



"IS THIS YOUR CAT?"

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE ARTIST OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "STAR.")

"Now, Mr. Harmony we don't believe in these here organ builders; they leg you too much. We can see there is a good deal of space between them pipes, so we'll just tell Jones, the carpenter, to plug them up."

Organist, aghast, but meekly—"The difficulty is not there, gentlemen"—leads the way to the bellows and shows where the leakage is.

Happy thought; one has a small engine on his yacht; will send for it and steam it all night.

Committee delighted. Organist demented. Explanation of the nature of glue; relation of mice to leather, etc.

The organ builder must come, after all.

"But, Mr. Harmony, as regards them swelled pipes, wouldn't it do if the sexton could put warm flannel on 'em—it's good for reducing swelling from cold."

"Or," suggested Mr. B. Flat, "what's the matter with rubbing the pipes with arnica. Arnica's cheaper than flannel!"

Collapse of organist. Builder triumphant. Committee report at Vestry. Thanked for service. Re-appointed!!!

**THE ORGAN COMMITTEE.**

AT VESTRY MEETING.

SIR, I beg to move, seconded by Mr. B. Flat, that Messrs. Sharp, Discord and Fidler, with the chairman and the mover and seconder, be the organ committee for the ensuing year. Carried.

ORGAN COMMITTEE (perfectly ignorant of playing, singing or even whistling any tune correctly, or recognizing it when it is properly played), await the *denouement*.

AFTERWARDS.

They are never asked to select the music, strange to say; but they never thought of that. Of course the music was there; got there before their time and paid for itself.

N.B.—Not one of them has been known to subscribe anything.

But they represent the congregation, and criticize by repeating the various and incongruous things which they hear, to the organist or members of the choir casually.

Organ committee in glory!

The wind chest in organ leaks badly, and some pipes are swollen by damp.

Organist can do nothing but call the committee.

Committee, gazing at front of organ and addressing organist—

**TO A HIGH CASTE MUMMY.**

STILL art thou a time-serving thing,  
Thou hanger-on of death,  
Even as if in life some flattered king  
Sustained thy fawning breath.

The rags that wrap thee, fold on fold,  
Thou Dives chrysalis,  
A Lazarus shrinking from the cold  
Would shun to change for his.

The humble life of thine own age  
Long since has passed away,  
And reappeared on Nature's stage  
In many a minor play

Whilst thou in petrified decay  
Remainest as remains,  
But even now as in life's day,  
Art worthless bones and veins.

The pauper's corpse; the gibbet's prey,  
Dissecting steel well serve,  
Unwind thy shroud! lo, crumbling clay,  
For sinew, skin and nerve.

Yet though thou fail'st, the knife, the pen  
In thee, through coming time,  
May find to pleasure moody men  
A subject—for a rhyme.

WILLIAM MCGILL.