

**The Rich Man.**

How pleasant, in the merry spring,  
To see the grassy ground,  
An acre of enjoyment bring,  
To me my house around.

For I a jolly lawn do own,  
All smoothly shaven flat,  
To city taxes quite unknown,  
For they exempt me that.

My neighbour poor, a domicile  
Owns on a little lot.  
As much as I, this lengthy while,  
Each year to pay he's got.

From him who hath shall taken be,  
The Scriptures do define,  
So it is quite correct that he  
His taxes pay—and mine.

I sit within an arbour gay,  
Erected by my men,  
And very thankfully I pray  
For all the aldermen.

My neighbour very poor is he,  
Nor lawn nor arbour owns,  
That he should pay as much as me,  
He yearly maketh moans.

Now praise to each authority,  
Which makes the poor man pay,  
But leaves my lawn and garden free,  
Which is the proper way.

**True Religion.**

GRIP stood on an eminence, as was fitting to that distinguished personage. He had been, as is common to him, carried into a state of inspiration to see the future. That particular part of it he now over-looked was the entrance to the next world. Before him stretched, broad and glorious, the regions of celestial happiness. There were the gardens of ever-blooming verdure, the perfume of never-fading flowers, the delightful scenes of the second Eden. Multitudes of happy beings, beautiful as the morning, passed among its delightful groves.

"I will go in," quoth GRIP.

Proceeding to execute his intention, however, he was suddenly aware of an obstacle. This was an extremely impassable wall, in which was a gate. Presenting himself thereat, he was informed, in tones benign but determined, that he could not be admitted at present, it being necessary, in fact, that he presently proceed back to earth. For a short time, however, he was informed, he might look on. And then he was aware of a vast company requiring admittance.

"What," said the janitor to a confident-looking squad, very well dressed, and walking with airs and graces, "are your claims for admission?"

"Be so kind," answered their leader, a respectable person in black and white, the latter confined to his neck-tie, "to let us in."

"You must first prove your right to entrance," said the gate-keeper. "What have you done?"

A self-possessed lady stepped forward, "I thought," she said, "that they knew more up here. We are the congregation of the well known and powerful, the Reverend ZEDEKIAH SCREAMER. This is the Reverend himself, whose ministrations so greatly increased the numbers of our church, and even necessitated the construction of a new edifice. Surely everybody must have heard of it."

"I may have heard of it," answered the guardian. "Unfortunately for those who ask to pass this way, I have heard of too many such. What was it like?"

"Like?" said the lady, "why it was in all the papers."

"We only see one in the Empyrean, which did not mention it," said the janitor, graciously nodding to the delighted GRIP, who placed his hand on his heart, and bowed.

"It is of solid masonry and splendid brick-work," said the lady, "it is very large and high, has a magnificent steeple and splendid organ, and is finished inside with the most beautiful carving. It cost ever so many thousand dollars. We have a grand choir. The music is so superb that we almost imagine ourselves in heaven when we hear it."

"Ah," sighed the guardian, "unfortunately imaginations do not qualify for entrance."

"And on Sundays we all came there, and there were so many of us, and all so respectable and comfortable looking," pursued the lady, "and we sung and prayed, and heard the Bible read, and a very pleasing sermon."

"Pray," inquired the janitor, "what were the nature of the doctrines taught, and your method of practising them?"

"We must remark," said a portly member, "that we did not expect this delay in entrance, so religious and all as we have been."

"It is not at all correct," said another. "Undoubtedly this person is not the usual doorkeeper."

"Will you," asked the janitor, addressing the leader, "explain your and your congregation's general method and its results?"

"The reverend gentleman came quickly to the front. It appeared, in fact, there was something in the manner of the gate-keeper which compelled every one to tell the truth promptly when questioned. He said, "Certainly: I will explain my procedure, I succeeded in persuading my people to erect a magnificent church—"

"Do you pay taxes on it?" inquired the janitor, "No," answered the astonished cleric, "the laws do not enforce them. In fact, we considered we ought not—that, in fact, the temples of the Almighty should not be taxed."

"That Great Being," said the janitor, sternly, "likes not offerings procured by injustice; nor is dishonesty a sure foundation for religion. And what further?"

"We laid," answered the reverend, "very little stress on the performance of works. We find it most effectual. And it is so easy. If you once tell people to do disagreeable things, trouble comes in. But only say you have nothing to do but come here, take part in the exercises, and all will be right, a great many will come, and will pay well towards the expenses, salaries, and so forth."

"In fact," said the janitor, "a modern buying of indulgences?"

"Perhaps so, though we did not call it by that name," said the cleric.

"Very likely," said he of the wicket, "And what results did this precious teaching secure? Were there any bankruptcies among your flock?"

"A good many; but we always publicly told them it was wrong," said the reverend.

"But did not refuse their stolen money," said the gate-keeper.

"Were your flock moral in other respects?"

"I grieve to say some illicit matters occurred, but we hushed them up," said the gentleman.

"But continued to associate with their causers," said the keeper.

"Were your people's children reverent to their elders?"

"I cannot say they were," said the person asked, "the state of society in that respect is generally blameworthy."

"Probably the youngsters think it enough to believe too," said the gate-keeper. "Did you do any charity; send families free to Manitoba, or anything like that?"

"Unfortunately," returned the person addressed, "our expensive church was such a draft, and we had to pay so much for missions to propagate our tenets among the heathen—"

"It will be unlucky for the heathen who come here with them," returned the keeper. "You cannot come in. Take the other road."

Then those passed on a gloomy way, and disappeared from GRIP'S view, and presently another body not nearly so dignified craved entrance, and were asked their right as the other.

Then they replied "that they had very little right, having only had a rough wooden building for a church. For in fact there were other claims—"

"Nonsense," said the janitor. "What did you teach them there?"

"I taught them," said a grave man with a patched coat, "their duty to God and man."

"Did they perform it?" asked the keeper.

"If they erred intentionally and continuously they staid not with us," answered the other.

"Were your children obedient?" asked he again.

"Or their bones felt it," was the answer.

"And those other claims?" asked the other.

"We helped many poor people," was the reply.

"Come right in," said the keeper. And it all passed from GRIP'S view, and he travelled thence very sorrowful.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

GRIP meets Tory from Lower Canada in street, "Hullo, are you folks turning out the ministry because they're too Conservative?" "Conservative?" replies L. C., "No, because they're too confoundedly Con-grabative." Grit goes off, thinking perhaps our Local are a little the same way.

A. D. TURNER TO THE CITY.—Only \$500,000 for street improvements, my little dears, and \$200,000 for a railway to Ottawa which you want as much as the man in the moon, and \$150,000 for an exhibition you don't want any more, my little dears, and there we may rest till next time, my dears.

THE Earl of Dufferin and GRIP were talking of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, "He is a political Titan," said the Earl, "Yes, said GRIP, "and there were more political tight-uns there last week." Then his Lordship had to be taken home in a cab, and has never been able to sign a death-warrant since for laughing.