



### ALECK OF MACEDON.

(REVISED VERSION.)

PRAY list to a tale of the days that are gone—  
'Tis something that happened in old Macedon,  
When the great Alexander was here upon earth,  
And yet but a boy with a measure of mirth.

One day long ago did the ancients convene,  
And over the top of a picket fence lean  
To gaze on some slaves that were trying to tame  
Bucephalus, who, as you'd guess from his name,  
Declined to be ridden, with vigor and might,  
And cracked a few heads ere he won in the fight;  
While greeting each failure with classical guy,  
Young Aleck, laughed oft with a moist-laden eye.

This flippant behavior caused Phil to grow wild,  
His bluish-tinged blood was decidedly riled;  
He spake to his son in hot accents of rage,  
Unseemly, methinks, in a prince of his age:  
"And dost thou reproach, thou rude slip of a boy,  
With speech so unripe thus thy betters annoy,  
As if, of thyself, the fool horse thou couldst ride,  
With older ones failing across him to stride?"  
But thus said the youth, "My old dad, it is true  
I can ride him, I say, and the critter subdue."

"And what," murmured Phil in a bantering way,  
"Will your Highness put up if you fail—come now, I say?"  
"I'll stand, Royal Nibs, this fine war steed's full price,  
Should I at all fail to get there in a trice."  
Whereat, in derision, a laugh split the air,  
So mirthfully moved were the onlookers there;  
But, stooping to grit his soft hands o'er with dust,  
Said Al. to himself, "Now I'll ride him or bust."

Then ere the last echo of laughter had died,  
The back of the steed did the youngster bestride;  
A moment the horse stood absorbed in surprise,  
With rings large and white ornamenting his eyes,  
A brief, fleeting moment, at best, did he stand,  
Then, while a tune sprightlier came from the band—

Or, at least, would have come had there been a band there—  
He reared, and his feet snote the ambient air.  
He plunged, and he kicked, and he bit with a vim,  
That made the surroundings to Aleck grow dim;  
This failing to change the mean run of his luck,  
He deemed it expedient to try his best buck:  
Aloft his spine travelled towards the blue dome,  
While Philip, in fear, wished his son had staid home:  
As the four feet together—or nearly so—clashed,  
It seemed that the boy would be hopelessly smashed  
Into a few fragments untidy and small,  
Ere he in the game would consent to a call.  
From that thrifful buck, long ago though 'twas done,  
Rich pointers a broncho might truly have won;  
And yet, though they feared he would emigrate hence,  
Our Al. won the day with his stock of horse sense.

Then loudly the onlookers greeted the boy,  
With cries of the time giving tongue to their joy,  
While Phil., folding him in a crackling embrace,  
Spake thus, the wet tears on his crowfooted face:  
"Go seek thee a kingdom more worthy, my son,  
Too wide is thy swath for my own Macedon;  
Go carve thee a name that shall fail not to last,  
And load thee the dice ere thou makest a cast."

Though not, I believe, by all annalists told  
The cause of his riding so fearless and bold—  
The trick he'd been taught, as indeed might be guessed,  
By cowboys he'd met in the buck-curing west.

#### MORAL.

'Tis foolish, of course, to ransack the rude past,  
Unless a sound moral one points at the last—  
This tale do we now, in this manner, unfold  
A chestnut to crack that is toothlessly old:  
Time's pendulum forward and backward has swung,  
While the gag through the ages has ever been sprung:  
'Tis this—when a youth feels he's doing his best,  
Some fossil breaks forth with that bald-headed jest,  
And seems of the chance, when it comes, to be glad:  
"You'll never, my boy, be as smart as your dad."

JOHN WEST.

### A NEW WAY O' BUILDIN' KIRKS.

MAISTER EDITOR,—I see be the papers that the  
New St. Andrew's kirk fouk are gaun to move't a'  
the way to the corner o' Spadina Avenue an' Wilcox  
Street. Maun, sir! this'll be a terrible fash—poo'in' the  
hale biggin' doon, an' cairtin' 't to the new place, an' pit-  
tin' 't a' thegither again.

Weel, a plan to do awa', at least in a verra great meas-  
ure, wi' sic fash, has just come into ma noddle. Ma  
idea is to pit kirks on wheels. Mak' them kind o' like  
the paissenger railway caurs, fottygraffers' waggons, or the  
waggons used be the tinklers o' Yetholm in the auld  
countrie. When a congregashun resolves to move to  
"fresh fields an' pastures new"—as the poet says—just  
hitch twa or three span o' horses to the kirk, an' hooch!  
awa she gaes, to the tune o' "See, the Conquerin' Hero  
Comes." "Clear the track, you fouk that disna want to  
be crushed as be the caur o' Juggernaut!" Ma plan  
seems to me just a rale graund-yin. Gin I werna a tcy  
totaller, I'd treat masel' to a gude whurn afore gaun' any  
farrier. The kirk micht be made o' wud, kivered wi' zinc.  
That wad look as weel as stane, an' be a hauntle  
lichter.

I verra respektfully lay ma plan afore the New St.  
Andrew's kirk congregashun, an' ithers meanin' to build.  
I dinna expect to get "Thaunk ye" frae them. But we  
o'fen get nac thaunks frae those whose good we seek.  
We maun juste do oor duty an' ne'er heed.

BLEW BONNET.

A MAN is often upset by too much setting up.