

There shall be no more Separate schools  
With hieretics to cope,  
Our educator then—the Church,  
Our lawgiver—the Pope.

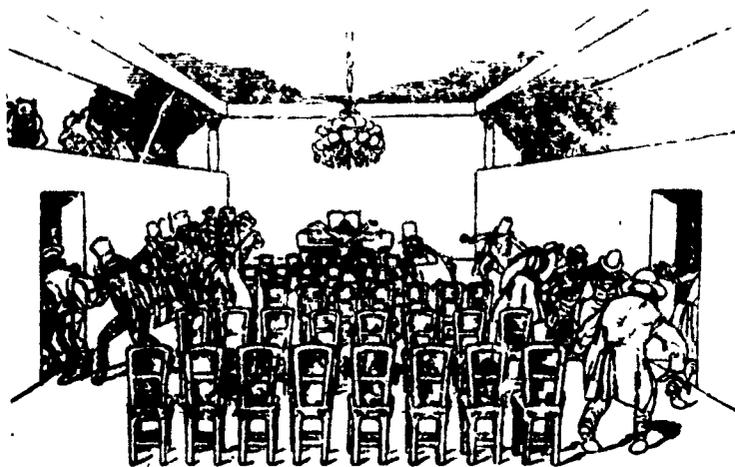
“Oh sweet and blest millennial time,  
When all on knees shall goe  
To Rome, and none shall dare ask why.”  
“Ho! ho! ha! ha! ho! ho!”

Now, was it head or human shape,  
Or was it but ears?  
I trow not, yet, God wot, I wis,  
There was in that “Ho! ho!”

A sound that oddly did suggest  
A hint of Uncle Sam  
With Canada, ye fair coquette,  
Light leaning on his arm;

She, smiling, “Let ye poor priest talk,  
It pleaseth him you know.”  
He, tickled at ye huge conceit,  
And laughing loud, “Ho! no!”

J. KAYLOR.



### MUSICAL NOTE.

“HERR SCHWINKLEBAUM then played a selection from Wagner’s Lohengrin, and the audience was fairly carried away.”—*Musical Review*.

### SANCTUM STORIES.

#### I.—ABOUT A SNAKE.

WHILE we were dozing in our cozy arm-chair the other day, a wild-looking stranger meandered into the sanctum.

We did not hear his footfalls on the thick turkey-carpeted floor, and were not aware of his presence until he had coughed nervously once or twice. When we had awakened ourselves and when the dusky call-boy had hung our guest’s coat and hat on the rack—where the owner was so soon to be stretched!—the stranger asked:

“Are you the editor?”

No, seeing any peculiar advantage to be gained by prevarication, we replied:

“We are.”

“Well,” said the stranger, “I’ve seen some o’ yer snake stories, an’ thought as mebbe yu’d like to hear ’bout the snake my grandfather used to own away up in ’52?”

We said that we had long ago given up such folly, but would be pleased to listen to his ante-mortem deposition. Having been sworn on our copy of the “Ross Bible,” and adjured to “tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” the stranger thus perjured himself:

“It was in the fall of ’52 when my grandfather was editin’ the *Journal*. He was a sociable kind o’ man, and

was powerful fond of his glass. Well, one night he went on a reg’lar ‘bender’ and kep’ it for about a week. Well, sir, on Saturday night he commenced to show signs of the D.T.’s, and began to howl and yell ’bout snakes and sich, and all that sort o’ truck, same as people allus does under sim’lar circumstances. Well, when he was thrashin’ round his room, and cussin’ the snakes, he made a sudden swoop, and would ye believe it, he caught hold of a reg’lar live snake! It was three and a half feet long and ’bout three-quarters of an inch wide in the widest part. Well, that kind o’ straightened out my venerable grand parient, an’ he quit yellin’ and cussin’, an’ he took up the animal and looked him all over and commenced to feel him to see if he was the ‘real, genuine, imported, havana filled ci—’ I mean snake. Well, sir, would ye believe it, that snake he stiffened right out, and pulled in his tongue, and closed his eyes, and went to sleep—at least so my grandfather thought. But that snake wasn’t asleep at all, he was dead—clean plum dead, an’ don’t you forget it! You may laugh, but that snake died o’ chagrin at bein’ caught—nothin’ else but bein’ so ashamed o’ hisself. It was as clear a case of suicide as any ever known! What! You don’t believe it? Why, you can see that snake any day you’ve a mind to. My grandfather had him varnished an’ used him as a walkin’-stick during his life-time, an’ left it to me as an heirloom! Eh? What’s that you say? Git out? Well, you’re the durndes’ kind of a hoss-editor I ever seen, you are. You can’t appreciate a good story when you hear one.”

FRDERICK PEMBROKE.

### IN SUMMER DAYS.

How sweet it is in the long, hot, listless afternoons of July to seek out some cool haunt, where tangled shadows weave their tracery under drooping bowers of leaves! Languid with ease and dreamful rest, you muse and fall into moods of tender sadness that are only half akin to pain,—

For ah, that love should vanish with the rose,  
That Youth’s sweet-scented manuscript should close!

And while tears from the depth of some divine despair steal to your eyes, it strikes you with terrible suddenness that you are sitting on a community of hornets, and you project yourself from the gnarled stump about four yards up into the atmosphere—and, by the way, wherein do you just then resemble Mexico? Well, you resemble Mexico because you are indulging in a countless number of revolutions per minute. Having disposed of this Mexican drum, so to speak, we will now return to the dreamy, ice creamy, sensuous summer days.

In the scented fields the bees hover and stray about the golden blooms; as the poet sings,—

Now doth the little busy bee  
Flutter from flower to flower;  
And like the little boot-black, he  
Improves each shining hour.

The butterflies, too, bronze, and blue, and old gold, like gorgeous floating scraps of silk, flap from the clematis and climbing rose across fields that dream of the harvest with its yellow sheaves. They flutter around, and are at last captured; a long pin is stuck through the small of their backs, and they are fastened securely on a cork and put into a cabinet. It is seldom that a butterfly gets into Sir John’s cabinet; but this reflection may be suffered to pass without further comment.

In summer days we go to the country. We go to commune with nature in her loveliest moods. We shake