and wept before him.
5. And they said, "Let it be known unto our lord, even unto GRIP.
6. That we are men who make steam engines, and who make furniture, and are cunning in the making of boots and shoes, and skilled in all handiwork of brass and copper, and likewise of tin.
7. And we refine sugar, and also make cotton cloth, and divers woollen goods, and alpaccas and casimeres ; moreover thy servants are tailors, and make railway materials and rails, and also stoves, and exceeding large kettles, and many small pots.
8. And we did use to make them in this city, and in others, even from the west unto the east, and throughout this country, and in all the coasts thereof.
9. And lo, it came to pass that cunning men have deluded the rest of the people, being those who plough the land, and reap the fruits thereof.
10. And have told them to buy foreign goods, even from a far land, and they buy not ours, wherefore thy servants starve, and go now to that ... country, to get work there.
11. And with thy servants go likewise many who build houses, even carpenters, brickmen, and those who paint, and also those who fed the same, being butchers and storekeepers.
12. And the cities are becoming desolate, and the grass groweth in the streets, and the Evil One, which is called "TO LET," hath set his mark on their doors. And there is great lamentation therein.
13. And the people went, and the cities were desolate, and GRIP waited to see the end thereof.
14. And the land was left to the husbandmen.
15. Now the husbandmen grew poor, because they had no one to sell to ; that only which could bear a long journey could they sell.
16. So that the land was in great farms, even very large farms, and there were few men to each.
17. And it came to pass that the people of the south country, even the Yang-kees.
18. When they saw what had been done, and how the people of the country stood.
19. Said to one another, "Verily they are in our hand, for they have not left to themselves a city, nor scarcely a village ; nor have they the means to make weapons of war.
20. Moreover they are scattered over the face of the land, and no man hath a close neighbor."
21. And they arose and fell on the people of that country, even the foolish husbandmen, and took their land.
22. And did make their servants and slaves, and compelled tribute from them.
23. And the husbandmen lifted up their voices and wept, and said, "If we had not destroyed our cities and our villages, truly it had not happened."
24. And GRIP left that country, and journeyed southward, and that country became a hissing and a desolation and no man knew it.

The Central Prison.

In the year '57, as certain old men,
 Can attest, there was one thought to be
 Not so overly-kind to his prisoners then.
 Can the trait be hereditary ?

Safe Criticism.

How very cool it is to hear a lot of fellows howling,
 Of STANLEY's plucky venture far away on Afric's shore,
 That he's shooting down the niggers just as if he were out fowling,
 That it's cowardly, and cruel, and a lot of humbug more.

The very people these who, on the explorer retreating,
 Before the poisoned arrow or the pointed assagay,
 Would shout, "Oh, you cleared off because you thought you'd get a
 beating,
 You disgrace to Anglo-Saxons ; you turned round and ran away."

Let these poor *ignorami* know that former explorations,
 Have failed for need of force, and failed for need of force alone,
 When, forced to an unhealthy route for fear of hostile nations,
 Their leaders died—as lately died lamented LIVINGSTONE.

Have they not got the brains to know that one small expedition,
 Among a hundred million men, keeps peace while keep it can ?
 Do they not know that, forced of late to dangerous position,
 If STANLEY had not fought, the blacks had butchered every man.

"We drove them off!"—the news would fly along the negro border.
 "We'll have the spoil!" the next would shout, and they would
 have it too,
 Good critics, who want savages ruled in such pleasing order,
 GRIP wishes you were there, and thinks he knows what you would
 do.

The *Globe* is a journal of information—general information—solid,
 reliable, information ; and if there is one part of that paper which more
 than another bristles with knowledge, it is the column of "Answer to Cor-
 respondents." It is easy to take ; children cry for it ; no family should
 be without it. GRIP has long yearned to establish a collection of facts
 like that column, that would thrill its readers, but nobody would under-
 take the task which is so ably performed by our solemn contem. GOLD-
 WIN SMITH fled from the country when we asked him to edit such a
 column. LAIRD immediately got a situation in Manitoba when we
 spoke about the matter, and MILLS hid in a Cabinet the moment we
 mentioned it to him. So we are forced to borrow from the *Globe*
 until we hear from some other great men whom we have written to.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Yes.

J. C. C.—We don't think so.

REFORMER.—Perhaps it might.

READER.—No.

BROKEN HEART.—Sue him for damages.

D—D M—L.S.—Better stick to farming. We have too many
 Ministers now, and too little religion.*

L—RD.—If you can afford it, the best way is by Chicago and St.
 Paul especially in winter. The climate of Manitoba is healthy.

* This answer has been written by Mr. Brown after reviewing his editors. We
 have often wondered why he never found it out before. Certainly, great fault of that
 office, too many of them writing too little of it.

The Eastern Question.

Slowly, but surely, and increasing ever,
 Fears, rumours, hints, have grown to full-blown fact,
 And England learns it all too late to sever
 The great Triumvirs who against her act.

To bar her Eastern path see millions ranking
 Beneath the standard of the Northern Bear,
 See Europe's mighty Eagles sullen flanking,
 His course to guard, and in his spoil to share.

Where now the sons of France, the Russ resisting,
 Firm by her side, as in the years gone by ?
 Ask of the fields whereon, all unassisting,
 She saw them 'neath their German foemen lie.

Who would have strong allies, must strongly aid them,
 Or in their turn must stand without a friend,
 Who by the sword have mighty empires made them,
 In distant climes, must by the sword defend.

Vain such regrets, the fated hour grows nigher,
 When she once more must fighting stand or fall,
 Well for her now if still their ancient fire,
 Her sons retain, for loss would lose her all.

Professor FOWLER laid it down in his lecture last night that no man
 is fairly fitted to enter into the struggles of life till he is fifty-five. GRIP
 commends this to the consideration of those forward infants who are giv-
 ing wrestling exhibitions, and are only 30 or so.