

THE PARSON AT THE HOCKEY MATCH.

It's very disagreeable to sit here in the cold,
 And a sinful waste of time—ah, well, it's too late now to
 scold;
 I'll think about my sermon and my prayers for Sunday
 next,
 And the young folks may be happy—let me see—what
 was my text?
 But what a throng of people—an immortal soul in each:
 With such an audience this would be a splendid place
 to preach.
 I'd have the pulpit half-way down—what ice! without
 a smirch!
 Here are the men—I wonder if they ever go to church.
 "The teams?" Ah, yes, "the forwards, point, and cover-
 point and goal";
 Thank you, my dear, I understand—is that a lump of
 coal?
 "Rubber?" Ah, yes, "The puck?" just so! One's hold-
 ing it, I see—
 That fellow with his clothes all on—ah, that's the
 referee.
 What was he whistling for—his dog? Why, they've
 begun to play;