



FAITHFUL TO THE LETTER.

SHE—"Didn't you promise me not to drink any beer to-night?"

HE—" (Hic) neither (hic) did I."

SHE—"What makes you come home in such a state?"

HE—"Wh (hic) isky!"

RAISING THE WIND.

IT was the good ship *Doodlebug*,
Becalmed in tropic seas,
For twenty days there had not been
The faintest kind of breeze.

The captain paced his quarter-deck,
And he looked so sad and glum,
"Water," says he, "must soon give out;
What's worse—we're short of rum.

"Oh for a gale to fill our sails
Till the mast bent like a reed,
And our good ship through the boiling waves
Rushed like a frightened steed."

Then up and spake the bos'n bold,
As he gave his chin a wipe,
"I always find the wind gets up
When I go to light my pipe.

"We've stores of matches in the hold,
And pipes I ween a score,
Then bid the crew go smoke," says he,
"And we'll soon be safe ashore."

The cloud forsook the captain's brow,
"Good scheme, methinks," quoth he;
"Have out the matches, bid the crew
To light up merrily."

They brought the matches and the pipes,
The crew stood all a-row,
And when the first man struck a light
The breeze began to blow!

Out went the match—down died the wind—
And then the next in turn
He struck a light, and the breeze again
Forbad the match to burn.

But ere that wind could die away
The next had got a light,
And the breeze still blew to put that out
To the captain's great delight.

And so they kept the wind astern,
As they struck by turns about,
There was always someone's match alight
Whenever one went out.

Three days and nights they kept it up,
And the wind became a gale;
"I knew it," cried the bos'n bold,
"It was never known to fail."

Three days and nights they kept it up,
Till they came safe to shore,
Their matches spent and quite in rags
The pants those seamen wore.

Ye seamen bold who want a breeze
To blow by day or night,
Don't fool round whistling for a wind,
But try and strike a light!

MRS. GRUNDY.

THIS lower world in which we live
Hath dwellers that are queer ones;
Offend, they never will forgive,
Their ideals are their dear ones.
They swear, and pray, and scheme, and plod,
Some go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
But more of Mrs. Grundy.

When holliness conventions meet,
Some Pharasaic crank ones
In sanctimonious tones repeat
Some Ananias frank ones:
Their saintly record's without flaw,
But all the week from Sunday
They only keep within the law
For fear of Mrs. Grundy.

Some homes where love might rule and reign,
And all be peace and brightness,
Are filled with bitter hate and pain
By overdone politeness;
The mothers act as if afraid
To own their souls for one day,
All human obligations fade
Before this Mrs. Grundy.

And, oh, the multitude of souls
This heathenism vexes!
The paralyzing curse it rolls
Alike, on both the sexes!
In word and deed, in life and death,
It never lets up one day,
It pulsates in our blood and breath,—
This fear of Mrs. Grundy.

"The Elms," Toronto

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

GAUL and wormwood—a Frenchman and his glass of absinthe.

"LET me make the ballads of a nation," etc. Well who's hindering you?

DID it ever strike you that camels' hair shawls ought to be woven on a heirloom?

AND now they have built a Mohammedan mosque in London. The Parsees have no place of worship there—probably because they are too parsi-monious.