

The Three Boys Together.

INSPIRED TO MY OLD COMPANION, ALEXANDER B. BARR.

COME sit ye doon, auld crony dear,
Sae many years hae passed,
Our locks they hae grown thin and grey,
Since we saw each ither last ;
And I can see, my frien, like me,
That ye've had stormy weather,
In sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
Since we were boys thegither.

Tho' changes hae come o'er us baith,
And youth's wild dreams are o'er,
I hope ye're constant tae the faith
Which thrilled our hearts of yore,
When mony a weary gate we gaed,
To break oppression's tether,
And mony a heavy heart we had,
When we were boys thegither.

For we felt the degrading weight,
Where no mere workman can—
No matter howsoe'er upright—
Still feel himself a man ;
Well might we say, that every day
Our blood did boil within us,
Yea, at the inhumanity
Of those that were abune us.

We daily saw, beyond dispute,
The overwhelming load
Coarsening the man into the brute
Or the insensate clod ;
The spiritual life within,
How it did blight and wither !
Until the victim fled to gin,
Or tint heart a'thegither.

And oft we've asked the heavens abune,
" Were men but born to toil ?
To keep up in their sensual sin
Such families as A — ;
Our women be transformed to hacks,
Wi' poverty-pinched features,
And shameless burdens on their backs,
For sic unmanly creatures.

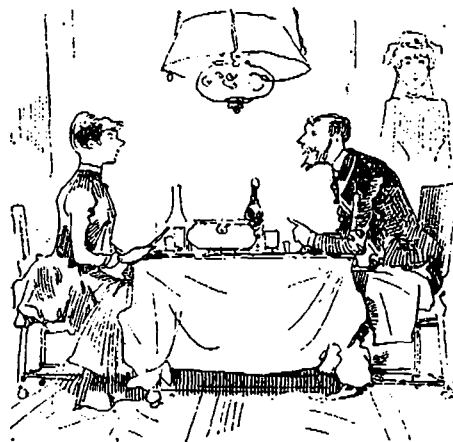
" And young and old, alas ! alas !
Be doomed to endless toil,
To feed, clothe and how to a class
So infamously vile."
Then bonnie Scotland's no for me !
Tho' dear beyond expression !
And nocht could hae forced us to flee
Save legalized oppression.

Then hoo the bonnie broomy braes,
Pled wi' us no tac gang ;
And dear auld minstrels, wi' their lays,
That we had lo'ed sae lang.
Benlmond looked sae sad and wae,
As laith frae us to sever ;
And ev'ry bank, and burn, and brae,
Where we were boys thegither.

And Cartha and the Vale o' Gryffe,
That always seemed oor ain ;
And friens, dearer far than life,
We'd never see again.
Scotland was dear to you and me,
But liberty was dearer !
Close to our hearts tho' she might be,
Yet liberty lay nearer.

And Canada would gladly be
A home for the oppressed,
Save for the kites and parasites
That batten on her breast.
And with a heavy heart one sees—
Despite o' good men's striving—
So many old iniquities
In our new hame surviving.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.



SHE ISN'T A "CRANK."

He—I notice that a good many people are giving up the use of wine and liquor from religious motives—Paul's advice, you know, about our "weak brother."

She—Such cranks ! I will continue to use it until Fashion says it isn't the correct thing.

TORONTO AS A WATERING PLACE.

TORONTO is one of the finest watering places in the world, and it's about time that the world should know it. We submit a sample of the way in which the sublime fact should be written up.

The city of Toronto (commonly called T'ronto) is situated on the classic shores or banks of the world-famed river Don. The local poet thus apostrophizes it :

O River Don ! O River Don !
The faires: on which the sun has shone !

Allowing a little for poetic exaggeration, his words are not wide of the mark. Studding the bank of the river like gems are celebrated castles and fortresses. Two of these deserve special mention. One, built in the purest style of Italian architecture, is called (facetiously, of course) the Jail. The other is called (also facetiously) the Smallpox Hospital. Both of these haughty fortresses are owned by proprietors whose exclusive tastes debar the public from full enjoyment of the exquisite grounds encircling the mansions, but the favored few generally make long stays there.

Passing rapidly down the Don we come to the Toronto Bay, in which, facing directly the city of Toronto is the far-famed Island, known throughout the civilized world as *The Island*. The site of *The Island* is composed of fine and delicious sand which is worth going miles to see, Space is wanting to dilate upon all the beauties of the place. Suffice it to say, that for perambulators, brass bands, babies and bad cigars, it beats creation.

Then there is the celebrated illuminated clock of St. James' Cathedral, which has only two peculiarities—one, that sometimes it fails to be illuminated, and sometimes it fails to go. You would probably say that it was on strike if it were not that that is just the time when it doesn't strike.

But chiefest glory is the Queen's Park. Visitors will observe with curiosity huge stones lying gracefully around upon the verdant turf. Upon these stones have been discovered junic inscriptions of great antiquity, some of which read—Bullock's Blood Bitters—Gin's Cheap Shirts, and Jimmie's \$3.50 pants. These inscriptions