



Bray-zen.

Mr. GRIP has been simple and childlike enough to believe all along that Christianity is a noble and spiritual system, and that the relations between a pastor and his people are and ought to be of the same character. The basis of unity in a congregation he has always conceived to be the cardinal doctrines of the faith, and the bond of affection the consciousness that they were all brethren serving the same Master, and pressing onward to the same reward. These old-fashioned notions are all astray, however, if GRIP's erratic friend Rev. ALFRED J. BRAY may be considered any authority. According to that somewhat phenomenal minister, *ride the Canadian Spectator*, "a fall exchequer" is the basis of unity, and "money" is the bond of affection. The prosperity of a church therefore depends largely on the financial success of its strawberry festivals, and the size of the stipend it pays the minister. Now, it isn't likely Mr. BRAY would lay down this doctrine if he didn't know it to be true, and so GRIP feels bound to bow respectfully to it. He would merely take the liberty of suggesting that when the proposed internal alterations in Zion Church are carried out, the pulpit should be transformed into the shape represented in the accompanying cut, and that Mr. BRAY should preach the opening sermon from that text about "filthy lucre."



Army-Worm.

It was only in accordance with the fitness of things that the potato-bug and the weevil should have accompanied the late Grit Government throughout their term of office, but it bespeaks an annoying amount of assurance on the part of the army-worm that it should venture to put in its appearance while a superior Ministry is in power. Perhaps this new arrival does not

understand politics as well as its fellow-pests, and fails to see the incongruity of its presence in the fair fields of the Dominion at the present time. Had it been an intelligent insect it would have postponed its *debut* until after the next general election, and appropriately "come in with the Grits"—for we were given to understand it is the intention of Mr. BLAKE to form a Government about that time. Meanwhile the army worm is here, and its presence is a painful perplexity to the astonished Minister of Agriculture. The great problem is how to get rid of the nuisance. Mr. GRIP, who feels for the Ministry, would respectfully intimate that one of two courses is open. Let the Cabinet resign, and leave the army-worm and all the other difficulties to the Opposition, or else create a new office of Army-worm Exterminator (analogous to that of Thistle-cutter on the Welland Canal), and appoint a few thousand of the anxious and expectant friends to good positions.



More Besmirching.

When the Finance Minister was at Bath last week he made a good point against the *Globe* by quoting from GRIP. (Intelligent Ministers always know where to quote from when they wish to be particularly effective). Sir LEONARD was showing that the *Globe* had besmirched his character, just in the same way as it had bedaubed HANLAN, as represented by our artist in a late issue. The allusion of course told well, for it put the *Financier* in the attitude of injured innocence, which never fails to awaken compassion. The effect was very much spoiled, however, when Sir LEONARD himself tried his hand at the besmirching process by suggesting that "the final letter in the title of that very able publication ought to be changed from a p to a t." At once the audience felt that the Finance Minister was on a par with the ink-slinger of the *Globe*, in fact he proved himself worse. It may be meant to allude to HANLAN as a fraud, or to call the Finance Minister "Sir Bolus," but it is a good deal more objectionable, to us at least, to have a man high in authority stand up before the country and call this free, upright and independent paper a Grit. But no mat-tar! The time will come—!

Bad coffee is mean, but some men are meaner. Bad coffee will settle.—*Salem Sun-beam*

No one ever had a better excuse for giving the world a rest than TENNYSON has got. He is worth a million dollars.—*Detroit Free Press*.

An old angler says that a fish does not suffer much pain from being hooked. Of course not. It is the thought of how his weight will be lied about that causes anguish.—*Veriden Literary Recorder*.



Studying Up.

We understand that the Lt.-Governor-elect for the Province of Ontario is busily engaged in studying up the duties of his new position. This, if true, is greatly to his credit, for it proves that he appreciates the high honor that has been conferred upon him. The weather is not at all favourable to hard study at present, however, and it is therefore satisfactory to the Hon. JOHN BEVERLEY's friends to know that there is really very little to learn beyond the one great principle—that the Lt.-Governor should keep a steadfast eye on Ottawa, and follow instructions from that quarter under all circumstances.



A Gubernatorial Mæcenas.

Lt.-Governor ROBITAILLE, of Quebec, is distinguishing himself above the crowd of Lt. Governors (and there is a crowd of them in this Dominion) by the gracious and enlightened patronage he is extending to arts and letters. Spencer Wood is becoming famous for its pleasant gatherings of cultured ladies and gentlemen, and a distinctively literary and artistic character is given to the entertainments provided for these guests. The *Quebec Chronicle*—albeit a Grit journal—sings the praises of the Provincial Mæcenas, and declares the ancient capital never looked upon his like before. GRIP enthusiastically joins in this pæan, and congratulates the sister Province on having such a Governor. Canada is as yet far from a congenial home for the delicate little maidens, Literature and Art, and it is by such judicious patting on the head as this that they will be best encouraged in their up-hill path. If men in high positions, and men of liberal means in other parts of the Dominion, would copy the example of the genial Governor of Quebec, a great impetus would soon be given to native genius. In the meantime, *Vive ROBITAILLE!*