



“SOCIETY.”

Ethel—MA, I'M SURE MRS. HIGHFLYER HAS GONE TO MURRAY BAY. THERE'S NO USE IN CALLING.

Ma—COME, MY DEAR, WE MUST CALL; BUT LET US HOPE YOU ARE NOT MISTAKEN.

Song—Pride.

WELL has the poet sang, through pride
The angels fell frae Heaven;
And since that day, from earth away,
All faith in man is driven,
Pride sets God's creatures far apart;
Its folly all surpasses!
God made man of one human heart,
Man made us into classes:
Made lords and ladies out o' those
Whom God made lads and lasses;
From them the proud oppressor rose,
And trampled on the masses.

CHORUS.

Then weary fa' this wae fu' pride!
This only can be said o't:
On every haun, on ev'ry side,
A sorry worl' its made o't.

See hoo that chap will dodge and le'e,
And's never out o' trouble;
Yet his ambition's but to be
The biggest empty bubble.
While underneath yon weary sun,
Some weird we a' are dreeing;
What have sic creatures ever done
To glorify our being?
Alas! life's fearfu' mystery
They ne'er tried to unravel;
And what idea can they hae
O' a' its toil and travail?

Then weary fa', etc.

Nae wonder men o' sense deride
This looking down on others;
This scornful pushing to a side
Their sisters and their brothers.

I'm vexed but to look at thae swells,
Wi' nae stamp o' the true man;
And yet they hae convinced themselves
They're something mair than human.
There's nae a class supreme in art,
Or intellectual stature;
A hind may hae a kingly heart,
A king be but a creature.

Then weary fa', etc.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS—TO THE GENEROUS READER.



OWING to the fact that I have been unable to discover certain necessary information, and to the discourtesy of the Government in not giving me all the documents in their possession, I have been obliged with great reluctance to relinquish all hope of completing even the first chapter of "The Jubilee History of Chestnuts,"—I mean "of Canada." I was on the point of committing suicide by mixing "Rough on Rats" with my usual morning porridge, when a letter from the editor of GRIP arrested my ravenous appetite. The precious missive (now framed and hung up in my front hall) contained the offer of a large salary, if I would turn my at-