

A DUET FROM "PATIENCE."

AS PERFORMED AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, OTTAWA.

JOHN A. BUNTHORNT, a "wild, wild, fleshy" poet.
ED. B. GROSVENOR, a politico-dyllic poet.

J. A. B. (sings)

I'm a devil-may-care young man,
A laugh-it-away young man,
A ghost-of-Ben-Dizzy-cal, quippy and quizzical,
I humb-to-my-nose young man.
Defeat me if you can!
The luckiest-out young man,
The ghost of, &c.



E.B.G.

I'm a Northern Lights young man,
A soft-felt-hat young man,
A high-theoretical, iron-rimmed "spettical,"
Mill-and-John-Bright young man.
Oh! follow me if you can.
A promising, fine young man;
An awfully sensible, scarce comprehensible
Hope-of-the-Grits young man!



J.A.B.

I'm a jaunty-old-boy young man,
A go-as-you-please young man,
A Charley O'Mallery, cheer from the gallery,
And popular pet young man.



E.B.G.

I'm a Poor-Man's-Shirt young man,
A National-Hopes young man,
A close-exegetical, long-p unorthetical,
Lay-em-all-out young man.



J.A.B.

I'm a C.P.R. young man,
A great N.P. young man,
A practical-policy (just like St. Paul, ye see)
Dish-all-the-Grits young man.



E.B.G.

I'm a logical, calm young man,
Sarcastic and cool young man,
An amply-sta istical, mazy and twistical,
Wind-you-all-up young man,
Oh! follow me if you can.

** All things to all men, &c.

My happy life, with wife and children crowned,
And blessed and hallowed with my mother's faith.
Aye, sneer, (yes, I was weak beyond belief)
The sneer is weapon worthy of the man
Who used his stronger mind and greater knowledge
To wrest from weaker ones the faith and trust
Wherein their strength and their salvation lay
From self and human weakness. Noble work!
But when from yonder grizzly prison walls
I came, a blighted, branded, homeless man,
Was it a freethinker, do you suppose,
Met me with smile and warm extended hand
Bidding me welcome back to life and hope?
Not you, or any of your hopeless creed!
But one of those we oft have laughed to scorn,
(Whom you call snivelling, praying hypocrites.)
Bid me take heart again, the world was wide,
And said there yet was good in store for me.
I was ashamed. Said I, "I will go home."
"Yes, by-and-bye," said she, "but come with me
And have some dinner, after we will see.
Perhaps my husband may go with you home."
So I went with her, and I told her all,
And then said I, "I'd like to see my wife;
She was like you, a Christian sweet and true,

'Had I but minded her——' but I broke down.
'I fear soul,' said she, "don't fret, she is at rest!
She sent you love and blessing at the last,
And prayed for you and the dear children left—"
"Left! God! is my wife dead?" I cried, and rushed
Out of the house, into the glaring street,
Pursued by howling devils of remorse,
Until, I know not how, they found me here,
The Christian neighbours, Christians, mark you that!
They told me, since that night when, mad with drink,
I broke the law, she pined and pined away,
Dying by inches of a breaking heart.
But how through all she waited not for aught
That well could smooth her pathway to the grave.
My children, they were cared for, fed and clothed,
By one who was a Christian indeed,
Who waited for me at the prison gate,
With my dead wife's last messages of love.
You will please mark all this was done for love,
By followers of One you call—impator.
Hush! not a word! your words are veinless wind,
Weigh'd in the balance, against deeds like these.
This creed of love and hope's the creed for me!
Show me what fruit this tree of yours brings forth,
What have you done to elevate mankind?

How many creatures have you saved from ruin?
How many lifted to a purer life?
Have you at all enriched your native land?
Snatching the young from poverty and crime,
By feeding, clothing, educating them,
Till they become good men and honest citizens,
So strengthening the foundation of the commonwealth,
By that which, left neglected, proves a menace,
A source of weakness, danger, and decay?
Where are your homes, to shield the homeless poor,
Your hospitals for children, sweet and clean,
With flowers bedecked, and pictures beautified,
And waited on with kindness and with love,
All this the followers of Jesus do.
When I contrast His pure and holy life
With that vile sheet of yours, that blatant page,
The offering of a course and vulgar mind,
Who advertises his own photograph,
Price fifty cents, upon the back thereof,
I sometimes wonder whether I was sane,
Hoping from upas tree to gather grapes.
There, go, my choice is made,—God send to you
Less power to poison and destroy His work!
(Exeunt)

JAY KAYLIE