



Brave Georgie!

If there is anything which Mr. BROWN detests more than one thing, it is another thing, and that is tyranny. The form of an autocrat or a despot is odious in his sight, and this accounts for the plain spoken advice he gave to the Russian Nihilists the other day, to the effect that they should forthwith kill the Czar, if he stood in the way of liberty any longer. Now although the *Globe* has a smaller circulation in this city than the *Evening Terrible*,—which JACK ROBERTSON will bet one hundred dollars is a fact—it probably circulates very largely in the Russian Empire, and that advice may be acted upon by the desperate persons to whom it was given. In the meantime, Mr. MACKENZIE and the rest of us must stand amazed at the reckless bravery of G. B.! Just think of it! Boldly and fearlessly he proclaims "killing no murder" in the very teeth of the Emperor, and not more than a few thousand miles of mere water separating him from the august presence of that monarch! This speaks well for Canada. Mr. B. own has so long breathed the free atmosphere of our noble country that he scorns to bridle his tongue, and has no fear of Siberia before his eyes. O, that he would start a good Grit organ in St. Petersburg!



The Bystander.

Now let the *Globe* fellow, and the rib-stabber of the *Mail* stand from under! Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has now got a little weapon of his own, and many a sharp click they'll get over their heads if they dare to wag their tongues after this. Aside from the pleasure with which Mr. GARR anticipates the roastings in store for the enemies of Mr. SMITH, he welcomes the advent of *The*

*Bystander* into the ranks of journalism, and hopes it will prove as wise and worthy as it will be brilliant. *The Bystander* is a new monthly magazine, the first number of which is to appear in January.

### The Smuggler's "Hum."

Sir SAMUEL TILLEY bobbing round  
A-hunting for the "hum,"  
Had travelled all the country o'er  
And to the wall had come;  
The wall I mean is that which guards  
Our shore from foreign scum.

Quoth he, there is a business boom,  
And I feel honest pride  
That I did help to rear this wall,  
And now, my trusty guide,  
If you will kindly boost me up,  
I'll take a look out side.

He took a glance, and there he saw  
The thieving smugglers thick,  
"There is a business hum," quoth they,  
"SAM TILLEY, you're a brick!"  
Then SAMUEL got down off the wall,  
And felt extremely sick.



### A Touching Plea for the Park.

PARK THEOLOGIAN.—Mister MOWAT, I hears it is your intentions for to put up Parliament Buildings in the Queen's Park. I am astonished at you, bein', as I understands, a religious-disposed man yourself. Don't you know that this place is sort of consecrated to the purposes of disputin' about the Pope and whether the earth is flat, and other pious and devotional subjects like them,—and don't you think it is kind of incongruous like for to interduce a House of Parliament, which the members of it is all worldly minded, and won't talk about nothin' but politics? I put it to you, now, as a Christian statesman!—(Mr. MOWAT, as usual, takes the matter into his consideration).

### The Fall of a Church.

A rather startling occurrence took place in a neighboring city the other day, namely, the sudden collapse and fall of a church. Though this disaster is said to have been clearly attributable to defective building, it is well calculated to set the reflective community a-thinking. Some more of our churches will be coming down by the run, allegorically speaking, if we don't look out, and the fall of them will be greater than any mere material collapse. Slovenly architecture is not the only thing that will lend to the downfall of a church. That can at

most only ruin the edifice. There are certain things which will as surely cause the sanctuary itself to tumble. Frivolity is one of these things, and the hollow mockery of heartless "worship" is another. Cant on the one hand and flippancy on the other are equally dangerous materials to have in a church foundation. And when a congregation breaks out into roars of laughter at one place, and uproarious applause at another, as a certain congregation in this city did last Sunday, it is about time for the deacons to go around with a lantern and see if there isn't something loose somewhere. GRIP is not a gentleman of the "cloth," but holds it his privilege to deliver a little lay sermon occasionally.



Et Tu Brute!

Mr. GRIP has endeavoured here to depict the probable appearance of his respected friend Mr. WALLACE, the Conservative President of the Paper Currency League, under the influence of sudden and painful surprise. It is supposed that he picked up his *Mail*, and started to read that apparently harmless editorial on WENDELL PHILLIPS, when he encountered a passage to the effect that PHILLIPS, although an able man, was pitifully erratic, and that amongst other evidences of his weakness, "the crudities of the green-backer found lodgment in his brain!" "Crudities!" echoes Mr. WALLACE; "O, this is too much, too much! and from thee, O *Mail*!!" Then he faints.

It is said that as soon as a Chinaman marries an American lady in this country, he amputates his queue. This is conclusive evidence that the Heathen Chinese has been a close student of married life in this country. —*Norristown Herald*.



John Bright on Irish Affairs.

JOHN BRIGHT ON PADDY.—"Thee will never know what it is to have peace in Ireland until thee has 'Friends' in office."