

**Breakfast.**

Now see the toast be richly brown;  
And be its edges broken down—  
The butter freshly brought to town,  
And purest dairy-made;  
And mind you that my cup of tea  
Part green, and partly dark bohea,  
Hot, strong, and steaming fragrantly,  
Be close beside it laid.

And also bear the rolls to me,  
And have them saleratus-free,  
And soft the crusts which on them be,  
And justly baked the crumb;  
And careful be that ham of size—  
Of porker dead the fairest prize—  
In mighty dish before me lies,  
To breakfast when I come.

Mark, if the third revolving morn  
Have passed since yonder eggs were born,  
My spoon to chip their shells shall scorn;  
But if they fresher be,  
And cooked without an oversight,  
Till firm, but not too firm, the white  
The yolk of softness justly right,  
Oh, bring them here to me.

And bring the pot of marmalade  
Which roaring ocean hath conveyed  
From far Dundee, wherein 'twas made  
From fruit of ruddy glow,  
And such a breakfast I shall make  
No gods, who do ambrosia take,  
And then their thirst with nectar slake,  
From table jollier go.

And then, if it the summer be,  
My pipe shall send its circles free  
Of smoke to boughs of linden tree,  
Between me and the sun;  
Or if outside be wintry gloom  
Shall fumigate with mild perfume  
The deep recesses of my room  
When breakfast shall be done.

Oh then, if anything there be  
That can be done for you by me,  
And you can manage me to see,  
Come then, beside me sit,  
Before me all the trouble lay,  
And tell how better it I may,  
And I'll, as I've heard MOWAT say,  
Straightway consider it.

**The Episcopal to Les Autres.**

And do you think,  
You others of the churches separate,  
Which I by courtesy do churches call—  
Great is my courtesy-- But do you think  
That you alone monopoly do hold,  
Of this revival dodge? What said I, "dodge?"  
Nay, work I meant to say. Deluded friends,  
Who sit not at the feet of those who hold  
The right of holding forth by straight descent,  
And laying on of hands, through diuine age,  
Far back and farther, till at last we reach  
The twelve appointed ones; who sit not there,  
Nor do of curacy the pains, nor eke,  
Of plenary the pleasures understand.  
Who neither High, nor Low, nor Jack-- alas!  
How made I such a slip? I mean to say,  
Nor Broad, nor yet the deep religious love,  
These sub-divisions for each other feel  
Within your churches have. Yes, do you think  
That we to MOODY or to SANKEY will  
Yield up the sole command of that rough gate  
Which is Revival called, and whereto they.  
And such as they, have shouted to the mob  
To enter in, and have their shoutings backed,  
With heightening of manner and of voice,  
And rolling much of eyes, and twistings huge  
Of visages, and talk of sacred things  
Not always in that reverential tone  
Which unto such is fit, and have by such

Vast multitudes called in, whereof a part  
May to your churches stick, and yet a part  
Be lost to ours thereby? No, worthy friends,  
We also shall our own revivals have;  
And show unto you in what better style  
They can by us be done.

But GRIP would say--  
And GRIP can be as solemn if he please  
As can your gloomiest--he hateth not  
The stout Episcopal, but in them sees  
Much to respect, and in this Canada,  
Where Church and State are two, these churchmen are  
The hardest working and the worst paid lot  
Of priests the country has. But he would say--  
Strive not to ape the still increasing herd  
Of preachers popular, who now have caught  
The manners of the stage, and aim to please,  
To entertain and, in one word--to draw.

Who look around them at the crowded pews,  
And tell imaginary anecdotes  
And give "experiences" imagined,  
And tickle fancies like a mountebank  
Till congregations smile; or, t'other tack,  
Now running free upon, bring horrid fiends

And future red-hot mansions, to the view  
Of velvet-cushioned sitters, who as calm  
As if before the burning red and blue  
Of fires theatric, quiver as he shows  
Imaginary Satans sear the bone,  
And wrench the tortured joint, and rather like  
The new sensation, while upon the air,  
The piercing outburst of deep agony  
Almost appears to float. They quiver now;  
They smiled before, and relish each in turn,  
Till past performance time, the theatre,  
Or church--to give its name--throws open wide  
Its polished doors, and all go home to dine.

And say between the meats, "Why, yes, indeed,  
A sermon worth the hearing, and I like  
A man can rouse one up. The time flew by:  
The service was enjoyable. Why, I  
Will add five hundred yearly, rather than  
He go across the line." And so it goes,  
And so they go, and calmly hear again.

And do you know the secret of their calm?  
They yield but slight and much reserved belief  
To all the preacher says. How can they think  
Churches in earnest now? Where find you now  
The chosen poverty, the zeal for truth,  
The utter abnegation of all self--  
With which stimulus Christianity  
From far Judaea flashed, and in despite  
Of arms, of wealth, of laws, of prejudice,  
Of all most venerated in the world  
That ancient world subdued? When dimmed that light?  
When priests left faith for gold. What is it clouds  
Its sterling lustre now? Hear you that cry,  
Which each religious sheet throughout the land,  
Shrieks vehement and strong? "Ho! Tax not God!  
Tax not His churches!" meaning all the while,  
"Tax not ourselves who should the taxes pay!"  
And they speak thus, and ask whence unbelief.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

A good man to preserve order in the House of Commons--Plumb.

When you have the Dev'l in the House you may expect to see La Flamme.

There's a YOUNG, SHORT, LITTLE, BABY in the House of Commons, and one BIGGAR.

SIR JOHN, MET-CALF in the lobby and said let's KILLAM and COOK him for EASTER VAIL.

PLAGIARISM--The Woodstock Sentinel copies a piece from GRIP, entitled "Lines on NEILSON," and gives no credit, thereby signifying it wrote them itself, a thing beyond the capacity of a regiment of such sentinels. Tendency of certain occupations to create bad habits when unopposed by principle. Sentinel--you know--outpost--moonlight nights--no enemy near--nothing to do--goes priggling from neighboring henroosts--loses all sense of honor--and becomes a paragraph priggling plagiarist.