

accused of being an idle and dangerous person, and a patron of cock-fights. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Soc.—(Defiantly)—Well, I do attend cock-fights. Is there any harm in that?

Mag.—A very great deal of harm. Cock-fighting is against the law; see Draco on Sports, Sec. 14, Cap. 112. By the way, before I sentence you, out of respect to you in your character of philosopher, I would ask that you take something to drink.

Soc.—No thanks; I don't drink.

Mag.—Sir, this is contempt of court. You must take something. Guards, take him away; Crito, give the old man a drink.

Crito.—It grieves me much, old man, to make you break your pledge, but here's a drink; take it, it will straighten you up—(aside)—straighten him out, I mean.

Soc.—What is it, rye?

Crito.—No; rye be hanged, it's hemlock tea.

Soc.—Great Jupiter Pluvius! why not give me some camomile tea? Will this stuff settle my stomach?

Crito.—Oh yes, it will settle your stomach, (aside)—and you too.

When the cup of tea was brought Socrates said, "O, Echebrates, be so good a man (for thou art well-skilled in these matters, being heretofore a bar-keep), how does this budge act? What is to be done?"

"Nothing," saith Echebrates, "but after you have drank try to walk until a heaviness comes upon your legs, then sit down."

"All right," said the grand old man, "all right, I've been there before," and he downed the hemlock tea. "Sufferin' Cyrus, and great Jupiter Olympus, this is worse than Finginate's 'Smoked Irish.' Go—let me die in peace. But gentlemen," said the dying sage, "we owe a rooster to Æsculapius, but do ye pay him; and neglect not to do it, and don't you forget it."

These were his last words. We further learn from history that Crito called for the ambulance, and old Soc was driven to the Morgue, Crito remarking, "The old man was square, but Æsculapius don't get that bird all the same."

The moral to be drawn from the last days of the noble old Greek, is this: No matter how much of a philosopher you may be, don't keep game-cocks; and if you should ever get hold of a bird that doesn't belong to you, return it before you die. Don't wait for Crito or any other man to administer your estate.

AUNT BETSY ON THE REVIVAL.

G. H. C.

Yes! these here revivals may do a sight of good but I can't see it. Now, just look here Joshua you talk to me about how beautiful Deacon Stirup preaches and you sit around the house a humming hymn tunes an such like, but you are just as snappy and unchristian tempered as ever you were?

You say how beautiful it is to be saved, but you sell your old wheat as this year's crop just the same!

What's that? "All's fair in trade" is it? Then what's the good of revivals?

Now there's old Mr. Jones, who keeps the grocery store, he says as how he got salvation and so on, and he hums, "I'm but a pilgrim here," as he weighs out your sugar and butter to you, and he asks you if the sermon wa'n't real heavenly last night; but there's just as much sand in the sugar as there used to be! and you only get fourteen ounces to your pound of butter as you always did:—and then you talk about revivals. Just listen to me now Joshua,—There dont get snappy that ain't christian!—You go to them revivals and you are told you are a very wicked man, and that you must come to the front and get saved and you get kind of excited, and you go up and the Deacon shakes you by the hand, and every-

body says old Brumlee has joined the church, and you think you are a mighty fine feller an' you ain't one bit better than you ever was.

Now, if you were to keep from meetin' for a year or so, and then went to the new revival, you'd be getting saved again and singin' "I'm but a sinner" all round the place for a week or two and then you'd forget all about it an' go on your old wicked ways, till the next preacher came around and so on till you died.

What you want Joshua, and what everybody wants, is a quiet religion that's by you all the time, not a jerky sort of a mania that only lasts for a week or two. You want a religion that makes you give fair measure, and keeps you from a snapping your wife's head off every time dinner aint to your fancy; that will stop you from getting drunk, and using bad language, and that will make you merciful to man and beast. That's what you want Joshua, you dont do no good lounging around here a humming those old tunes, not a bit of it! you put on your old duds and buckle into your work again and do your duty to your neighbor and you'll do all right. But if you think you are being religious when you're dressed up an go to meeting all the time, and leave me home, to do all the work, and dont even bring in a stick of wood; O say you aint! there now!

Oh, yes you can swear! but that just shews how much good them revivals does you really. Is't that just what I've been a saying all along? If you go to work and stop swearing and drinking and to do your duty as you should do, your'e more likely to strike heaven than you are now with all your canten or psalm singing. Now just start the new plan right off, an bring in some wood, and carry up some water, and just give a hand in the churning—Oh! you think you'll go to the meeting to-day anyhow. I s'pose you do! 'cause you know there aint no churning to-morrow! Oh that's been saved, aint it!

THE SONG OF THE COACHMAN.

I am a Jolly Jarvey, and I drive a private Coach,
My boss's name is Harvey, and no one dare approach
His lovely daughter Gwendoline, or drive her round
The town

But me, if any other dared her pa would knock him
down
The old bloke's got a million, and is bound to cut it fat,
And he tries to come the 'evy swell, the real aristocrat;
So you see I'm 'ighly honored as we drive round in the
coach,
The haughty Gwendoline and me—the Jarvey, Johnny
Roach.

There's many a dude and many a swell has heyes for
Gwendoline,
She has lovers slim and lovers stout, and lovers soft and
green,
The most of them in course I know has heyes upon her
stamps,
But the old man spurns 'em one and all—he tries them
just like tramps;

So when the girl gets lonely she for her carriage sends
And drives around a visitin' and callin' on her friends;
And all the time, where'er she goes a ridin' in her coach,
Upon the box you'll always see the handsome Johnny,
Roach.

And many an int she's got from me that I am in
disguise,
An A. I Henglish nob's own son, which makes her ope
her eyes;
I say my huncle is a Duke and hi' should be an Earl,
The gal don't know no better, and her mind is in a
whirl.

I say that fam'ly reasons keeps me away from home,
But soon all things will be made right and no longer I
need roam;
When I talk of my own castle hit almost make me laugh,

To see how easy Gwendoline takes in my little chaff!
My right name is Fitz Herbert, so I tell the foolish gal,
And I tell her that the Prince of Wales was once my
chum and pal;
I stuff her full of stories about Italy and France,

And the nice times we could have there if we only 'ad
the chance.

So levery day when she comes down she smiles a lovely
smile,
And we talk of things in general, she has no thought of
guile;

So to day I popped the question while a-driving of the
coach,
And when next you hear of Gwendy she'll be Mrs.
Johnny Roach.

The second social of the season will be held in All Saints' Church school room on Wednesday evening next, 12th inst. The attraction of the evening will be "Ireland," by Mr. Morrison, illustrated by Mr. Whittemore.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

Come tell me, pretty maiden,
You of golden hair,
Why sit in sorrow there;
Your brow with care o'erladen?
Tell me what secret care
Oppresses one so fair?
Has one you thought was true
Gone from his love and you?
"Oh, no!" the maid replied,
"My Henry is no snide,
His love is still unflinching,
It is not that that's pinching—
It is my shoe.
I'm still his own dear pet,
He's faithful you may bet;
I have received no slight,
But oh! my shoe's so tight."

DE SOLEMNITIES OB DE SEASON.

A PAPER NOT READ BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

It am sad. De Scott Act am sustained after all. After de statement dat Ontario was staked on de result, 125 majority am de solemncholy fact. My deah sah, I'm afraid it am no use, de tide am risin' sho—yer clerquance am clean dene wasted; you can't stem de onward march ob progress. Yonder comes de flood, carrying down in its current, taverns, bars, shebeens, brewrics, and King Nebuchadnezzar Licensed V. Ass., all higlyty pigelty clar down to de ocean ob oblivion; to de limbo ob obsolete and long-tolerated abuses, to be spoken ob wid wonder and horror by our chillen, just as we wonder how eber people tolerated de Bastile, de torinre and de dungeons ob de Inquisition, de old press gang, or de whipping post ob slavery. Here am a flea fur your ear—*To dis tide dere am no ebb.*

You hab bin all long tellin' us dat de Maine law was a failure; dat dere wor mo' drinkin' goin' on dan eber, an' dat, mos' likely in de interests ob public m'ality, de law would be repealed, an' a l de gin shops set a-goin' full blaze widout let or hindrance fur eber mo'. An' yet in spite ob all you can say to de contrary, dem pu' deluded people ob Maine, hab done gone and passed a law, p'hibitin de manufacture of liquor dere for eber and eber, amen!—so mote it be! After gebin' it a good squar trial all dem y'ars, dis am de result. Yah! yah! yah! what a parcel ob fools dem Maine folks must be, eh, boss? It am truly 'plorable. Ain't it now?

De next thing in order am to contess de Act in Toronto. Toronto am' goin' to be de Temperance Waterloo. However, if you fellows should be out of a job you might try Germany. De folks dere am beginnin' to get restive, dey am beginnin' to count de cost ob drinkin' ober dar too, an' I wouldn't say but what de liquor interest ober dar might hire you for a spell, just like they hire you here. De same old pathos warmed up again will do. Dat pathetic Hamilton appeal, "What am to be done when do baby am taken with de colic in de night, and all de saloons closed, and not a drop of liquor to be had?"

Dere am no doubt de passing ob de Scott Act would make a serious and disastrous change in de city. How we shall miss de frequent and ole familiar tavern, wide de sidewalk in front all mosaiced wid tobacco spit, wid its windows close covered up halfway, so's to be private like, and dat suggestive screen of venetian slats set across de doorway, so sissy or sonny can't peep in an' see papa sittin' dar drinkin'. How we shall miss de sight ob de manly forms dat all hours ob de day step down an' out, wipin' their moufs an' glancin' aroun' furtively; also de loafers dat roun' de do' do congregate, bleary of eye and beery of smell.