

THE TRUEST FRIEND OF MEN.

(A REJOINDER TO ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN'S POEM, "THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR," IN "GRIP.")

IN GRIP, I see you say, dear sir,
 "The Church has been too long
 The bulwark of oppression, the
 Apologist of wrong."
 Go read your history again,
 And con its lesson o'er—
 The Church has always stood between
 Oppression and the poor.

Before the crushing arm of might
 Unawed she's stood alone ;
 She's braved the tyrant in his hall,
 The monarch on his throne.
 When plague and famine stalked the land,
 Or fields were dyed with red,
 Like Aaron, saving she has stood
 Between the live and dead.

She tamed the savage hordes that poured
 Across the Alpine wall,
 To batten on the eagle's spoils
 In Rome's imperial hall ;
 From out that wild and awful wreck
 She brought the peace of home ;
 The Church it was who conquered these,
 The conquerors of Rome.

She led the barons in their strife
 Against the royal greed,
 And won the charter of our rights
 At graceful Runnymede ;
 In Harry's reign a bishop braved
 The King's despotic power,
 Was lodged like common criminal,
 And doomed from the tower.

And in these latter days go ask
 Who cares for Ireland's poor,
 On Galway's coast or grassy vales,
 Or Mayo's barren moor,
 Throughout the great bleak country,
 'Mid rain, and grime and care,
 Where low of thousand oxen drowns
 The rising voice of prayer ?

Who feeds the starving laborer
 By Dublin's docks, bring smiles
 To all that want and wretchedness
 Of Donnybrook and the isles ?
 Amid the courts of Kensington,
 The slums of vile Soho,
 The Church's consecrated priests
 Share half the weight of woe.

Through Minnesota's prairie plains
 Or grand Dakota land,
 Where Indian races die before
 The white man's blighting hand,
 The Church alone is brave to stay
 The hand of lust and might—
 For souls themselves too weak to plead,
 She pleads aloud for right.

On Gaspé strand, on Hudson Bay,
 Or in the dark tepee
 That dots the whilom hunting grounds
 Of Blackfoot, Blood and Cree,
 The Church's priests toil patiently
 With hero heart and will,
 To save the men their fellowmen
 Would cheat and crush and kill.

How can you say in face of this,
 "The Church has been too long
 The bulwark of oppression, the
 Apologist of wrong ?"

Go teach your Knights of Labor, sir,
 Their lesson right, and then
 They'll know the Church, the foe of wrong,
 The truest friend of men.

Hamilton, Nov. 1.

READER OF "GRIP."

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXII.



HOUGHT you were no novice at this sort of thing, sir," said Mr. Viner to Yubbits as the game ended ; "You play a capital game." Yubbits replied that once upon a time he used to fancy that he could do a little in that line, but that his hand was out just now.

"Good gracious, sir," exclaimed Mr. Viner, "if it's out now, I should be deuced sorry to tackle you when it's in. Shall we have another ?"

Crinkleand Coddleby said they thought they had had enough for the present, but would like to look on at Messrs. Viner and Yubbits. The former gentleman declared that pool for two was slow and proposed billiards ; to this Yubbits agreed, and on being asked what game he preferred, decided on the English pocket-game, to this Mr. Viner assented and after declaring that Yubbits ought to give him at least a dozen points (which, however, that gentleman declined to do, but with an air which plainly said "I could if I chose, and still beat you") the game began.

Coddleby and Crinkle took their seats on the elevated chairs placed for the accommodation of spectators, and where a rather stout, elderly military looking gentleman in a white waistcoat was already seated, and prepared to watch the contest.

This elderly gentleman might have been a major in a line regiment, from his appearance, which was decidedly military ; he had a heavy, grizzled mustache, and was partially bald, sitting remarkably stiff and erect, and being corpulent, he presented a good deal the appearance of a penguin squatting on a rock, as he sat looking on at the game.

"Your friend plays a remarkably fine game, sir," he remarked turning to Coddleby who sat next to him, as Yubbits, by a horrible "fluke," pocketed the red and his own ball,— "a remarkably fine game."

How he had divined that Yubbits and not Viner was the friend of Crinkle, is one of those mysteries which those unacquainted with guile may never know.

"Yes, sir," replied Coddleby, "he is very good at all these sorts of things."

