

are not the official statistics of the Church, and are much out of date. Thus the Communicants of the Church of Scotland are not even those of 1884, whose number was officially reported to the General Assembly of 1885 as 555,622. They are given here at 540,061. Even in 1883 the Church had nearly four thousand (3908) communicants more than that.

"Again, the Free Church membership (apparently for 1885) is given as 329,541. We learn from the preface that this includes 63,759 persons in Highland districts who are not communicants at all—so that the Free Church Communicants are really only 265,782. Yet in the Abstract at the end of the book, which we have already seen quoted for purposes of comparison, only the larger number is given. It will be seen how misleading this is, if we consider that in the large Highland Synod of Argyll the Church of Scotland, with 11,212 communicants, is much stronger than the Free Church with 4740 communicants; but in the Abstract the Free Church membership for Argyll is swelled to 16,414, by counting in 11,674 adherents, while the Church of Scotland membership is stated as 11,212. We fear it is not likely that neglect of Holy Communion is altogether confined to Free Church congregations. The general result is that in this Abstract the relative strength of the Church of Scotland and the Free Church appears to be—

Church of Scotland.....540,061 members.  
Free Church.....329,541 members.

While the real figures should be—

Church of Scotland.....564,435 communicants.  
Free Church.....265,782 communicants.

"We direct the attention of the publishers to these blemishes, because we believe they wish their book to be correct, and we are indebted to them for valuable information in this book which is not to be found elsewhere."

### SATIRICAL VERSES.

THE following verses from the *Lynn Union* hit off some ludicrous fancies and whims of to-day with keen wit and amusing satire:—

#### THE IDEAL EDITOR.

A man who runs a paper  
Should know every human caper,  
And hold up the torch of knowledge like a  
gleaming midnight taper.  
He should be profound as Plato,  
Pliant as a boiled potato,  
And as humble to his patrons as a street and  
crossing scraper.

He should honor in his journal  
Every captain, crank, and colonel,  
And dish up their proud achievements in a  
hodge-podge cooked diurnal  
He should puff the hardened liar—  
Clubs and conceits, church and choir,  
With long adjectives, sonorous, sweet, seraphic  
and supernal.

He must write the funny column  
That makes all its readers solemn,  
With the fashions, frills, and flounces, furbelows  
and—what d'ye call 'em?  
Quell the copy-sleeds' wild revel,  
Squelch and massacre the devil,  
And put on a brow of thunder that shall petrify  
and appal 'em.

He must be a news reflector  
Of the lyceum and lecture,  
And rain down his taffy torrents on the veteran  
milk inspector  
He must be a prompt adviser  
To each foreign king and kaiser,  
And keep out his key-hole telescope to dodge  
the bill collector.

#### A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

She had great and varied knowledge, picked  
up at a female college, of quadratics, hy-  
drostatics and pneumatics, very vast;  
She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a  
leather cushion, all the ologies of the col-  
leges and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians  
and Mexicans, their theology, anthropolo-  
gy and geology o'er and o'er;  
She knew all the forms and features of the pre-  
historic creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesio-  
saurus, megalosaurus and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the  
Basques and the Etruscans, all their grid-  
dles and their kettles, and the victuals  
that they gnawed;

She'd discuss, the learned charmer, the theology  
of Brahma, and the scandals of the Van-  
dals, and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master  
minds of science, all the learning that was  
turning in the burning mind of man;  
But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt  
and hungry sinner, or get up a decent sup-  
per for her poor voracious papa, for she  
never was constructed on the old domestic  
plan.

#### MODERN LOVE AT SIGHT.

There was a man of knowledge deep, command-  
ing sweep, who knew a heap—a man who  
studied day and night, and hardly spared  
the time to sleep.

This man so staid had found a maid demure,  
afraid, and half dismayed, shy as the  
nymph of ancient myth sequestered in  
some sylvan shade.

This maid so rare, with golden hair and modest  
air, so debonaire, she charmed this man of  
learned lore, and caught him in her witch-  
ing snare.

This man of thought and learned lore, his hair  
he tore, and o'er and o'er he loudly swore  
that he would cherish her for aye, and he  
would love her evermore.