

## A FAIR AND WESTERN CITY.

ALONE I wandered in a city strange,  
A pilgrim I from distant lands and fair,  
Still wishing to extend my thought's broad range  
And ever willing both to do and dare.  
'Twas in the summer, and the sun's hot glare  
Fell full upon the wooden-paved street,  
Where crowds crush past and loafers stop and stare,  
And friends salute and speak about the heat,  
And perambulators crowd one's slowly moving feet.

Advancing from this crowded *foule* of fools,  
I quickly hurried on, for I was late;  
And, though the day was hot, I crossed o'er pools  
Which drip down gently from some roof's steep slate;  
For here no cab is sought at moderate rate.  
Since one is ruined by a single drive,  
But, when it is to Government House gate,  
Be sure upon a double fare they thrive,  
And 'tis not easy for that fare himself to thrive.

And thus to Aleck's gate I footsore came  
And quickly entering in, I was the first!  
Ah me! It was a slow and weary game,  
But when upon my 'stonished gaze did burst  
Full three times fifty clergy, then, I curst;  
For none more rough and clumsy could well be,  
Lay delegates and others country nursed;  
One rushed in straight; presented? No, not he.  
Another bowed so low, he could not see.

So jostled was I that at length I fled,  
And hurried through into the greenhouse near,  
When lo! as if by me inspired and led  
Some eight fell into rank and tramped out there.  
Once more was I in haste obliged to veer,  
Shaping my course around the greenhouse plants,  
I quickly gained the drawing-room now more clear,  
And there acquaintances at one quick glance  
Took in; then later took some in to have a dance.

Aweared of the scene at length I left,  
And after dinner in St. Charles's room  
Once more I paced the pave with greater deft  
And then I picked my way 'neath lamplit gloom,  
Up darksome streets, wood-paved and full of doom  
To him who steps unwary in a hole,  
And nearly finds his journey to the tomb!  
O, Baxter, god of gold, seek some new role,  
The back stair-case way out alone can save thy soul.

Thus, 'twas I wandered in a New World town,  
And pondering over all I'd heard and seen,  
I sadly thought like this, while lying down:  
So fair a city yet so truly green  
In being ruled by men so very mean;  
So new, and yet quite old before thy time,  
By spendthrifts left alone and now quite lean,  
Cracked by the heat and winter's icy rime;  
Alas, its citizens don't seem to care a dime.

HAROUN-AL-RASCHID.

## MUSTER MACCRUISHCAN

VENTILATES HIS VIEWS ON DR. WILD AND ON THEOLOGY  
IN GENERAL.

SHE'LL gone ta hard Doctor Wild last Sabbath, Tonull.  
She'll neffer gone before an' she'll no want ta gone her  
nainsel but her prusser Sandy wiss up from Glengarra  
an' she'll had ta gone weess her. So we'll gone tagesser,  
an' we'll start fine an' airly so ass we'll got ta goot places.  
But when we'll got to ta keerk, Tonull, she'll neffer pe so  
much surprised in her tays. Tere'll pe a pollisman at ta  
toor an' when we'll try ta gone in, one of ta mans 'ull  
stuck out ta hant for ta tickets. Ta tickets, Tonull!  
Did ye effer hard ta like? She'll neffer haf so much sur-  
price before. Ta tickets for ta keerk! But ta pollisman'  
'ull no let her in weessout ta tickets an' she'll had ta stan  
at ta toor weess Sandy till all ta goot place's 'ull pe gone.

An' when ta toors wiss opened, she'll pe so pushed weess  
all the peoples tryin' ta got in pefore ta usser peoples tat  
tey'll no leaf her ta preath whateffer. An' she'll had ta  
keep holt ta Sandy by ta coat-tails, Tonull, or she'll no  
find him neffer more. But she'll got in by an' bye, an' it  
'ull pe ta 'gran' place, Tonull, surely! But ta meenister!  
Her'll haf ta hair long like ta weemens, an, ta whusker  
'ull pe as long as ta hair, moreofer. My, Tonull! if  
she'll saw her in ta push, she'll no could tolt her from a  
pear. An' she'll gif a prayer an' it no wuss like a prayer  
at all, not more ass half an hour! An' ta letterss! Did  
ye effer hard of a meenister tat'll profane ta Sabbath  
weess writin' ta letterss, Tonull, an' no ta spoke of  
readin' them in ta keerk whateffer?

An' ta shermon! Her'll spoke apout ta Peeramuds  
an ta Pope an' ta Ten Tribes till her nainsel 'ull pe sick  
off it, so she wull. An' Sandy wuss angered ta hard her  
say tat ta Enklisch wus ta Ten Tribes, but her nainsel  
she'll no pe carin'. Sandy 'ull think tat ta Heilanmans  
was ta Ten Tribes sooner tan ta Enklisch, but her nainsel  
'ull rasser pe a Heilanman ass a Jew, whateffer! So  
she'll pull Sandy by ta sleef an' she'll gone oot of ta keerk  
an' Sandy she'll gone, too. She'll no stop in any keerk,  
Tonull, where ta peoples 'ull slap ta hants an' kick ta  
feets on ta floor like ta ungodly peoples at ta seercuss.

Ay, Tonull, ta keerks is teferent from ta olt timsess.  
She'll mind when she'll gone to ta keerk in ta mornin'  
an' no get up till ta efenin' neffer once, an' when ta one  
meenister 'ull got tired ta usser meenister 'ull peg in.  
Ay, Tonull, an' tey'll pe ta gran shermans! An' ta  
prayers! Ta prayers 'ull pe ass long ass ta shermans in  
Canata. An' ta meenister 'ull spoke an' spoke an'  
he'll shake ta fust, and ta face 'ull pe coffert weess ta  
sweet, Tonull, he'll got so airnest. Ta meenisters in  
Canata 'ull pe lacy, Tonull. Tere'll no pe a meenister  
in Thoronto like Muster MacTaigart off Inferness.  
She'll no can go to ta keerk in Thoronto weessout she'll  
hard ta meenister spoke apout ta temperance. Tey'll no  
let ta peoples take a trunk o' whuska, whateffer! Ta  
Temperance! Hoot, Tonull! Musther MacTaigart  
'ull took a trunk off goot whuska ass goot ass ta pest off  
peoples an' twice ass more!

An' ta whistles! It 'ull gone to her heart, Tonull,  
to see ta orkens in all ta keerks. Tere'll no pe a keerk  
in Thoronto weessout tere'll pe ta squeakin' ungodly  
thung at ta pack an' she'll no hard ta psuams whateffer  
weess ta popish noice. It 'ull no pe seemly, Tonull,  
not ta gone to ta keerk at all, but she'll no can tell  
where ta gone whateffer. She'll think tat she'll gone ta  
Muster MacTonull's if tey'll haf ta whistles or no.  
Muster MacTonull 'ull pe soond on ta Temperance, no  
matter. Her'll spoke out for ta leeberta, an' if her nain-  
sel 'll no haf ta leeberta ta trunk ta Ela whuska, she'll  
leaf ta keerk!

But, my, Tonull! wuss ye at ta Gaelic surfiss?  
Tat'll pe ta place to hard a goot spokin'! Musther  
MacMeelan 'ull pe as like Musther MacTaigart ass  
neffer. He'll no pe so airnest but he'll spoke ta Gaelic,  
Tonull, an' she'll neffer hard an ortodox shermon in ta  
Enklisch moreofer. An' ta Gaelic psuams, Tonull! Ta  
precentor wiss a godly young Hiellanman from Inferness,  
an' when he'll chunt, ye'll no could tell but it was ta  
bag pipes, Tonull, it 'ull pe so goot. Ay, it 'ull pe ta  
gran' serfiss! Ta psuams 'ull no soond ta same, Tonull,  
in ta Enklisch ass in ta Gealic. An' if ta Enklisch hard ta  
spokin' in ta Gaelic, tey'll no had ta serfiss in ta English  
neffer more.

CEILDH.