

A Sermon on Candles

BY OUR FEEBLEST LIGHT.

GRIP has a superior mind. People have noticed it. We have even been cognizant of it ourselves at times; but never more so than the other evening, when, just as shutting up time had arrived, and the shutters which bar the mural repository of our wit having been put up we were about to carry that other repository which rests upon our shoulders to more festive scenes, a voice from the upper pavement sounded with stentorian tones in our shapely ear the monosyllable *Hi!* We turned, and beheld an eminent clergyman whose personal acquaintance it had never previously been our good fortune to make. With a brief lamentation that he had arrived too late to button-hole us in our Sanctum, he did it any how—nay insisted on linking his arm within ours to accompany us on our homeward way, cheering the while our lonely path with the thrilling story of his woes. In his measured gait we soon discerned the poetry of motion, while in his voice the profounder poetry of subdued emotion became distinctly perceptible, as with his trembling tones and moving forefinger, most plaintively he sawed the air, it seemed as though all night we'd linger, and yet he did not seem to care how late it might be 'ere we reached our lair. My friend, he said, this is a sadly straying generation, and none but he of frivolous mind can view the gradual complete vastation of good and truth among mankind, at least as such are orthodoxly set forth by we who are the guiding stars of thought—who labour hard with all our strength to see that they are rightly taught. Alas the people don't believe us and no amount of college lore seems to be anything but grievous—to them. They view it as a bore. Authority from man on sacred subjects by youthful sprigs in conclave's set at naught. They think on subjects the most complex our *learnings* not with *wisdom* strongly fraught. Eh? did I hear you say "quite right?" No! No! my witty friend you too are going wrong in straying from our nicely tempered light, you'll hurt your eyes if you continue long. The shade of orthodoxy has been provided to dim the light as well as save the moth who every warning has derided and rushes to destruction—nothing loth. Remove that haze or smash it by your number your onward course will soon put out the Light, and though perhaps to one survivor the Sun of Truth itself may come in sight, yet can he stand it or its bright effulgence to penetrate through all his life, and may it not force him to deeds of darkness? To curtain it again might be his strife. Why is there then so much of talk and writing in every newspaper except the guiding *Globe*, for it of course is "unco' guid" and cares not risking respectability to please what it would call *the mob*. Respectability besides has got the siller, and in this glittering age that outweighs truth. If one holds that, one holds the tiller, wherewith to guide oneself to waters smooth. This agitation about Truth and Light is very wrong. Just let men mind their cash and mind their business, leave us those things to us belong, drink in our truths and pay expenses. So will the world move smoothly on; and if we retrograde towards the dark ages what need you E litors new garments don and try to bloom out as religious sages, a character which once assumed, you'll find yourselves like birds beating 'gainst well wired cages, unable to help others or get out yourselves, till with your tears you blot your pages. So far we could not edgeways even one word insert, though not our wont in conversation to be so inert. He ceased, and now we mattered forth in solemn tones, so solemn as almost to freeze his bones, in darkness lamp or candle suits us very well, but when the Sun arises in his might, we've noticed that its presence seems to quell the other feeble, dim and then quite useless light. The stranger turned and fled—yet heaved a pensive sigh, so pensive he forgot to say good bye.

The Methodist Progress.

My friends, you know
The churches which we left, our fathers thought
Them too magnificent, and longed to prove
A plainer style of worship and of life,
More blessed to the soul. Our women then,
Our men as well, loved ever to be known
By lack of ornament, and rather chose
To shine by works of love and holiness,
Than by apparel bright, or sculptured faues
Bedizened richly by the carver's art.
But they, it seems, mistook. In both of these,
As I to you may plainly demonstrate,
We gain to-day on those from whom they broke,
In all the senses love. Our church as grand,
Our worshippers as gaily decorate,
Our harmony still more magnificent
Than any they can show. My dearest friends,
What if we should return? It might not be
So bad a thing to do.

The wife of the alleged Brahmin priest has had a son, which is advertised in the *Globe* "birthplace" as the "first Brahmin child born in Canada." Considering the fuss raised about the father, most people will hope it is also the last.

The Railway Ride.

Dr. JOHNSON of old his opinion expressed
Of sensations, the riding in chaises was best;
But he'd not have expressed that opinion by far,
If they'd fastened him up in a modern rail car.

Where your feet almost freeze on a cold winter's day,
And your head's full of blood, and feels just 'tother way.
For the triumph of late ventilation, you know,
Is to put the heat where you don't want it to go.

Though it reek with foul breath, if you want some fresh air,
Of unclosing a window GRIP bids you beware.
For the first thing that meets your examining eye,
Is a very hot cinder, just then on the fly.

Fifty miles shakes your bones till they're all of them sore,
And a hundred just shakes them—well, twice as much more,
Till you fierce maledictions internally scream,
On the rascal who found out this riding by steam.

It would not be so bad if they'd leave you to weep
Of your sorrows—you might cry yourself off to sleep.
But—as foretaste of place FARRAR says there is not,
They've an agent appointed for keeping things hot.

He's a very small fiend; but extremely malign,
With an eye full of business as ever was seen,
And he pokes you each moment, and wants you to look,
For he's sure he can sell you some paper or book.

Which you don't want at all; or he begs that you'll buy
Maple sugar—it's awfully dingy and dry;
Or he'll sell you some candles, made in the year one;
Or some apples, which have to decay just begun.

And the scenery's all like the scenery last,
Till you'd swear that this place is the one you just passed.
For these new styles of travel so speedily run,
That they seem to smooth valley and mountain to one.

But like most things in life, the long journey gets past.
How delightful to feel *terra firma* at last,
And you've one consolation—your route of to-day
Would have occupied six in the old-fashioned way.

The Point to be Attained.

THE object of every Canadian is to build a large house. That done, at great expense, he lives in its back kitchen generally, and shuts up the rest. It has rooms for six servants; he keeps one. It has six spare bedrooms, he never has a visitor but once or twice a year. It has a big dining room which never sees a dinner party, nor any meal at all. It is well furnished. The object is first, a big house is a big advertisement, and will bring him consideration nobody would have given him without; second, to give his family occupation in dusting the rooms. When he looks over it himself, he makes a chalk mark on the walls occasionally, to know his way back to the kitchen. It is supposed that the numerous instances of missing men in Canada might be cleared up, to a great extent, if the out of the way rooms of their residences were examined. It is considered that Dr. WORKMAN might have said that nineteen-tenths of the remarkable amount of madness existing in Canada is owing to this cause.

Conversation.

CANADIAN.—I am going to clap tariff on Yankee goods.
IMPORTER.—Oh no. You must keep friends with the States; must not embroil yourself; the consequences would be terrible. Must be civil.
CANADIAN.—Well, I must put them on British goods.
IMPORTER.—No! no! no! Must not anger the mother country.
CANADIAN.—Well, if you say so; perhaps I had better not. But many of us are starving for want of work. (*Exit.*)
IMPORTER.—You may as many of you starve as like, so long as the rest buy my goods. (*Exit.*)

"And so BLAKE's gone, said CARTWRIGHT. "The point is no' the gane but the gangin'," said MACKENZIE. And the Hon. C. saw a vanishing vision of another borrowing voyage, and sighed.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY is will this summer in winter do good or harm, and did JOHN A. or MACKENZIE make it. Grits and Tories will answer according to their respective lines of argument.