

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Rev. John Langtry delivered an address to his parishioners on John Wesley.—(See Mail of March 27th.) "Uncle Rufus," as a Methodist, doesn't like his way of putting things, and returns a copy with some reflections attached :

NEIGHBOR LANGTRY, stop cartooning !
You have very clumsy fingers,
And there lingers
In your mental-colored sketches,
Dim revealing
Of a feeling
That would fain make heroes wretches,
So we must decline with thanks,
And return herewith your etches
Of the "Wesley" mountebanks.

Neighbor Langtry, you know better !
History doesn't need correction ;
Your inspection
Of the Cromwell Reformation,
And conclusions,
Are illusions ;
While your causeful restoration
And the ills it left behind,
Are a fertile revelation
Of your unhistoric mind.

Neighbor Langtry, history's written !
Wisdom's saint-roll should have had you,—
Now she'll add you
To her list of "saint's impeachers" ;
Don't inspect it
To correct it,—
Not alone King James's preachers
Put Religion in the lurch,
But your own established (?) teachers
And the devil in the Church.

Neighbor Langtry, 'tis a "chestnut,"
Served anew in every struggle ;
All who juggle
With the truth—or light—they boast of,
Call the others,
Though their brothers
Born and cultured, but a host of
Alien rebels, while the Throne
Has been held up at the cost of
Blood and treasure,—all their own.

Neighbor Langtry, speak your mind out !
Would you really like to claim them,
As you name them,
For the Church ? Or are you joking, ?
When you tell us,
In a jealous
Sort of boasting (mirth provoking !)
That they did not found a sect ?
Were they then their purpose cloaking ?
Were they void of self-respect ?

Neighbor Langtry, by your judgment—
In succession, apostolic,
And catholic—
We do lack the true conjunction,—
Well ! we'll grant it
If you want it,
But you cannot flout the function
Of our soul-redeeming deeds ;
For the Holy Spirit's unction
Is the hand upon our heads.

When you criticize a neighbor
Don't put on such supercilious,
Learned, bilious
Sort of airs,—for time discloses
That 'tis kinder
To be blinder
To the faults, which one supposes
May be found in every place ;
Every garden has its roses,—
Look for purity and grace.



RYKERT WOULD LIKE TO BESMIRCH BLAKE.

Mr. Rykert, ex-M.P., lately made a public charge against Edward Blake of having sold his political influence, as a member of Parliament, to a certain Yankee timber-limit speculator for \$1,000. The facts having come to light, goes on the story, Mr. Blake hastily handed back the money. Of course nobody for a moment believed this, especially as it came from Rykert. The circumstance upon which the fiction was built has been explained in a letter to the *World*, and not only exonerates Mr. Blake from any Rykertian corruption but incidentally does him honor. We notice the matter here only as an illustration of the old saying that "misery likes company."

Take this solace and be quiet :—
Many another seer has stumbled
And been humbled
At the "Foolishness" and evil
Shown by preachers
(God-sent teachers).
Don't play Balaam for the devil
On so trivial a pretence ;
You can never mend our graces
Making faces through the fence.

UNCLE RUFUS.

"ENOCH ARDEN."

(Port Hope Daily Times. February 14th.)

"THE large audience who witnessed the performance of 'Enoch Arden' last evening were delighted with their entertainment. The specialties—the guitar playing, the singing, the comic songs, the conjuring, clog-dancing and tumbling—gave universal satisfaction."

Poor Tennyson ! We have heard that a poet's life is not a happy one, and now we believe it—that is, if Alfred ever sees the above paragraph. Clog-dancing and tumbling in "Enoch Arden !" We'll next be hearing of "Othello" being played with a jig by *Desdemona*, and a banjo solo and clog by the *Moor* as a "black face specialty." In the name of the Nine Muses ! "Comic songs" and "conjuring" introduced into a presentation of Tennyson's beautiful poem !

UNIVERSAL.

PLUGWINCH—"The telephone system, it appears to me, is destined before long to extend over the whole earth."

BIGGLESWADE—"I shouldn't wonder—I notice that already it reaches from pole to pole."