

Dialogue.

CITIZEN.—We have entrusted you with a great deal of money.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—That is undeniable.

CITIZEN.—The work appears to drag as if the job were purposely spun out. There are frequent complaints of incompetency, of bad work, of bad bargains. Yet the Commissioners appear to refuse answer to all demands for investigation. How are we to know if our money is properly spent?

WATER COMMISSIONER.—Our business character should assure people of that.

CITIZEN.—The training of painters, brewers and lawyers does not teach civil engineering. You are now but apprentices learning the way to build water-works. We want to have our eye on you, lest you be wasting material, which in your case is our debentures. For this reason, the utmost frankness of explanation on your part is necessary.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—If we please you not, elect others.

CITIZEN.—That would be to deprive ourselves of the benefits of the knowledge which we have paid heavily to have imparted to you. You have been learning at our expense, and have us at the advantage that in discarding you, we must pay anew to teach others. We want you to do the work, and do it so openly that no corrupt practices are possible. Remember, the amount is so vast that you might easily, if so disposed, enrich yourselves therefrom.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—Our property, our reputation, our citizenship, our family ties among you, should give security.

CITIZEN.—In many cases these have availed; but in many they have failed to do so. Remember how highly TWEED was esteemed. The presents sent to his daughter on her marriage cost \$75,000, nor was it until the Tammany disclosures occurred that his character was known. Some of you, nay, all of you, are probably honest. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, if one of you should be otherwise, he may be hoodwinking the others, and, to secure a part of our money, be conniving at the mismanagement of it all.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—What will satisfy you?

CITIZEN.—Nothing but submittal to investigation, and the most open future dealing. If this be not granted, it must be compelled.

Presbyterian General Assembly.

THE MACDONNELL CASE.

REV. DAVID MITCHELL.—Of course you know we all of us agree, Eternal punishment's a certainty.

MACDONNELL's statements may sum up thus:—

He quite agrees and disagrees with us.

PROF. McLAREN.—Which is the way that we agree with you.

PRINCIPAL CAVAN.—Precisely. Just so. That is very true.

REV. MR. KING.—Our brother MITCHELL wavereth as a rush.

NUMEROUS VOICES.—Hush! Don't make such things public! Hush! hush! hush!

PRINCIPAL CAVAN.—I've analyzed MACDONNELL's statements; see: The last one ties him up as tight as we.

REV. MR. KING.—He's our most quickening ministrator; yes.

I hope he needn't leave, I must confess.

Take what the gods provide—his statement last.

I tell you, then, our Church shall go it fast.

REV. DR. PROUDFOOT.—That multitudes are meant to go to hell

And burn forever; you I needn't tell.

But this discussion's bringing it about

That folks are venturing to hope and doubt

They won't. My friends, this would disturbing be.

And snake the grounds of our doctrine.

REV. MR. MUIR.—Brother MACDONNELL is an ornament.

Come, to his church let him be happy sent.

PROF. McLAREN.—We gave him time to clear his doubts away.

Why trouble us with statements? Let him say

Not what the Scripture says or what it don't,

But if he'll think as we, or if he won't.

He must believe with us, or disbelieve.

Let him say which, and we'll our course perceive.

REV. MR. MACTAVISH.—MACDONNELL hopes that sin will have an end

That hope my countenance I cannot lend.

Sin have an end!—why if it could be true,

What would be left for ministers to do?

REV. MR. MACDONNELL.—What Scripture says, says our Confession

What either means, I know not. Why do you,

Knowing my doubts, keep pressing me to say,

That all these doubts are gone and cleared away?

PRINCIPAL CAVAN.—I can't think our compilers had a doubt,

Nor should our brother. He must not go out

Into the Greek. He mustn't think of Greek,

We don't know what we'd find if there we'd seek.

REV. MR. McMULLEN.—Our brother has great injury begun,

I don't know what he'll do before he's done.

Why didn't he tell us there was a doubt,

Before he went a'preaching it about?

If in the church men stay who that receive

As true, why we the church had better leave.

PROF. MCKNIGHT.—Twelve hundred miles I come, and find you wrong.

On for Atlantic strand attention strong

I bent upon the case. It's meaning you

Don't understand; but I shall pull you through.

You all agree the revelation's not

Quite full. Well, that's just where Macdonnell's got.

REV. DR. URE.—What fuss is this? Why I was once in doubt,

A Father of the Church soon fetched me out.

(GRIP don't like on this Doctor to go back.

But has'n't this a rather Romish smack.

REV. MR. SMITH.—Why urge the thing. He says that he won't teach

What matter what his doubts if he don't preach 'em? [em]

PROF. McVICAR.—MACDONNELL's leaving would be sad; but know,

I'll tell you something sadder—I might go,

And so might others—

REV. DR. COOK.—You've no sympathy

With him, which is what does astonish me.

Eternal punishment! I think you'd find

A week of it would greatly change your mind,

Don't you know that it's meaning thus must be,

God made men to torment eternally?

This doctrine isn't fundamental, no!

If common sense was common, you'd think so.

PROF. CAMPBELL.—If he against the word of God doth set,

His human reason, he must from us get.

The conflict raged; no end appears to it,

Nor will be, till they use GRIP's deeper wit.

And he would say:—Who your confession made,

Were men with far less knowledge to their aid,

Than lies at your disposal. Books and thought

Now open, were to them unknown, untaught.

Why do you not, then, as your rules allow,

Revise their work, at once, right here and now?

Strike from your minds what other men have thought.

Search but to know their proof for what they taught.

If proof they held, that proof will now remain.

If none, cease you their errors to sustain.

For know you this: You long have said that we

Are mostly doomed to future misery.

And now the world demands, without delay,

Proof or denial of the things you say.

He Must Not Leave.

The trees are in bloom, and the blossoms' perfume

Is filling the warm summer air.

Again a bright green all the meadows are seen,

And such big dandelions are there.

Away in the north, where the cool springs flow forth

There are millions of beautiful trout,

All out of their brooks casting disgusted looks,

That no one to catch them comes out.

GRIP would like to be there, breathing health-giving air,

And taking his ease in his inn.

But the thoughts of the woe which would come if he'd go

Keeps him here, quite unhealthy and thin.

There's those fiends of the *Mail* would the *Globe* chaps assail

And destroy them quite incontinent;

But that GRIP standing by holds his regis on high,

And allows them a space to repent.

There's the Orange and Green would all raging be seen

And with cold corpses heaping the ground,

If GRIP ceased to send, as their mutual friend,

His calm cooling counsel around.

What horrors would be, if he did wander free,

Would quite shock every mind to explain,

So GRIP at the helm, the floods overwhelm,

Must, stem yet collected, remain.

LOST. A White Poodle Dog, tiny brown spot on each ear; answers to "Beauty." Finder returning to JAMES FLANAGAN, 203 Ottawa street will be liberally rewarded. The dog found in any one's possession after this notice will be punished, according to law.

DEAR GRIP.—The above advertisement appeared in the *Star* of 29th inst., please inform me what punishment the law inflicts on a lost dog. Surely "Beauty" will keep out of the courts after such a threat,

Yours in anxiety,

Montreal, May 30.

BAD DOG.