

And now my sad life is a waste dreary blank,
 With somebody's scorning and nobody's pity,
 And every weary day,
 With bended aching back,
 I work my life away,
 Nor tire, nor ever slack
 To keep a grim revengeful vow, that not a plank
 Should show a nail above its face in all the city.

Ten thousand times, ten thousand people trip
 Ten thousand toes on nails cursed just as often,
 To pray the Corporation
 To drive them down and in
 Is but procrastination,
 And that you know is sin.

So I still hammer on. Sometimes her light feet skip
 Close to me, but—the deep brown eyes and curling lip,
 Speak of a hard, hard heart, that will not soften.



THE GRINDSTONE'S (SEMI-OCCASIONAL) MISSION.

The "Globe" on the Hard Times.

Though boss of this here nation,
 I'm in such tribulation,
 And in such aggravation
 From morning unto eve,
 And through my brain runs riot
 Such terrible disquiet,
 However much you try it
 You never can conceive!

For years past I declare, sirs,
 Through foul times or through fair, sirs,
 (As all must be aware, sirs,)
 My motto has been this:—
 "If people deal out blows, sirs,
 "If they hit me on the nose, sirs,
 "And the blood adown it flows, sirs,
 "I'll give them back a kiss!"

I'm not indeed a Quaker,
 A Mennonite or Shaker,
 But oh! for peace I'll make a
 Prodigious sacrifice!
 We all are creatures erring—
 Then wherefore make a whirring,
 O'er the mote we deem is blurring
 Our neighbour's blinking eyes?

Ill speaking and contention—
 I have said—friends do not mention,
 The evil one's invention
 Undoubtedly they be!
 Let us love and live together
 Like sons of one same mither
 And each man count our brither,
 In simple charit-ee!

But all my life-long teachings,
 My practice and my preachings,
 Are perilled by the screechings
 Of a man who's just come here!
 In wickedness he's haughty
 And his language is 2-40
 In everything that's naughty!
 'Tis shocking to the ear!

With tender admonition
 Upon his sad condition,
 To bring into contrition
 This man of wrath, I've yearned,

But nothing's done him good, sirs,
 Nor tamed his hardihood, sirs,
 And labor as I would, sirs,
 My counsel he has spurned!

I've said—"Dear brother SMITH,
 Why wilt thou be so stiff-o?
 Remember man's a whiff-o
 Smoke which quickly flees,
 Your scanty sum of life, friend,
 Ah! wherefore spend in strife, friend,
 In misery so rife, friend,
 Yourself why vainly tease?"

"Earth's problems which perplex us,
 Its trifles which so vex us,
 Its faddle which injects us
 With many a throe and whine,
 The wise man's wholly shut on,
 They are not worth one button,—
 They're just, in fact, cold mutton,
 Compared to salmon fine!"

But oh! he's quite dismayed,
 Yon Smith is, in his straying!
 Nor preaching, friends, nor praying,
 Will drill his stony heart.
 Ah! friends! let's careful be, us!
 Let grace be ever wi' us!
 And may it ever free us
 From reprobation's part!

RICHARD DE DICKE.

A Useful Implement.

The latest testimonial to the efficacy of a reaping machine is one from a venerable granger in the Coboconk district which we subjoin. In the present state of the contest we forbear to particularize the name, except as an advertisement.

DEAR SIR,

I have the greatest pleasure in bearing record of the remarkable utility of your machine. During the first half hour I had it at work on my farm it cured a breechly cow by taking both hind legs off her, cut a cross yellow dog into sausage meat, and removed the head of a neighbour's little boy who was rapidly becoming the pest of the township. I regard the _____ machine as invaluable.

Yours Respectfully,

A. GRANGER.

The Manager _____ Agricultural Works.

Croaks and Pecks

Signs of the millennium in Montreal.—The Devil in chains.

If it costs \$300 to travel from Toronto to Port Huron and back, how many aldermen does it take to inspect a fire escape?

Hon. W. MACDOUGALL does not think much of the *Grindstone*, but thinks MILLS' *tone* regarding himself perfectly unjustifiable.

A class for instruction in gentlemanly deportment has been formed, under the superintendence of the intelligent and courteous officials of the Custom House at Island Pond.

If the abandoned reprobate, who suggested that Mr. WOOD did not get in for South Victoria so S. C.-ly as he expected, will call at this office, we will add his scalp to our museum.

An entomologist writes to the papers to say that potato bugs are not potato bugs at all, but something else. If they were potato bugs they ought to be poisonous and he has eaten lots of them with no prejudicial effect.

A series of interesting *tableaux* present themselves in this *cause celebre* Mr. DEVLIN as OLIVER CROMWELL, denying the jurisdiction of the court. Mr. DEVLIN as GEORGE FOX the Quaker refusing to swear. The same gentleman as AJAX defying the thunderbolt. Mr. DEVLIN led to a vile dungeon by the minions of the Saxon. And last not least, Mr. DEVLIN apologising and getting let out, with a crowd of sympathising Hibernians in the background.

The Hamilton *Times* tells us that "the disqualification of M. JOUIN was the object aimed at, as it has been found impossible to defeat him in Chambly," when speaking of the recent unseating and disqualification of that gentleman. As personal corrupt practices were proved against him, we are not surprised at the difficulty of defeating him, or at his disqualification, which seems rather a desirable "object."