



JACK AS GOOD AS HIS MASTER.

(Our minister is a bachelor and has a housekeeper and a gardener. Name of latter, Jem Smith.)

SMALL BOY (*overtaking rev. gentleman near his residence*)—"Say, mister, be you the man wot lives with Jem Smith?"

A NEW PHILANTHROPIC SCHEME.

THE very painful accident which has deprived Prince Christian of one of his eyes will, I am sure, elicit the sympathy of all classes of the community, of democrats as well as of aristocrats; of republicans as well as of monarchists. When one considers the numberless accidents, fatal and otherwise, which attend all the sports of which Englishmen are so fond, one sometimes wonders at the prevalence of such dangerous amusements. It would be absurd of course to advocate the abolition of such sport just because so many hundred human lives are sacrificed to it every year; after all it is only through the sacrifice of human life that the world moves at all. But it is highly probable that this accident, happening to a prince, may be the means of more care being exercised in the future than would the deaths of several keepers. Men of rank may flatter themselves that in this respect at least they are valuable to the public at large. An accident to one of them has more effect on the future security of many of the most humble classes than any amount of loss of life suffered by those of a different and presumably inferior clay. Since philanthropy seems to be the rage just now, to some extent among the more highly placed as well as among those of lower degree, I would suggest that a society be formed among those who feel the claims of a common humanity pressing upon them,—and who are of sufficiently high estate to be of any service,—for the purpose of doing away with many causes of loss of life and other accident which now exists. Prince Christian having gone through his novitiate already might be made president of such an association, without being expected to render any further service in any way. The duties of the members would be on every occasion to throw themselves in the way of accidents which as a rule happen

only to those in a lower station in life. Thus, one noble lord might make a practice of walking on railway lines, and might contrive to get his foot fast in the "frog." He would probably lose his life or his foot, but he would have fulfilled a noble destiny, since at once a storm would go up to heaven against these mantraps which the maiming or killing of ten ordinary persons would not produce. Other gentlemen could amuse themselves in coupling trains; the first one caught and crushed through a defective coupling-link would die a glorious martyr to the cause, but would not die in vain. Others again might take to operating with the electric wires which kill so many men through insufficient insulation, etc.; the first noble who touched a "live" wire would probably be a dead noble, but in this condition he might be more useful than in life. Let me urge the formation of such a society upon the notice of those who sigh for philanthropic plans; this one has the immense advantage over the ordinary work of that kind, that none but those of the very highest position could possibly undertake it successfully, thus rendering it the most exclusive scheme on record.

FERA.

THE SOWER.

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

HE stalks across the furrowed plain,
And scatters wide the golden grain.
On each land's edge his steps advance,
Then down the middle like a dance.

Yet are his motions not of mirth,
But quicksteps from the jaws of death,
A strife with nature, wind and weather,
And other men, and altogether

A Samson, blind and chained, I see,
In treadmill of monopoly,
Who strives to pay his rent and taxes
By pounding Earth's revolving axis.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

ANOMALIES.

THE weaker sex! What nonsense! We poor men it is who are the weaker sex, the defenceless sex. Night and day the unfair sex are preparing or putting in array against us the unfightagainstable forces of their charms, and they have been doing this so long they now have heredity on their side, and little misses are born to coquetry as the sparks fly upward. Not to say anything about nature, who always did and always will fight on the side of the women,—so much so, and so effectually so that spontaneously we men personify her femininely and call her She. But not satisfied with Nature, Art too must be impressed into their service; as if men, poor fools, were not easily and utterly routed at the first sight of artlessness. But art less-ness, to such a pitch of anomaly have matters arrived, is now the most consummate of arts.

In what pitiable plight is the masculine heart. If left to itself it would surrender unconditionally at the first feint. Youth and beauty have but to appear at its gates to gain entrance. And yet to youth and beauty our already all too ravishing enemies persist in joining all that the cunningest craftsmen in the domain of Fashion can devise. But this very fact of the need-less-ness—so far as man as a masculine animal is concerned—of bringing all this great array to bear against him, is it not just a little suspicious? Can it be, ahem! that the strife after all is not between fair women and brave men, but is between the former only, is internecine?