

oot Tam a' richt. Sae I promised I wad drap in the letter, an' I got awa—for a' the folk were croodin' roon tae glower at the distinguished veeisor frae Ameriky. The first weekly paper, hooever, had a large account o' hoo the *Rev. Hugh Airlie* from Massachusetts, Alaska, Canada, was on the platform at a temperance meetin'. The white necktie I wore that nicht had gein the impression that I was in holy orders. If I'm aye i' the body ye'll hear frae me next week. Yours truly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

THE GHOSTLY FATHER.

FACT to fact or fancy linking, in my chamber I sat thinking,
Brooding o'er a solemn subject, dry and bitter as the core
Of the fabled Dead Sea apple, but the more I strove to grapple
With its dull, prosaic outlines it eluded me the more,
Till it left me lying stranded on Sleep's dark, Lethean shore,
As it oft had done before.

Then a cowed and sandalled figure, like a GRIP cartoon, but
bigger,
Large as life, or death, aroused me, while my flesh began to
creep.

For the truth is, I would rather meet a reverend, ghostly father
In the church, bazaar, or raffle, selling holy relics cheap,
Than see himself a relic which the grave has failed to keep,
In the hours of darkness deep.

Then a hollow voice said, "Mortal, long ago I passed the portal
Of Death's limitless dominion, thinking never to return,
But of late such noise and shouting have assailed my ears, that,
doubting
The Judgment Day had come, I rose from my sepulchral urn,
Rose the cause of this unearthly clamor thus to truly learn,
For it gave me much concern.

Then, with fear and horror quaking, I sat down by him, and,
taking
One by one the daily papers, showed him through their timely
lore,
While askance I furtive eyed him, sitting closely thus beside
him,
Saw that, though his heavy features but a slight resemblance
bore
To a ghost, yet, through them weirdly shone their phoshoresh-
cent core,
Like the wrecks on Pluto's shore.

I would fain have spoken plainly to this shadow's shade un-
gainly,
And the mystery of his being longed to thoroughly explore,
Hoping thus to gain suggestions on that question of all ques-
tions,
That dry and dreary topic which my patience oft outwore,
But he it was who questioned, and he made me search the
more,
Dry and dreary pages o'er.

After long investigating, his worm-emptied cranium freighted
With rich store of new ideas, suddenly he gave a groan
That thrilled my soul and chilled me, so it very nearly killed
me,
For its grisly intonations smote me to the marrow bone,
Raised my hair on end and shook me like a tree by blizzard
blown;
Then he spake in solemn tone,—

"Alas! alas! It is no wonder that I could not slumber under
Such a wild, heretical uproar about this Jesuits' Bill,
To be held in such abhorrence along the great St. Lawrence,
Is enough to make the gravestones shout on every sacred hill.
In the land that we have civilized and moulded to our will,
Our foes are rampant still.

"Is this the New World home of the mediaeval Rome, of
Loyola, Torquemado, and full many a holy saint?
Is the true and ancient leaven, which might have made a
heaven
Of this far-off corner of the earth affected with the taint,
Of modern skeptical beliefs, free broached without restraint,
Till faith is dead or faint?

"Have we founded by hard labor, in spite of our great neighbor,
Who flaunts her torch of liberty so freely in our face,
Have we built, maintained, protected, a haven for dejected

True worshippers of olden forms, a fast decaying race,
To be at this our hour of need so spurned from its embrace,
With hell's fierce hounds in chase?

"It makes me grieve that ever my youthful zeal's endeavor
Was spent in this wild, snowy land a hundred years ago,
When I braved its cruel climate till I became its primate,
And taught the simple *habitants* the little they should know,
To see my life-long labors all dissipated so,
It fills my heart with woe.

"The fact that even this pittance which purchases acquittance
From all our claims on real estate should raise a hostile shout
Shows such an interference with Mother Church adherents,
As threatens to restore what we have labored to root out,
That individual liberty they should know naught about,
The liberty to doubt."

While thus this reverend spectre continued his long lecture,
I, wearied by his wordiness, succumbed to sleep again.
I suppose that at the right time he departed in the night time.
For when I woke and looked about my paper-littered den,
I found that he had disappeared beyond a mortal's ken;
The clock was striking ten.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



LITERAL.

CROSS-EXAMINING COUNSEL—"Now, Mr. Jinkinson, you say
Mr. James B. Jinkinson is a distant relative of yours."

MR. J.—"Yes."

COUNSEL—"What relation is he?"

MR. J.—"My brother."

COUNSEL—"But you just told us he was a distant relative."

MR. J.—"So he is. At present he is in China."

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

A TERRIFIC controversy over the private character of
Robbie Burns has been raging in the columns of
the *Canadian Advance* for some weeks, the combatants
being Dr. Campbell, of Seaforth, and Rev. T. Fenwick, of
Elders' Mills. Readers of the letters may be excused if
they have some difficulty in making up their minds
whether the Scottish poet was an angel or a "deevil," but
they must be convinced at all events that the learned
controversialists themselves are masters of the art of
argumentation. The following "elegant extract" from
the reverend gentleman's last communication will illus-
trate this:

"The Doctor, in plain English, calls me a jackass, and says
that Burns' gaze would have withered me had I lived in his day,
or he in mine. His gaze did not wither Mr. Auld. Burns' gaze
had not much power when he was lying on the ground 'drunk
and incapable.' In Bible times, the ass was held in honor. Those
who know the nature of the Cam(pb)el(l), say that it is a 'doure,'
ill-natured, surly brute."