

honours, and looked upon as more than mortal; but he feels that duty commands him to let all men know the great discovery. He sets out and teaches the world the use of oysters. After wandering for centuries, he feels a longing to get back to his own land and taste a native. An old man now—broken, bent, weary, footsore—he reaches his native place. All was altered from that which he knew. A stately city had arisen. He wanders through the streets, and at last sees a great building with his name emblazoned on its front. It is the City Hall. He asks a passer for the explanation, and is told that STEWBAL is the deity of Aldermen, and that there is about to be held a great feast in his honour. A large concourse of people approaches, the Aldermen at its head, shouting his name. They enter the hall where the feast is laid out, and he with them:—

"Then fifty great taurecons the old man saw,
Filled with stewed oysters, while great boards of raw
On the half-shell were plentifully placed,
And plates of fried, alluring to the taste,
And many patties brown with flaky paste."

The aldermen and guests sit down, and the mayor pours a libation to STEWBAL.

"And straight to work they fell with eager jaws,
The fat old fellows starting first on raws."

While shouts of STEWBAL to the roof ascend,
"STEWBAL! Great benefactor! Civic friend!"

He has a passionate longing to make himself known, and rushes forward, declaring:

"I—I am STEWBAL."

All are horrified at what they deem profanity, and:

"Two rushed on him, two who moved about,
Turning bad characters, not civic, out;
Fiercely they came, and by each arm they seized
And bore him, careless, whitherward they pleased,
Shutting him in, the old man, worn and weak,
To wait the pleasure of the judging beak."

We close our quotations with the warmest admiration for the gifted author. Yet it seems to us that there is an incompleteness about the poem. A very touching description might be drawn of the grief of the Aldermen on discovering that they had maltreated their benefactor. In future editions we hope to see the suggestion acted on.

The National Song.

Many persons, afflicted with the mania for rhyming, have written what each fondly hoped would become the national song of Canada. An inappreciative public has not fallen violently in love with any of their productions, and the national song remains unchanted and probably unwritten. The last patriotic poem we have met with is entitled "Know ye the Land?" It was recently published in the *Mail*, and is one of the loftiest of lofty effusions. We wish we had space to quote all the verses, but can only give these two:—

"Know ye the land where nobility's judged by
The deeds which ennoble the man—not the glare,
Not the glitter of coronets—these are the baubles
Which either a fool, knave or tyrant might wear?"

Know ye the land where the soil's honest tiller
Independence achieve by the plough and the spade,
Where a man can sit down 'neath his own vine and fig-tree,
And none on the earth dare make him afraid?"

Which we take the liberty of paraphrasing:

Know ye the land where pucility's judged by
A public which laughs at the man who would dare
To print his full name at the end of such rubbish
As that which we've quoted two verses of there?

Know ye the land where a passable tailor
Good wages may earn, if he sticks to his trade?
If you do, Mr. Poet, learn how to cut garments,
For you'll starve as a writer, Gurr's rather afraid.

Grammar Schools.

"THEM as learns grammar pays tuppence more," was the notice which a highly cultured lady is said to have posted over the door of her academic hall, the investigating mind being immediately led into calculations of the relative value of the knowledge imparted and the "tuppence" paid therefor. Toronto and other villages of Canada have grammar schools for the support of which the public pay their "tuppences," and the too credulous people have an idea that their little olive branches who go to these schools learn at least grammar. Gurr is sorry to upset so comfortable a belief, but when in his meanderings he hears one youngster, fresh from his teacher's presence, asking a comrade "was you at school to-day?" he cannot really think the instruction has been over and above effective, or that the youth of the country are being impregnated with anything like thoroughness with a knowledge of the relations which should exist between the various words in a sentence. Nor does hearing a chap say, "I done

my lessons tip-top to-day," convey a strong impression of that chap's acquaintance with LINDLEY MURRAY. Gurr supposes hopefully that when the election of Dr. SANGSTER takes place there will be improvement, but he does not look for it much before that very improbable event.

Reciprocity.

Gurr lately instituted an examination of the pupils of his model school. He offered a prize for the best definition of Reciprocity, which he awards to Master MALCOLM CAMERON for the following answer:

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

He would have divided the prize between Masters CAMERON and BROWN, the latter of whom returned a similar answer, had he not unfortunately added thereto the words "if they only will do it," thereby showing a painful want of reliance in the moral qualities of his fellow-creatures.

By the way, a number of journalists have lately been endgelling their brains on this important subject with very little result. Perhaps the best utterance on the subject is that of the St. Catharines *News* man, who nails up himself and contemporaries with the reckless quotation that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." So we thought when we began to peruse his article. Gurr will not award a prize to any of these newspapers.

Perhaps the expectant reader wants Gurr's own opinion on the subject after getting the opinions of some other papers from the *Globe*, after the manner of puffs for a quack-medicine or a second-class actor. He knows his Gurr never deceived him, and he looks to him for "reliable information." And this is Gurr's deliberate conclusion.

CAV.

Messrs. BROWN and PATTISON, quote that in your respective journals. Be honest for once.

Idyls of Lober's Walk, Ottawa.

O LEAFY walk, whose grateful shade
Is sought by those that woo,
Where meet (by chance) the man and maid,
And kindly "How d'ye do,"
And they who would mamma evade,
Come "just to see the view."

We find within this hoary saga
In converse philosophic,
Hence O cynic, or engage
In some convivial topic,
Till the place's charm assuage
Your nature misanthropic!

How oft upon some rustic seat
I've sat, tho' not at ease—
They often are with wasps replete,
And slugs drop from the trees,
(Do, when you near such like retreat,
Just kindly cough or sneeze.)

For there perchance, a happy pair
Descant on joys to come,
And prospects bright seem still more fair—
Their portion cake and plum—
Ignorant that pleasure's square
Far, far exceeds its sum."

And as I saunter onward still
With non-committal mein,
Love, like a homeopathic pill—
Embryo swell and sweet sixteen—
Lacking yet the strength to "kill,"
Comes upon the scene.

And here beneath some shady tree
Sigh a pair romantic,
By papa's hostility—
Cheerful gad-fly's antic—
Stings of some ejected bee—
Driven nearly frantic.

They talk of future plans, and hope
Papa to circumvent,
(For, Darwin-like, they've given scope
To thoughts on MAN'S DISSENT.)
But marking Sol to westward slope,
I go—my time is spent.

* None but mathematicians need apply.