

A RAINY DAY.

THE rain is falling, falling
In a manner quite appalling,
It is beating at the window and driving through the door :
While folks are homeward faring,
Through pool and puddle tearing,
Asking in voice despairing, "When will it cease to pour?"

The bairns are mostly crying,
Or into mischief flying,
Or flattening each little nose against the window pane.
The boys, they come in wading,
Each living room invading,
And couch and table lading, with sopping clothes again.

Outside two boys are jeering,
Irreverently sneering,
At Brown, Esquire, who's battling with the wind and with the rain,
Alas ! imprudent fellow
He's brought his new umbrella,
Which inside out will never a credit be again.

A soaking cat is mewling,
With a dripping dog pursuing ;
A streaming horse with buggy, is waiting full of woe :
While the Doctor, rain defiant
Flies to see a croupy client,
Or at a bronchial bedside does his learned visage show.

And still the waters rushing
Are pipes and sewer flushing,
And slush and slime and mud and dirt are bearing right away.
Yet oh ! dear Mother Nature
We're half disposed to hate you,
Though we own your good intentions this dismal, dreary day.

ELIZABETH CLANTON.



DE FOOLISHNESS OB SCIENCE.

DISCOURSE BY THE VERY REV. ARCHDEACON DIAPHONOUS
DIXIE, D.D.



ELUBBED Brudderin and
Sisterin,—I'se gwine ter ex-
temporize a few keerfully
prepared observashuns dis
ebenin' onto de fool-
ishness ob science. I
notice dat some ob de
reportahs am present
fur de purpose ob
providin' dar readers
wid a symposium ob
my exegesis, darfo' let
me preliminarize wid
de remark dat it am
in bad taste fur ter
print de initials "D.
D.," indicative ob de
archdiaconal function,
wid a dash between
dem, as I notice one
ob dese low-down
ebenin' papers done

de udder mawnin. Verily, my fellow-sinnahs, de spirit
ob ribaldry an' disrespect fur dem wich am chosen to set
in de high places am abroad in de land, an' de smart
Aleck worketh his jaw again de honorable ob de airth.
Hoop-la ! 'Scuse me, brudderin, I meant ter observe
"Selah," wich am de mo' sanctimonious ejaculation.

In dese latter days dar am a number ob pussons wath
sets derselves up to be scientists, wastin' dar valuable
time in scrutinizin' de emotions ob de heavenly bodies or
studyin' de anatomy ob de catfish ; organizin' expeditions
to de Norf Pole, wich dey ain't got no particular use fur

PARADOXICAL.

ETHEL—"How old would you take me to be?"

MAUD—"I am sure you must be younger than you look."

ef dey found it, seein' it am altogedder too altitudinous
fur a telegraph pole, let alone a fish pole. Dey 'lows dat
dey knows all about eberything from de stars in dar race-
courses to de moral an' intellectual development ob de
pismire wich crawls up de pants ob de picknicker in High
Park. Dey kin understand de inscriptions onto an
Egyptian sarcophagus an' de writins ob Castiron Hop-
kins in de *Umpire* on de question ob Imperial Federa-
tion—leastways dey say dey kin, an' dar ain't no way ob
provin' dat dey ain't gibin' de deluded public a stiff.
Dat's just whar dey's got de cinch onto us. Dey's got to
hustle an get a libin' ouden de science business, an' 'core
dey ain't gwine ter gib de snap away.

How does dey know dat it am jest 1,964,712,605 1/2
miles frum de airth to de sun ? Did any ob dem eber
go up dar in a balloon an' take a tape measure so's dey
could verify de equation ? De preposterousness ob de
suggestion precludes de necessity ob a categorical
response. No sah ! Dey doan' know nuffin erbout it.
If you ax one ob dem dar scientists on dat pint, reckon
he'll dun tole you dat de astronomical verifications ob de
telescope show de refractions from perihelion, an' by
comparin' de pint ob greatest declination wid de multiple
ob de radius, an' addin' de plenitude ob de focus, ercor-
din to de table ob logarithms, you arrive at de result.
And yet, my brudderin, dars thousands of pussons wich
'low dey's a heap too smart ter believ de beautiful an'
soul-edifyin' parable ob Jonah an' de whale dat will
swaller dis heah scientific nonsense jest like er chicken
would a grasshopper.

Dey tells us dat de airth revolves onto its axis—turns
clar ober once ebery twenty-four hours. Now dey mout
confuse de mind ob de simple an' disingenuous wid de