

Modern Religion.

Of all instinctive feelings which dwell within the breast,
The promptings to religion the purest are and best,
Most worthy of encouragement in this our earthly way,
And how we them encourage shall be written in this lay.

To church we'll go on Sunday, well dressed from top to toe,
Of churches the description where most of us will go—
Where carpets are the deepest, and pews of softest seat,
And the music to the hearers affords the richest treat.

Where music loud resounding falls bravely on the ear,
Of future penance driving away all sense of fear,
And the senses all enchanted by the loud and pleasant sound,
Are unconscious of that party who goes a roaring round.

For our music in religion is utilized to-day,
As 'tis used in battle's danger, cool thought to chase away,
Or as the Brahmin tom-toms quell burning widows' shrieks,
We drown on Sunday mornings its voice when conscience speaks.

For our priests to-day are finding, as predecessors found,
Complacency still fetches large congregations round,
And we approve that preacher, and raise his salary,
Who makes us feel good rather than teaches us to be.

So advertise in journals the music of our choir,
Explaining some go lower, and some can rise much higher,
Than usual, and stating, with unction most profound,
The pieces meant for singing, when Sunday next comes round.

Then uprises the preacher, the preacher of to-day,
Expounding parts of Scripture in a very clever way,
And gives so many meanings to words both great and small,
That he makes you quite decided the text has none at all.

Then gravely moves to dinner with pillar of the church,
Who turning coat last session left promise in the lurch,
Or with that honest gentleman to difficulties come,
Who pays no creditors, but gives the church a handsome sum.

For he must be forgiving, that meek and gentle man,
And grant them all exemption from penance that he can,
"We need it of each other," he says, and means next day,
To ask it on some taxes by right he ought to pay.

When shall we find the churches teach what their founder taught—
To deal with each man justly, and pay each what we ought?
To scorn hypocrisy, although its wealth be what it may?
When shall the faith as given at first be taught in modern day?

Tierney Abroad.

No. 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP, *up in Tarant* :

SUR, —I b'ave I towd yez in me lasht letter that fwthin I wint to Ottaway I e the invite av Misher MICKINZIE, I hard av somethin' to me advantage, but I hadn't shpace to foind room in that letter to inform yez fwthat that was.

"Mr. TIERNEY," sez the Primier, fwthin I walked intil his affice, "I've hard av yer great abilities, an' wud loike to secure yer services, av ye plaze."

"Thank ye kindly, sur," sez I, "but at the prisint toim I have a job, diggi' i' a cellar for Misher—"

"Howld on," sez he, intrupthin' me, "its for no manial sarvice av that kind I wud be wantin' ye for," sez he, "I want to give ye a govirmint appintemint, so I do."

"Savin' yer prisnee," sez I, "Misher MICKINZIE, ye must be crazy intoirly; a govirmint affice for me! Sure, amn't I wan av the leadin' Conservatiffs av the counthry?" sez I.

"Jusht so," sez he, "av course ye are; an' that's chafely the raison fwby av me prisint procalin'; its a way we have in the Reform Party," sez he, "af doin' fwthat we can for our inimies in the way av the shwates av affice. I think now, betune us, ye wud make a foim immigrant agent for the South av Ireland. Wud ln't ye loike to go an' see the dear ould sod waut more, at a purty good salary?" sez he.

"I wud," sez I. "An' if I may be allowed to use the exprission, Misher MICKINZIE," sez I, "I b'ave the Reform Party is founded on the three principles av love; if I was in the confessional this minnit, sur, I wudn't deny but me heart has been wid yez all the toime, more or less."

We shuck hands, an' the thing was settled. Misher CARTWRIGHT an' Misher MILLS, the Minister av Philosophy, thin kem in, an' expressed themselves plazed that I would be for some toime away from the corrupin' influence av Sur JOHN an' thim."

The certificate is bein' med out for me appintemint.

"It'll take a few weeks, melbee," sez Misher MICKINZIE, "to get it complete, because, av course, it has to be sint away up to Tarant to be counthersigned by Misher BROWN, at the *Globe* affice, an' in the mane toim, I think ye bether take a soort av a toor through the Marry-time P'vinces," sez he, "so as to lay in a shtock av information an' facts about the counthry."

"Wid pleasure," sez I, "I'm ready to shtart to-morry mornin'."

"Good," sez he, "Go; an the blessin' av a pure an' patriotic govirment go wid yez."

That was all. Next day I shtarted for Monthreal, an' ivir since I have been thravlin' about, goin' most generally from wan place to another, though me movemints is not med out on anny partier plan, an' I have the Dominion Directory in me pocket and the Treasury at me back.

Av course I kape me eyes an' ears open on me thravels, especially fwthin I have to thavel be night in thim shlapin' kears av Misher PULLMAN'S. I am takin' notes av the people and places, an' fwthat I hear, an' the crops, and ivery thing av that sort. I thought it wud be best, as I was a little grane at the bisness, af I kep a Dairy as I wint along, an' so I wint intil the chafe buck-shore av Monthreal an' bought me-ill a foim norrocky covered note-buck, wid lashtic bands an' lead-pencil complete. "Retale price two twenty-foive," sez the clark. "Wrap it up," sez I, "an' charge it to the govirmint."

I have the note-buck purty well filled be this toim, on some av the pages, an' av yez wud loike to print a few av me notes in GRIP, I'll begin' nixt wake and sind yez some. Me coorse has tuck me intil the P'vinces av Quebec, Newbrun Swick an' Nova Scotia, an' I think yez'll foind me obsarvations on fwthat I saw nately done an' to the pint.

Vours waut more,

TERRY TIERNEY.

Their Fate.

She was sewing, and no more,
He was clerking in a store,
He was JOHN HORATIO BIGGS,
She was ANGELINA SQUIGGS.

Vows unto Miss SQUIGGS he made,
Thus his courtship she repaid:
"Till you in a store I see,
Of your own, don't think of me."

JOHN HORATIO had no tin,
So on credit he went in,
In a store we now him see,
With Miss S. as Mrs. B.

Clever JOHN HORATIO, though,
Wasn't able to foreknow,
That the merchant just next door,
Bankrupt was in two weeks more.

All the stock he had in biz,
Was obtained where JOHN got his,
Went for three months just "half price,"
JOHNNY didn't think it nice.

Not a penny worth could sell,
Might have shut up just as well,
Three months passing quick away,
Precious lot of bills to pay.

Not a cent to pay had JOHN,
Assignees came tumbling on,
Start to sell him out that day,
Bankrupts chap across the way.

Ere it's over. Thus we see,
Bankruptcies make bankruptcy,
Clerk again is Mr. BIGGS,
Sewing is the former SQUIGGS.

Croaks and Pecks.

THE RHINE temperance people don't believe in Rhine wine.

THE *Globe* of Monday accuses the Opposition of eagerness to make capital. That's just what all of us want to make. Lack of capital is the bane of this country.

THE standing committees are a disgrace to this country. Why can't chairs be provided so that these unfortunate committees will not need to stand any longer. Don't see how they can stand it.

OCCIDENTAL R.R. may be a very good name for that Quebec, Montreal, & Ottawa Road, but one letter might change it to the disastrous appellation of Accidental R.R.