



LIVELY IN COMPARISON.
Scene—Burlington.

Gent (from Toronto)—Do you not find it dreadfully lonely here?
Miss Smithje.—Lonely?
Gent—Yes—isolated, bleak, solitary, as it were?
Miss Smithje.—Oh, no, indeed! we've just moved over from Hamilton, you know!

“JOHN” ON THE SITUATION.

Melican whitel belly coldee
Chinaman laugh how Melican soldee,
Got no silvel, got no goldee,
Got no workee—got no meatee,
Shake his headee—say ya! pittee!
Chinaman he laugh.

Melican man, he eatee, dlinkee,
Allee summel spondee clinkee;
Cly out “Chinaman, he stinkee;
Chase out Chinee!—he eat ratee!
He eat mousee!—he eat cattee!”
Chinaman he laugh.

Chinaman he washee shirtee,
Melican man shirt, blackee, dirtee;
Makee smoothee—rubee, squittee,
Pocket dimcee—savee doller;
Melican, eatee dlinkee allee!
Chinaman he laugh.

Melican's monoo spenteo -gonee,
Melican clyee, sighee, gloanee,
Allee stumps gonee—let no oncee!
Dlossoo, dittee, dlinkee, dancee
Allee summel—tust to chancee,
Chinaman he laugh.

Melican he go three ballee,
Paw-oo coatee, for a doller;
Chinaman, he warm and jollee,
Chinaman he workee, savee,
Chinaman he money havee,
Chinaman can laugh.

“Chinaman he heathen swincee,”
Melican man he say; he whinee;
“Chinaman get work that's minee.”
Yaw, you workee—but no savee,
Allee spendeo, no stamp havee,
Heathon Chinee laugh.

—JAY-KAY-ELL.

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

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SERMON III.

Text: “Hope.”

BELOVED HEARERS,—In accordance with my announcement last week, I proceed to offer a few thoughts on the subject of “Hope.” We gather from the researches of the most enlightened poets that “Hope is the anchor of the Soul,” a proposition to which, with some slight modification, I am willing to assent. That Hope may be regarded as performing the general functions of an anchor I cordially admit, but I cannot go so far as to accept the word “soul” into my vocabulary. It is here used, of course, by poetic license. As a scientific Agnostic I carry on business without a license, and cannot therefore use a term which signifies a thing which, according to my theory, has no existenee.

Man, as you are aware, my friends, is a mere animal, and like other animals is soulless, if by soul we mean any inherent property of immortality. It is true he is above all other animals in intellectual and physical development, a consideration which is gratifying to his natural vanity, but in no other respect is he other or better than his fellow beings of the mammalia or reptilia. While, consequently, I reject the idea of a soul, in its popular signification, on the other hand I see a great truth in the line I have quoted from the treasury of

Poesy, for man does possess something which renders Hope a peculiarly pleasant and precious sentiment to him. Regarding man as an atom in a world of strife and care, it may indeed be truly said that Hope is a sort of anchor to him. I, myself, am conscious of the power of this feeling. I do not think the thing we call Hope would successfully endure critical analysis, for it certainly belongs to a group of feelings having their root in the emotional and hence unscientific portion of our nature. My own investigations on the subject incline me to the view that Hope is the result of an obverse pressure of the sensitive tissue of the brain, superinduced by the action of the lungs, which accompany any pleasurable emotion. But however easily accounted for by science, it is still true that Hope performs a great function in life. As I have said, I am myself often conscious of its power. What prevents me from ending my life at this moment, but hope? I am hoping for something in the future. What induces any one of you to continue living? Hope. Your pleasures outweigh your cares, or you are hoping to come shortly to that desirable state. And so from day to day we live by the pressure of this sensitive brain tissue—by what we call Hope. In the course of my ministerial duties I was called the other day to the bedside of a dying man. I found him in a wretched garret. His starving family surrounded his bed. His poor heartbroken wife, who had followed his failing fortunes from affluence to poverty, sat by the cheerless hearth, the picture of abject misery. The sufferer, whose illness it pains me to say, had been brought on by an evil course of life, was evidently near his last moment. The scene altogether was one well fitted to throw the coldest thinker out of equilibrium, if not, indeed, to provoke from him those illogical expressions of the emotional nature—tears. Happily I remained unmoved, and proceeded without delay to arouse the dying man to a contemplation of the hopes which I was able to hold out to him. Kneeling by his bedside—an attitude which, it is needless to say, I assumed only to be conveniently near the sufferer's ear,—I hastily repeated the glorious truths which Agnosticism holds out to man. I reminded him that Education and Culture would, in the course of time, make men as moral as there is any necessity for; that Nature is a gigantic machine which has set itself agoing, and is now controlled by laws which evolved themselves; that the fittest survive and the others do the opposite; that there is, so far as we know, nothing beyond the present life. The poor man seemed to drink in these great thoughts, but he gave forth no sign. Then I gave him that sweet consolation which alone we feel at liberty to give the dying; I told him he was going to resume his original condition of matter, and would have the satisfaction of knowing beforehand that he would bloom again in some infinitesimal degree in the vegetation of the cemetery, as the properties of his body would become a fertilizer. He opened his eyes and looked round at his weeping family. Then he peacefully closed them again and life was extinct. I departed, musing on the power of hope, and felt constrained to use this little incident to illustrate my subject. The collection will now be taken up.

GIT, GET, GOT.

Said Gottfried, of Gettysburg, waking his wife
To get him his breakfast; for always she set it:
“Come, get up, for breakfast has got to be got,
And you've got to get up and git, and then get it.”

“Mein Gott,” cried the woman, “I nearly forgot.”
“Why, what are you for, if you are not for getting?
You forgot you're for getting my grub and what not,
So get up and get it: get done with your fretting.”

So she got out of bed and got Gottfried his grub;
Got hersers of bacon and eggs to put pot in;
Then got ready for washing some things in a tub:
What she got for her getting I've really forgotten.