



MOTHER CHURCH'S TRIBULATION.

Gladstone.—Yes, it is a terrible thing to become a mere Denomination, and to be cut off from the public pap, but you'll have to bear it with Christian fortitude. We must all bow to the vox populi.

WHY ?

Why doth the hayseed halt his boss
Just on the street where people cross?
Why and wherefore is the reason
Each new play's the success of the season?
Why is each dramatic star
Better than all the rest by far?
Why does the man who works hard all day
To the Salvationist his money pay?

Why doth the brewer put on airs
O'er the bun who's got drunk on his swipec wares?
Why do they license these men of sin
To scoop all the poor man's loose cash in?
Why it's allowed in a Christian land
Is a thing that I can't well understand.
Why ain't they cleaned out root and branch
From behind the bar of each noisome rancho?

—B.

OLD-TIME ROCKS.

"While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand,
When falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall;
But our old ramshack brick doth still command
The veneration of our statesman all." —Byron.

He was an old man, very, very old. On his back he wore a tattered and oleaginous Capuchin once white blanket overcoat. His head was adorned with a venerable and exceeding mangy coonskin cap, the mutilated tails of which played fitfully in the strong northern breeze. Shoepacks, patched and worn, were on his feet, and over his shoulder he carried an old flint-lock "fuses" which, like the etched powder-horn slung to his person, seemed to be a relic of the old French régime, and might have done good service against the Iroquois in the hands of one of Monsieur De Frontenac's fusillers. The old man was plodding down Yonge Street, and had just reached the top of the magnificent height that flanks the northern verge of the vale of Hogg's Hollow. He moved along stealthily, like a brave on the war-path, ever and anon pausing to take a lengthened pull out of a peculiarly shaped antique vial, not of Venetian manufacture, which probably contained cold tea or—something. "Ah!" the old man said, with a sigh, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead."
"Drunk, I guess," portly remarked a smiling youth, who suddenly came upon him.

"You look like a secondhand effigy of Louis Real. Where are you bound for?"

"What place do I now look upon, boy? Answer me, or, by the great crotch all hemlock! your parents may mourn at the size of a fresh undertaker's bill incurred on your behalf."

"Hogg's Hollow, sir," said the now affrighted boy, who liked not the cold, clammy stare of the black, snake-like eye of the stranger.

"Ha! hollow. Aye, everything's hollow—even Hogg's hollow? Boy, am I on the right trail for Toronto?"

"Yes, sir, keep right on," said the embryo Hogg's Hollowite, and skipped away with flying feet to tell his dad that he had met and fit a wild man.

The old man sighed heavily, took another pull at the ancient fagon, and proceeded on his way. He reached what was once Yorkville. "I kinder recollect this spot," murmured the traveller. "Thar uster be a toll-gate right about here. I must be gittin' near Toronto." Musing thus, he still kept on the down grade, leaving a very perceptible odor of muskrat and fox skins in his wake, and the further south he went the more he was bewildered and astonished. Getting well down town, he made a lateral traverse to the west, where he saw some trees and concluded that he had reached the limit of the city. But the University Building soon struck his eye, and as he passed that temple of learning, still to the west, and in fact all around, he saw nothing but houses, houses. "By the great horn spoon!" he muttered, looking around and about him, "can this be Toronto that I left when it was called Muddy York. I kin hardly believe it. I'll strike south, and see if I kin find any spot that I uster know." So the poor old man tramped and tramped around and about until his shoepacks began to gape like the mouths of the listeners to a debate on finance. Not a place could he see that reminded him of the past. After making a long detour he came down Bathurst to Front Street, where he gazed over at what he recollected as Gibraltar Point. What did he see?

Quite a large town, with hotels and colors flying. That could not be "the point." Sadly he continued his way easterly on Front Street, and coming to a fence enclosing grassy grounds he leaned against the same to rest his weary frame. "I wonder what in thunder this place is," he ruminated. "I'll jist take a look round. Whoop! Hurray! Great suckers on a string! Wall, I'll be dog durned, here I am at last! Wall, wall, who'd a-think it? Why, here she is, as natural as ever! The old Parliament House, by gosh!" and the old man wept with joy at seeing the venerable structure that brought to his memory the happy days of his childhood.

B.

PAUL DE HOWARD.

A LAY OF MODERN TORONTO.

After Macaulay (a little way).

In future days the world shall ring when the story shall be told
How Paul De Howard crossed the Bridge in the brave days of old.
How Paul De Howard, the bank cashier, Toronto's petted swell,
Skipped out across Suspension Bridge—and did it very well;
And how he left the bank behind to mourn and eke to weep,
Because the brave De Howard chose to make a high old sweep.

Toronto stands, as all may know, upon Toronto Bay,
In front Ontayreoo's shining lake in distance fades away
A city 'tis of much renown; full many a white-sailed ship
Sails forth from there—it also holds the offices of GARR.
Full many a bank with coffers full is found within its streets,
And dudes by scores, on King and Yonge, the traveller often meets.

Now Paul De Howard was head cashier in one most toney bank,
He was, in very sooth, a swell, as well became his rank.
Yet he declared "By Jove, y'know, upon my salarce
I cannot live; I'll skip, by Jove, to dear Amerikce.
But how?" He called his trusty chum, and ere the sun went down
A plan the twain concocted and De Howard left the town.

"I know a corpse," exclaimed the chum, "he lies in state just now,
But all his friends are very poor: we'll buy him; what say'st thou?
We'll buy him—twig? we'll hide him well, his coffin then shall be
A safe receptacle for bills and gold—and also thee.
Within his coffin thou shalt go; I'll ship thee, Paul De Howard;

He died of typhoid; thou won't mind, for thou'rt no craven coward.
I'll ship thee and thy swag, old boy, and then I think that!

The peelers and detectives cute can easily defy."
The brave De Howard agreed; the plan was executed soon,
And with one hundred thousand dols. Paul skipped that afternoon,
For though the cash was missed at once and cops were on the watch
They never thought of coffins—and so they made a botch.

Paul's friend had bored full many a hole upon the coffin's lid
In order that De Howard might breathe quite freely—which he did.
More chums were in the secret; but they were true and real,
One touch of such dishonesty makes friends most kindly feel.

They passed that coffin right before the cute detectives' eyes
And shipped it off to Buffalo with all its golden prize.
And from the Union Station the train did swiftly glide.
The coffin in the baggage van—and Paul De Howard in-side.

And, ere the sun rose up next day, De Howard, cramped yet free,
From out his coffin stepped him forth in fair Amerikce.
Five hundred years from our good days the story shall be told
How Paul De Howard crossed the Bridge in the brave days of old.

—SWIZ.

A society paper in describing the order in which a bridal party passed down the church aisle, says: "The bride walked on the arm of her father." This may be all right, but it seems to us that the church was hardly the place for her to display her acrobatic accomplishments.
—Chicago Rambler.