

## LENT.

ALAS ! the solemn days have come,  
 The hungriest of the year,  
 When saints fill up on eggs and fish,  
 On matins and on beer.

How pleasing it must be to God,  
 When we with scorn eschew  
 A slice of ham, a mutton chop,  
 Or good old Irish stew.

While yearn we for our beef and pork,  
 And swallow fish in chunks,  
 How must the heavenly harpists twang  
 Their plinketty planky plunks.

If fasting will appease God's wrath,  
 And hunger wounds will cure,  
 I'll live on codfish all my days  
 And go to heaven sure.

And when I reach the pearly gate,  
 I'll note the glad event  
 By writing on my card, "A fool  
 Who starved to death in Lent."

Barrie, Ont.

C. NAYLOR.

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## PESSIMISM.

Nothing to breathe but air ;  
 Nothing to eat but food ;  
 Nothing to wear but clothes  
 To keep us from going nude.

Nothing to do but things.  
 Quick as a flash they're gone!  
 Nowhere to fall but off,  
 Nowhere to sit but on ;

Nothing to quench but a thirst ;  
 Nowhere to sleep but in bed,  
 Nothing to have but what we've got ;  
 Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to weep but tears.  
 Ah me! Alas and alack!  
 Nowhere to go but out;  
 Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to comb but our hair;  
 Nothing to wed but a wife.  
 Only to suffer and bear:  
 What is the value of life ?

—Malakand Foghorn.