



"THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG."

(UNAUTHORIZED CANADIAN EDITION, DEDICATED, WITH EVERY EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY, TO MR. MARK TWAIN, BY HIS ADMIRING FRIEND "GRIP.")

**Underground Theology.**

IN THREE ACTS.—ACT 3RD.

SCENE.—Another basement, not quite as oave as the others, the residence of an amercian baby farmer, (on a limited scale,) to wit, Mrs. Spence, who ekes out a living by selling candies and bread ostensibly, also a dhrap of the unlicensed crayther (sub rosa). Mrs. S. has just given her four-months-old baby enough whiskey and paregoric to quiet it for the next four hours at least, and has now sat down to have a quiet bit of sympathetic gossip over a pint of beer, a tete-a-tete with old Mrs. Jore, her neighbour over the way.

Mrs. JORE, taking the shawl off her head and adjusting herself comfortably—

"I do declare, Missis Spence, I was just a-ayin' to Maria, As I was a-sittin' a-toastin' my poor old toes by the fire. Says I, there's Missis Spence now, no furdur than over the way, Might be dead an' buried for all we know, haint seen her since yesterday, So I throw my shawl over my head, an' here I be, Missis Spence. Come a-purpose to see how you are. How's the world been using you since?"

Mrs. SPENCE, in a hoarse, Hibernian voice—

"Arrah! don't yez be after axin', sure it's ruined meself will be, Wid their prachin' an' their convartin', an' fixin' folks up wid tea. The devil a dhrap of liquor I've sowld all this blissid day, An' that gurl a-comin' to-morrow to carry her brat away."

Mrs. JORE, shaking her head solemnly—

"Yes, ma'am, the times is bad, an' growin' every day worse, You can't turn an honest penny, without people makin' a fuss, You know them there three boys I rented my cellar to sleep in, An' only charged 'em ten cents? Well, ma'am, didn't they go a-weepin' To them big bugs as gets up the breakfast, Sunday mornin' at Temperance All, An' they've been an' gone an' took 'em for good, the one with consumption an' all, In coorse they wan't no profit, but still a few cents cum handy, To buy me a pint o' beer, or a horn to coax old Sandy, To do me a bit o' pawwin', or hook a loose heard off the fence, To kindle the fire of a mornin'. But whisper now, Missis Spence, Don't you think, between us private, the world's turnin' upside down? With all them queer on-goin's of them big bugs there up town,

Lor bless ye! when I was young, they'd go around givin' us tracks,

Them dressed up in silks and velvets, and hus not a dud to our backs.

Much we cared for their preachin' and prayin', hus, starvin' of hunger and cold, But now-a-days things are changed or else it's me gettin' old.

It do seem strange now, don't it? to see all the trouble they're at,

A-feedin', an' clothin', an' schoolin' some poor, dirty, motherless brat.

(An' they might small thanks they'll get for it.) That teetotal cobbler next door

Got drunk, and was sent up for somethink, but that's over three years an' more.

His wife, she took on so, she died, an' the way she was laid out with flowers

Would 'a' melted the heart of a stone. An' then there's young Polly Powers,

Well, after she had her babby, they kept her till she was well,

An' they got her a situation; ye'll never believe what I tell.

The family is all so fond of her, she's doin' so extra well. An' they do say that even them girls, they'll watch them a-passin' by.

An' they'll coax them, ma'am, so kindly, that really sometimes they'll cry:

An' I was told a great secret, that weddin' the other day, Was one of them self-same girls, brought back after goin' astray.

It's really wonderful, ma'am, the goin's on now-a-days, An' the queerest thing of all they wont take to themselves no praise.

My little granddaughter, she tells me, them are folks as love the Lord,

An' they do it for love of their Master, an' if I can believe her word,

He was once as poor as hus, an' went hungry many a day, An' was so hard up for a home, he went up a hill-side to pray,

Nor hadn't a hole to sleep in, no more than one of them boys

As slept all the time in my cellar, with the rats kickin' up such a noise.

I declare to ye, Missis Spence, I felt like as I could pray, When she said that *This* was the One, was to judge us all one day.

I used to be so scared when I'd think of the awful Lord, A-ventin' His wrath on poor sinners, as was allus a-breakin' his word,

But laws! it do look so different to think of a kindly man Up'n heaven, a-comin' to judge us, an' doin' for us all he cau,

(An' he needn't unless he likes, seein' he's God all the same as man.) I'd give up this rough way of livin', if I thought they'd give me a home,

For now I an old and tired, but I know I could help 'em some.

When John he lay a-dyin', (my John he was allus queer,)

Says he, with his hand on his heart, 'There's something as tells me here

Your eyes will be opened yet, an then you will understand

What I mean when I tell you, Mary, I'm going to the better land.

Yes, really, it *do* make a differ, it's one thing to hear people pray,

And another to see them a-actin' as though they believed what they say,

A-comin' down here right among us, as if we were one of theirself's,

Instead o' cockin' their noses at the sights, an' the dirt, an' the smells.

I tell you what now, Missis Spence, religion like that I believe in,

But the times is awful changed since the times I used to live in.

Lor bless ye, they'd preach an' they'd pray, but they'd care a sight more for a dog,

An' the way they would look down upon you, you'd think a poor man was a frog.

Yes, thank God! the times are a-changin', an' we are a-changin', too,

When they offer ye love an' kindness, what can a poor body do.

Now, what do you think, Missis Spence?"

Mrs. SPENCE, lifting the beer to her lips—

Faix, it's tittle I'm thinkin' about it, The praste he can fix all that, an' I'd niver pretend to doubt it.

But it don't do me any good, the folks afther turning teetotal,

So here's luck to us both, Mrs. Jore, its meself that'll stick to the bottle. (Drinks.)

(Exeunt.)

JAY KAVELLE.



**DR. COCHRANE, OF BRANTFORD.**

"DISCIPLINING" THE CONGREGATIONAL BELL.

He seized the brazen clanging tongue,  
And all his weight upon it flung,  
And shouted, as he held it tight,  
"My people shall not—must not be  
Kept late for church by hearing thee—  
Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Mrs. Pinch's boarder, who has been reading the anti-cram editorials in the *Globe*: "I see they are trying to do away with this system of cramming students so much." Mrs. Pinch, brightening up suddenly.—"Really now, is that really so? I'm mighty glad, I tell you. Victuals is so high, and these young growin' boys do cram so." Exit boarder.

What is wanted is not so much a burglar-proof safe, as a cashier-proof safe.—"Well, I'll be blowed," as the factory whistle said when twelve o'clock struck.—*Somerville Journal*.