

to de seaside. No, sah, you don't oldain me to peside at tea-meetings, an' hab all de young an' ole ladies ob de congregation a'comin' an' tellin' me all deir trials an' troubles jus as if I was de Lawd, an' not a po, weak human critter like theselves. I couldn't come dat, sah, no-how you'd fix it, no mo' than I could have 'em a-criticisin' an' a-bossin' round my wife like as if she b'longed to them as well as to me. 'Scuse me, dad, but I'd rather go into de whitewashin' an' calsuminin' pofession, an' see if I can't serve de Lawd in dat pofession as well as in de oder." Den I invested de ole man's cash in two fust-class brushes, a patent pail, an' a bit ob hoop-iron, (I dasent tell you about de material, cos it wouldn't do to let de cat out ob de bag). Den I sot out to earn my own livin' an' serve de Lawd in my pofession. De very fust job a man comes along an' says he to me, "Look heah, I just paid a dam niggah five dollahs fur whitewashin' all dese walls, an' you dosen't come nigh six inches ob de wall widout it all rubs off on your best black coat. Now if I hire you to do it all ober again what guarantee can you gib me dat you won't do de same thing?" De only guarantee, sah, dat I hab to offer you is dis: I'm just a-sottin' up in my pofession, an' my intention is to serve de Lawd in dat pofession." He put his finger to de left side ob his nose, an' winkin' his eye he says, "We hear enough ob dat talk. Do you see any green beah?" "No, sah." "Well then my impression is dat you oughter stick to yo' business an' leave de Lawd alone." "Can't do it, sah! ef I leave de Lawd out ob my business de calsuminin' would stick. Ye see dat ar wall? ye see how de whitnin' comes off every time you shadow lites on it? Dat's what comes ob leavin' de Lawd out ob de business." No sah, I can't afford to leave out de Lawd." "How much will you charge?" "Two dollahs, sah." "Well, go ahead." So I toted along my pail an' brush, an' afore sunset he comes along again. "Well?" "Well sah?" "Got through?" "Yes, sah." Den he puts his fo'finger softly on the wall like he was touchin' wet paint. Den he looks at it—no go! Den he rubs it soft wid the palm ob his hand an' looks—no sah! Den he rubs it hard all ober an' looks—no siree! Den he puts his shoulder to de wall an' rubs it up an' down like he'd get de small-pox, an' turns an' squints all down his back to see where de whitewash had cum off. "By Jove," says he, "if dat's de way servin' de Lawd works, I wish to goodness they'd try it on in some of de oder pofessions, a fellah would be apt to get the worth of his money then." An den he gib me fo' dollahs 'steau o' two, an' said he bleived dar might be suthin' in it after all. Next mawnin' a first-class swell comes to de do'. "You do whitewashing?" "Yes, sah." "I'm told your whitewash won't rub off." "No sah, I'll warrant it not to rub off." "Den," he says, "come to 187 Quality Crescent to-morrow at 7 a.m. sharp." "All right, sah." So when I got dere de ole fellow was standin' on de step. "Here you are," says he, "just come down here," an' den he totes me down into de cellar. "Where am de job?" says I. "Well, de fact am Mistah White, it's myself, dat is, my character, dat wants a good whitewashing, an' ef you'll go fur to put it on thick, so no investigatin' committee can rub it off no how, I'll make it as good as your coals and potatoes fur de winter." "Doan' know 'bout that, Mistah, what dirty work you bin' an' done to need dis zere whitewash?" "Oh, nothing much, only a few crooked transactions dat de application ob a little whitewash would make look like square." "Sah!" says I, grabbin' hold ob my pail an' brush, "I can't do it." "Why," says he, "I thought I was puttin' a good job in your way. Any editor in the city would do the job for me, ef I like to give him a payin' price for it." "Dat ars noan ob my business," says I, "I sot out to serve de Lawd in dis yer pofession, an' I ain't goin' to disgrace dat ar pofession by makin' b'leive black is white when it

ain't, an' coberin' up crooked tracks so's to make b'leive day am all square. Ef editors think dey serve the Lawd by makin' white look black, an' black white when dey well knows it ain't so, all right, dat's dere look out when de pay-day comes. An' of clergymen think dey can best serve de Lawd, an' resene de perishin' from de jaws ob de debil ob drink, by tellin' de sober to set de example ob takin' a drink whenever dey feel like it, an' nebber to mind about what Paul says about self-denial; ef, I say, day think dey can serve de Lawd in dere pofession in dis way, den, clearly, its dere own funeral, an' dis cullud pusson don't put on no crape. But, fo' my own part, I can't see how anybody can serve de Lawd in any pofession except by allus jest doin' what's right an' refusin' pint black to do or countenance what's wrong. An' ef dere is any oder pofession on de top ob dia round earth where I kin serve the Lawd in any oder way, an' ef dere is any oder way in which de Lawd can be better served, or any oder way by which you can convince people dat dere is really such a thing as serving de Lawd, den I want somebody to step up an' state what am dat way right off.

I am, deah sab, yo's professionally,
JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

Auld Granny Scott,

AN' HER TORMENTORS.

A' ye wha venerate the truth,
Endowed wi' honest hearts, foruth,
If there's a tongue within your mouth,
Now let it wag,
And send the tidings north and south,
O'er hill an' hag.

Auld Granny, keeper o' the fank
In summer's heat and winter's cauld,
Wha was by thieves sae sairly wantit,
And nearly slain;
Wi' joy and reverence he it tauld,
She's weel again.

Frae cleric bluster and ill-will,
Endowed wi' legislative skill,
Her humble shelling on the hill
Is now secure;
A proof that the Almighty's mill
Grinds slow but sure.

The vile, mislead, unchristian pack
Wha ruthlessly did her attack,
Her rough o' stores for wame an' back
They thought to share;
But, ah! abins, now their lips they'll smack
On humbler fare.

They stole the cushion o' her chair,
Her Bible and Communion ware;
To steal her bell they did prepare,
With cunning hand;
But which, though hidden 'neath the stair,
They never fand.

They turned her out o' house an' ha',
Where she had lived sae bien an' braw;
They stole her bedding, tick and straw,
Her stools and chairs,
And wore before a court o' law
The things were theirs.

Till some guid friends within the land
Took Granny kindly by the hand;
Before a bench o' judges grand,
Dit guide and lead her,
Wha righteously the upper hand
Soon did concede her.

The rascals they did sairly blame,
And to her glory and their shame,
Established firm her wonted claim
To goods an' gear,
An' a' pertaining to her name,
Baith fur an' near.

Sae, God be praised, she'll get her ain,
And be douce Granny Scott again;
Meanwhile the loons shall pay the kaine
O' their misdeeds;
And wear a mark like that o' Cain,
On their foreheads.

A lesson right severe, indeed,
But just such as law-breakers need,
Especially those o' cleric breed
Moved by the De'il,
Or influenced by holy greed
To lie or steal.

And weel may other Bodies sing
Until their pulpit echoes ring,
And offerings to the altars bring,
For being freed
Frae the half-cloven footed thing,
Now snugly tread.

Fur wha in prophesy can tell
What abins might befall thesel'?
When Church and Court league to rebel
Gainst vested rights,
None in security may dwell
On Zion's heights.

Then let your grateful peans rise
In union towards the skies;
And to Earth's utmost bounds likewise
Proclaim the news,
Those wha did Granny's scath devise
Are in the blues.

CLUTHA.

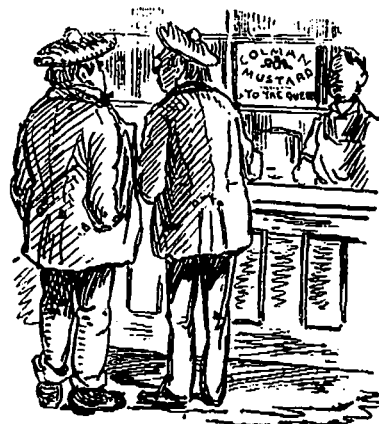
Quack! Quack!

TORONTO, March 28.

DEAR GRIP,—What on earth are the "Students" coming to, if everything said about them is true? Their soul-harrowing midnight songs are a nuisance, their encounters with the "Bobbys" amounts to a misdemeanor, and at last we see in our evening paper an account of a "student" who, while his *confreres* were regaling themselves in a "colored" restaurant, actually purloined a roast duck and incontinently bolted therewith, but was captured at the corner of an adjoining street, where the affair was compromised by a syndicate of his pals who "whacked up" the price of the bird to the colored *restauranteur*, and the "student" was allowed to depart. The paper does not state what description of student the chicken-lifter was. Surely not of medicine, for it is well known the "regular practitioner," even in embryo, has a holy horror of "quacks;" nor a law student who must surely know the penalty consequent upon abduction. Even the divinity fellows certainly ought to have a respect for *dne*. In my opinion the parties were not students at all, but pup-lifters and keg-drainers who passed themselves off on the unsophisticated African as such. However, the whole affair has a decidedly foul look about it.

Yours,

CANARD CHAUD.



A HIGHLAND EXPLANATION.

(SCENE—A provision store.)

TOUGAL (observing a box marked "J. & J. Colman, Mustard Manufacturers to the Queen.") Look here, Tonal, surely the Queen must pe ta poy for ta mustard when she'll haf kot manufabretures for herself.

TONAL (looks, and after a moment's consideration.) Ooh you pig Tougal plookheads, tid you'll not know that she'll haf to musterd her foarcos for ta wahrs whatefemore!