



THE ART OF NICK CONNOLLYZING.

CASEY—"Begorra, Dinnis, ye got through that examination be the lawyer asier nor I thought ye wud."

McNAMARA—"Ah, Casey, there's a great art in knowin' what not to know whin yez don't want to know it!"

"Father! come home—don't get drunk again;
The women have just put our mother to bed;
She is covered with blood and crying with pain,
And is asking to see you before she's dead.
She'll soon be an angel happy and bright,
For the doctor says she must die to-night."

"Die to-night!"—'twas the blacksmith spoke,
And he thought of the woman he once had loved.
That thought was the gift of God, and broke
The evil spell that around him moved.
He raised the glass to his lips to drink,
But it fell to the earth ere they touched the brink.

"No!"—'twas the sound of a giant's voice,
That was the only word uttered by Jim.
We are told that the angels in heaven rejoice
When a sinner repents. They rejoiced in him.
And he went from the drunkards noisy and wild,
Led by the hand of his little child.

He reached his home and his helpless wife,
And knelt like a child by the sick one's bed,
And none would have thought they had ever known strife
Had they seen Ruth's smile as she lovingly said,
"Before I go, will you promise to try
And leave it, for my sake, before I die."

Jim promised, and Ruth had forgotten her pain
In the joy of her heart at the promise thus made,
She sank with a smile into sleep again,
And all that beheld her were much afraid.
"Tis the end," one whispered in accents low,
And the women's tears commenced to flow.

But who can prophesy life or death?
'Tis the Voice divine that directs our fate,
The Voice that condemns and the same that saith,
"Enter My door ere it be too late."
And the life of the woman was spared that night,
And hope grew strong with the morning light.

Ruth and her children live happy with Jim,
And every night as the passers-by
Reach the house, they pause, for the evening hymn
Is wafting its way to the throne on high.
And music, if simply and earnestly given,
Is man's best tribute of thanks to Heaven.

Such is the tale, and its moral is clear,
Drink is the devil's best offer to man,
And the devil is busy a-brewing his beer,
Whilst his imps serve it out with pot and can.
For Drink is the father of every crime,
Creator of sin and destroyer of time!

ARGUMENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS.

"MIXED Husbandry and Specialties" is one of the subjects fixed for discussion at the next meeting of the East Middlesex Farmer's Institute. There is a field here for a wide range of argument. It will doubtless be pointed out that of late years mixed husbandry has been extensively tried, with varying results, in Chicago and some other large cities on the other side, while in this country public sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of special ties. If the Institute could get a grass widow or two to give their personal experience of mixed husbandry it would add piquancy and interest to the proceedings. Moreover the experience of such would be useful and suggestive in connection with another subject on the programme "The Extermination of Noxious Weeds." It is encouraging to see our Farmers' Institutes facing intricate sociological problems like these with so much *sans froid*.

NOT QUITE SO BAD.

BORAX—"The world is making some progress after all. People are no longer hanged because their opinions are unpopular."

SAMJONES—"No—but they are sometimes suspended."

THE NEW CABINET.

A CIVIL servant who is well up in poker (having plenty of time to devote to the game in office hours), remarked the other day that the new Cabinet was like a "full house"—*jacks up*. A friend of the Grit persuasion replied that at its initial meeting it would be found largely composed of "Jays."



AFTER THE COLLISION.

MR. DANGLE—"I have long wished for the pleasure of an introduction to you, Miss Smithers. This meeting is most fortunate. Now that the ice is broken— etc., etc."