

Grip to His Grace.*Greeting :*

Your Grace is doing Protestants an honor very great,
In teaching them their errors, and pointing out the fate
That awaits all those who have the wise old Vatican outgrown,
And left St. Peter's stately barque for vessels of their own.

GRIP read Your Grace's last discourse on Reformation times
And finds you think Reformers then were men of many crimes ;
He don't know if they were Clear Grits—his library's too small,—
But no reform, Your Grace believes, was needed then at all.

GRIP don't presume to *teach* Your Grace, but, with a sense of awe
That puts his feathers all awry like those of the Rheims jackdaw,
He reverently reminds Your Grace of PÉLIK, King of Spain,
And of what is known in history as "Queen Manx's bloody reign."

The Church of Rome, so history says, did then by thousands burn
Those who from what they held to be God's law refused to turn ;
Now, won't Your Grace agree with GRIP that Reformation came
Not quite amiss to any Church a-playing such a game ?

Just think, Your Grace, that in those times if you had dared to preach
Your late discourses tolerant, so full of hope to each,
Both Protestant and Catholic, your friends had played the deuce,
And in those very sermons found enough to cook your goose.

And when that culinary job was going to be done—
Which would not be cool and airy ; (but you couldn't make a pun
Just then) ; if Reformationists, I say, had hove in sight,
And east you loose, why, you'd have thought that Reformation right !

GRIP knows Your Grace is now convinced, and quite contrite as well,
And p'raps repentant at this hour in some deep cloistered cell ;
So here's GRIP's dexter talon for the *brave*, FREE words you speak
In many a well-turned sentence in your lectures week by week !

A Reformer who needs Reformation.

The man who has no music in his soul is in most cases merely an object of pity. When, however, he is not content to conceal his infirmity, but proclaims his shame aloud, he ceases to be pitiable, and becomes a nuisance who ought to be shut up. Mr. VARLEY, the revivalist, may be—perhaps is—a very good man ; but his recent behavior at the Metropolitan Church in reference to the oratorio performed by the Philharmonic Society was calculated to destroy the effect of everything he has ever done. In the first place, it was in wonderfully bad taste that he uttered his nonsensical tirade in a church where GRIP has known oratorios to have been performed, and most of whose choir are members of the Society. Secondly, the betrayal of utter ignorance as to what he is talking about, conveyed in his words, is likely to lead some to suppose that he may not be quite infallible in other respects. If a man constitutes himself a reformer, he may just as well know something of what he is going to reform. But we suppose it is necessary for a sensational preacher (save the mark) to be sensational at the expense of common sense, decency, or fact. Can our readers imagine a person deliberately affirming that Handel's finest sacred music was "blasphemy," and that he would wonder if "fire did not come down from heaven" to consume the "profane lips" that sang it ? If any ordinary person were to do so, he would stand a fair chance of a journey as far as the Queen street cars would take him—without a return passage. And yet this is just what Mr. VARLEY did the other night. GRIP objects to profanity as much as any one, and hears a great deal too much of it ; but for unmitigated profane familiarity with sacred names and subjects, we think some discourses of preachers of Mr. VARLEY's stamp surpass the utterances of any bar-room rowdies. And yet we never heard anybody express a wish or expectation for fire from heaven to consume their profane lips. Really we do not know whether to feel more sorry for Mr. VARLEY or disgusted with him. We incline to the former view of the case, as he evidently has no idea of one of the noblest gifts vouchsafed to mortals, and cannot see that such strains as those of Handel's *Messiah* will arouse more real devotion than the noisy brawlings of a thousand spiritual stump-speakers.

Grip to the Electors of East Toronto.

Vote ! Vote ! Vote ! you live in the land of the free,—
Rise to the height of your manhood's right—your citizen's dignity—
CAMERON and PLATT ; CROOKS and O'DONOHUE—
GRIP don't care a cent which way you vote, only be sure that you do !

For if you have a voice in the State be not neutral and dumb,
Your ballot can't be useless—'tis a unit in the sum ;
Vote ! Vote ! Vote ! when occasion calls, and you can—
On Monday go to the ballot box and score your X like a man !

The Sharer of the Spoil.

SCENE—A moor near Toronto. Enter BROWN; to him, CAMERON.
(Our readers must not suppose from any similarity of names that these are the editors of the *Globe* which is, and the *Liberal* which is to be.)

Cameron—What do ye here ?

Brown—I wait my deadly foe,
Who by this road must to Toronto go.

Cameron—Describe thy foe,
And tell the reason why thou call'st him so.

Brown—I mean one CAMERON vile, of London town,
A traitor base to me, whose name is BROWN.

Cameron—Behold him here ! and quickly justify
Thy words, or on this moor expect to die.

Brown (*recoiling and striking an attitude*).—Thou ?

Cameron (*advancing and striking another*).—Aye !

Brown—O CAMERON, I did not think to shed a tear
When once I floored MACDONALD ; but thou hast
Turned on fresh mains of sorrow. Thou, alas !
Cradled between *Globe* sheets, nursed at my feet,
Backed by my strength ; and living on extracts
From my great journal drawn, when I have all
My rivals endways knocked ! Lo ! CARLINO lies
Supine among his beer-tubs ; mighty GRIMS
Is but a gibbering phantom ; stout Sir JOINS
Trembles, a fleeting shade on mountain tops—
Beneath the ribs I smote him ; and appeased
Mine own, when,—crowning joy of all my life,—
I made the *National* apologise. I hold
Fat office, and advertisements pour in.
Base hound, that never pull'dst the quarry down,
Come'st thou to share the prey ?

Cameron—Brown, learn thy great mistake. Thou ever tak'st
All credit to thyself. *Thou* held'st the flag,
But *we* the battle won ! Thy time is past.
Poor, shrivelled kernel of thy former self,
Where is the BROWN that once, full flushed with strength,
Flashed here from Washington, and fluttering sent
Our Tory Volsians ? What is now thy page ?
Bethink thee, SHEPPARD'S crushing words no more
Ring in thy columns ; and MACDUGALL writes
Not now for thee (beware him, if he get
Into our Local House). EDWARDS gives not
His wealth of figures to thee ; what is left ?
Thy DRYDEN is but paste ; thy pouring FLOOD
Will ne'er overwhelm the Pharaoh who pursues
Fast on thy track. See where his chariot wheels,
Gory with conflict, dashing o'er the stones,
Flash e'er they crush thee down ! Say, Brown, dost read
That most insipid "Nation" ?

Brown—It is fate. (*Exit*).

Cameron—Now here before my Party
I throw my warlike shield. Lay, GOLDWIN, OD,
And damn'd be he that grumbles thereupon.

(Advances a *Liberal* ; prepares to deliver Cut 7 with an ink-bottle ; scene closes.)

O, for a National Song !

We have been bored to death lately in consequence of aspiring youths and maidens laboring under the erroneous idea that they have within them the Divine afflatus which will enable them to immortalize their names in patriotic verse. These "odes," "lines," &c., as a rule, ran largely to maple leaves, pioneers, and played-out hunting-grounds. As a specimen "poem" which, though not touching on the usual "maple leaf," is a fair sample of what we daily receive, we submit the following. The aspiring bard entitles it an "Idyl," which we trust is not indicative of his own character. He bursts into song in this wise :

CANADA—AN IDYL.

"Sing not to me of England's quiet landscapes,
Italia's skies, or fertile fields of France,
How sweeter far is pork and buckwheat pancakes
That erst in youth did my fond soul entrance ;
Say, can the Pontine Marshes round th' Eternal City
Compare with ours at mouth of noble Don,
Or at the Humber ? In fact all round the city,
We still can hear the tuneful 'skeeter's hum,
The beautiful blue Danube—Guadalquivir,
The Rhine with feudal ruins, "old in story ;
Their recollections make one almost shiver,
At by-gone fights that turned their green banks gory !
I sigh not for the vale of famed Avon,
Or Spain, the land of Hidalgo and Deigo,
They can't show worth a cent 'longside Muskoka,
Or Couchiching that washes fair Washago !"