

lowly people and their belongings the consideration bespoken by the poet :

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

\* This word forms the key-note, so to speak, of the poem of *Man's Mortality*, by Dunbar, the laureate, which commences thus:—

Memento, Homo, quod cinis es!  
 Think, Man, thou art but erd an aiss;  
 Lang hear to dwell na thing thou press,  
 For as thou come so shalt thou pass,  
 Like as anè shadow on ane glass, &c.

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## JOHN BULL ON HIS TRAVELS.

By EVAN MACCOLL, Kingston, Ontario.

John Bull goes on a tour through France:—

Its people dance  
 And laugh and sing, all happy—rich and poor:  
 What brainless fools these French are, to be sure!  
 He never saw such goings on!

He'll write the *Times* each in and out o't:  
 That land is blest—that land alone  
 Where Saxons rule,—that's all about it!

Now goes he grumbling up the Rhine,  
 Self-superfine,—

Finds Rhenish wines but sorry stuff,  
 And the calm German such a muff!  
 Scornful of all who come between

The wind and his nobility,  
 The Teuton thinks the man insane,  
 And leaves him to his humours free.

Anon, he roams through Switzerland:

Its mountains grand  
 If grand to *him*, is pretty much a question  
 Dependent on the state of his digestion.  
 He finds the Swiss *sans* any lord

Or duke or marquis—men who must  
 Be rulers born: 'The thing's absurd!  
 He quits the country in disgust.

The Isles of Greece now wandering through,  
 Each fairest view

Is fair or foul to him, just as the sinner  
 Findeth the chances of roast beef for dinner.

He owns indeed the Greeks one day  
 'Mong nations held the foremost place;  
 Yet all that granted, what were they  
 Matched with the Anglo-Saxon race?

At last arrived in Italy—

What does he see?  
 Half-naked beggars swarming everywhere—  
 A contrast vile, of course, to England fair!