

PROBABLY BY REV. DR. PARKER, LONDON.

O! HAD I the wings of a cow,
To thee I would swim in a year,
To hear thy most eloquent brow
Fondly flashing its gaze in my ear.

To look on thy beautiful voice
And list to thine eyelids so blue,
Whilst my liver might outward rejoice,
And my hair all turn inwardly true.

To ask thee to leave me alone,
And crawl with the speed of a fish,
That always for thee as his own
Another might crave what I wish.

O! let us depart for the land
Of water, so crystal and deep,
Where the tigers by cork-trees are fann'd,
And the short-neck'd giraffe walks asleep.

OUR FIRST FIRE.

MR. MOLE had joined our village fire brigade; he had a dim and shadowy idea that during some great conflagration he would astonish the natives by some act of unparalleled heroism, and then gracefully retire from active service in a blaze of glory. Mole described the life of a fireman in such a piquant, graphic manner, that I became quite interested, and, in a moment of mental aberration, I joined the "Hogwash Fire Brigade also."

We attended our first fire last night. It was dark and very muddy. When the alarm was sounded, I sprang out of bed and found a table I didn't think was in the room. Mole awoke with a snort, and leaping out of bed with a bound like a kangaroo, he thumped our inoffensive stove with cheerful vigor and barked his shins. We groaned, rubbed our lacerated limbs, and reached out for our clothes. Being in a hurry our garments became mixed. Mole squeezed into my new lavender-colored pants, and putting on one overshoe, he tore down the street, yelling like a fog horn. I easily slipped into his roomy pants, and pulling on a pair of rubbers, I went down the street on the keen jump, emitting sundry wild war whoops on the way. We yanked out our mildewed old hand-engine, and in less than seventeen minutes from the time the alarm rang out, we were at the fire. It was in a private house. I assisted four other lunatics to smash in the front door; then we turned the hose into the drawing-room—the fire was located in the kitchen, but we wanted to prevent it spreading. We grabbed the piano, knocked off the legs, and fired it into the street. I nearly bent my spine helping remove two large stone images that stood on the verandah. We had just smashed in the windows of the conservatory, and were carrying out the iron flower-pots, when a wild cry of alarm attracted our attention to the front of the house, and an impressive scene met our gaze. At one of the front windows stood a beautiful young lady and one of the servants. A ladder was at once raised by willing hands; the heroic spirit of Mole was aroused; he rushed forward, grabbed the ladder, and began his perilous ascent. The crowd looked on with bated breath. He reached the window. He was nearly ten feet from the ground; but he was cool and collected. With one blow he knocked the window galley west; throwing down his axe, he prepared to assist the fair young lady down the ladder, but the big fat cook could be restrained no longer; she threw herself into the arms of the astonished Mr. Mole, who left the ladder rather hurriedly and landed with awful force in a large



LITERARY PROGRESS AT OTTAWA.

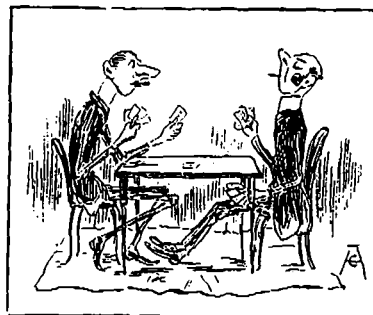
BODKINS (*of the heavy weights*)—"By the way, I see Rivers has written a book of poetry. How is it selling?"

SLOBKINS (*of the bread and butter bureau*)—"Doing very well, I think, for I saw Rivers yesterday coming out of Devlin's with a new umbrallah!"

mud puddle, where the cook at once went into hysterics, and clawed wildly at Mole's unprotected head. The unsympathetic crowd laughed, and when Mole was hauled out of the mud a baleful light shone in his eyes, for he espied his deadly rival, Jinkins, escorting the fair lady down the ladder. The crowd cheered, and Jinkins was the hero of the hour. We put the fire out; the inmates gazed ruefully at their slaughtered furniture, and we hauled our wheezy old engine back to the room.

We didn't talk much on the way home, but when we arrived at our room, Mole's long repressed ire burst forth: "I am going to send in my resignation," said Mole, as he stalked up and down, "that Jinkins is an abandoned ruffian of the lowest type; the chief favors him; I won't associate with such a degraded villain," and Mole looked fierce and disgusted. I gazed at my lavender-colored pants and my heart ached, so I said there was nothing avaricious about me, I knew when I had enough. So this evening Mole wrote an elaborate letter, full of fine flourishes and erratic spelling, in which Messrs. Muggins and Mole begged to resign their positions as hosemen in the Hogwash Fire Brigade. Our resignation was accepted, and, strange to say, they seem to struggle along without us, which is very surprising, for we were shining lights in the brigade, especially Mole, who has "auburn" hair.

E.A.C.



THE HIDDEN HAND.