

Fashionable Worship.

It was a fashionable church,
A fashionable street,
A fashionable preacher there
A pompous flock did meet.

In broadcloth and in silk arrayed,
To show how much they thought
Of him who warned his followers
"For clothing take no thought."

They sung not; but their engine did,
For them an organ blow,
While loud the well paid choir performed
An Oratorio.

The preacher prayed. In accents bland
He did JEHOVAH tell
His flock possessed no righteousness,
Which God knew very well.

The preacher preached: "Trust faith alone
As oft I've said before."
The well-pleased congregation meant
To do so—and no more.

But GRIP would say, "Our Saviour's words,
Again with care read through,
How seldom he of faith conversed,
How oft He told to Do!

Current Events.

No. 7.

Mc Darlint Grip.

Meself and NORAH has been puttin up an exthry shtove, bad luck to the cowlid weather which is the mother av necessity, as the poet DAVIN sez, an sorra a minit have I had to think av anything av a lithry or pollytical keind, barrin me usual contimplations av the Consarvatif Re action that does be occupyin me mind all the fwhile, more or less—bein that I'm thyin to dissolve that counthrump av me frind MICKINZY BOWELE, to whit—Is it a Fiction or a Fackht?

In me lasht lether, I put in a good word for the risin januis av our Party in Montreal beyant—the layder av our hosts in the shwate bye an bye, mainin Mishter TOM TWHITE, av the *Gazette*. I mintoned the fact that he had prented a big lether forinist thim Stale Rails, provin that MICKINZY the Premeir, was a Delibrate Falsehud. I hav tuck a few hours out av the Corporations time to rade that epistle, thinkin this no robbery but only sarvin me counthry in a suparior manner nor diggin on the road. Whell sur, I kem to the conclusion, that me former idees av MICKINZY's corruptions av bowld wickedness, waz badly confarmed, an I waz waitin to see the *Globe* comin out an sayin that he waz rank an shunel to heavin. Thinks I to meself, it'll not be long afther that sposition that thim base, desarvin Grits will sthay in office, an the Consarvaty Reaction is jist aroun the corner, so to shpake.

Fwhat do I larn? Fwhy that Mishter FWHITE'S big balloon is bushted wid the pint av a quill pin in the han av the editer av the Montreal *Herald*, bad cesr to him! I larn that the young chafetin med out his case in a crucked sort av a way, kapin back some lethers that wuddn't agree wid his shtatements, and that he grabled the dorkymints—fwhattiver garblin mances—I expict bein an Editor yez 'ill know all about it howiver. Wuddn't that man av the *Herald* be keind enough now, to give us thim lethers he says Mr. WHITE garbled!

Spakin av lethers, the min that does be workin beside me on the road, haz been plagin the loife out av me for more nor a wake, sayin fwhy don't the other chafetin, Sur JOHN, come out wid that lether av CARTWRIGHT'S, seein that CARTWRIGHT has challenged him to do so. Av course Sur JOHN wuddn't do the likes av that. Thim Grits hasn't onny idee av a gentleman. Sure, didn't Sur JOHN tell thim all at the pec-nec fwhat was in the lether; an now me shly CARTWRIGHT wud be afther sayin he garbled that too, an axin him to perduce the same an publish it. He wud like to putt Sur JOHN in a box; wuddn't he now? He want to make the chafetin tumble over the rules av gud sciety, but Sur JOHN is too much av a gentleman to take the hint. He knows that the hand writin is purty bad for a Pecnance Minishter, an he wud scorn to expose his pollytical foe by prentin his lether in the papers. This is fwhat he towld me fwhin I wint the other day an axed him fwhat I wud say in reply to the min on the road.

Now thin, fwhat next? Sure there's nothin goin on at all, these times, in the pillytical circles. Fwhy do they call thim circles? Is it jist another name for rings, I dunno? Shpakin av rings, I see yerself in the *Tilligram* keeps up a shteady fire at the Aldermin in the City Hall, forinist the givin out av contracks, an buyin av materials from thimselves. Blaze away, me darlint, fwhat do we dare for yez! I say *wec*, because it's not to the inthrests av the likes av me to find fault wid me

best frinds. Sure, don't they kape us min busy, makin beautiful avenues, out on the commons beyant, an haulin gravel to shprinkle on the cow thracks av the city limits miles around the hoses they do be builidin? Schmall blame to thim, sez I, if they fraze on to the oppertunity av turnin an honest pinny in sarvice av the City, as long as they find plinty av work for the likes av us, and gives us gud pay. So yez may blaze away, an the Aldermin an meself will go on as usual shnappin our finger at yez.

Me gentle GRIP, I am thinkin av makin a shtrike. Yez'll have to pay me betther as I can't write anny more Currint Evints fwhile the prisint shtate av affairs lashts. I find it intirely too hard on me consti-tution fwhin there no Currint Evints goin on. Its harder now workin on a shtone road, so it is, an NORAH sez she won't putt up anny longer wid yez havin a monoppally av me time. There she's sittin now, the darlint, sobbin the heart out av her, to see me sittin here the lasht three hours an twishtin the hair out av me head, thryin to rake enough matter to fill out me lether to its usual expansion. Ye'll plaze excuse this outburst av me pint up falins, an blave me your thru frind

TERRY TIERNEY.

Beecher's Lecture.

On Sunday and Monday nights thousands hung around the door of the Grand Opera House to hear the Plymouth pastor.

A remarkable exhibition of true inwardness was made as soon as the doors were opened. The place was so crowded on Sunday night that Mr. BEECHER was forced to preach on the ragged edge of the footlights. Hundreds who came a few minutes late and tried to see the preacher from the top of the Gallery stairs, found it impossible and had to step out. One gentleman got in early in the afternoon, and went around looking for a soft spot, and finally settled down in one of the private boxes where he sat some six hours, with his chair in a tiltin' position and copies of the *Globe* and *Mail* in his hand. The proprietors of these journals are considering the advisability of printing their BEECHER editorial in the advertising columns after this.

Good Advice.

OUR clever contemporary, the *Hamilton Times*, should stick to its political paint pots, and eschew poetical quotations. Or else, it should make it a strict rule in the office that the printer's boy should not be allowed to write book reviews while the erudite Mr. TYNER is down street. GRIP is led to these reflections by the following passage, which occurs in the *Times* review of a new *History of Canada*.

"It is always well that the young people or a young nation should become thoroughly acquainted from their earliest childhood with the history of that nation; should learn its struggles for existence, its hopes and fears, its reverses and successes, and how it gradually came to the high position it did. This is a circumstance too often neglected and the neglecting of it too often makes the great Shakespeare speak falsely when he says:

"Show me a man with heart so dead,
That never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land."

Aldermanic Retrenchment.

The City Council having found that by no possible means could the city pay for the works already contracted, and being begged on all hands to retrench, introduced bills, read bills, and proposed bills for sewers, enough to make in number twelve new sewers, on Monday night. Now GRIP has just one word to say about this sewer and improvement business. If it were the city proper that was benefiting, it would not be so bad. But we might as well go to work to street and sewer the county of York at once, as try to make streets of all the waste land within the city outskirts. No doubt, when a field is sewerred and laid out, and graded, it affords a very nice chance for speculation, for the alderman can tell his friends where to buy. Moreover, the more the city is spread the more cheap houses are run up outside the fire limits, which greatly help the business of aldermen in the lumber and planing mill line. Now, GRIP asks the citizens of Toronto proper do they not see what is being done? Do they not see that they are being coolly tricked into paying for a city twice as big as they need? Do they not see that while the centre is not half occupied, and many houses are unlet, inducements are being offered all the while for people to get out on back streets, which the aldermanic speculators are making as good as the front ones? Do they not see that this is the reason of high taxes? Are they not trying to pay for the sewer- ing, road making, gas-lighting, police-watching, of an expanse of country four times as large as they need! Let them go into these outskirts and see the number of idle houses and the quantities of vacant lots, and understand that they are being made to pay the piper for the whole. A compact city, well drained and well managed, would be twice as healthy, and twice as cheap. Rouse yourselves, O ye gulls! GRIP has spoken.