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The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

“ WE mortals are mere rudimentals of man,
While passing through sense into soul ;
Nor can we conceive of the Spirit's vast plan
Till death forms us into a whole :

“ With faculties broadened, brute instincts rubbed out,
And freed from the passions of clay,
To a region where never come darkness or doubt,
The spirit soars singing away :

“ Not dead are the dear ones that left us lang syne,
Ah, no ! they have only withdrawn,
And still round our hearts their affections entwine,
In that beautiful Land of the Dawn :

“ Each high aspiration, each prayer sincere,
Each true deed, without earth's alloy,
To the friends gone before us they straightway appear
As pure living fountains of joy.

“ They sit down beside them and muse on the past.
On dear ones still left in the night,
And dream of the time when they'll join them at last,
In the ever green Land of Delight.

“ The height which the greatest can ever attain
In this murky planet of ours,
Is but the initial of heart and of brain,
The germ of humanity's powers ;

“ But their intuitions have hardly a bound,
E'en the growth of the grass on the lea,
To their delicate organs would heave with the sound,
And the roar of the fathomless sea :

“ With senses unknown to the children of earth,
Those beings majestic are fraught,
They breathe in the air where ideas have birth,
And bathe in the fountains of thought.”

Yes, his was a grand, a magnificent faith !
That robs the grave even of gloom,
That bridges the great gulf that yawns over death,
Yea, glorifies death and the tomb !

And he wondered much why from this point of time,
Our eyes should be fixed on the past,
While here in our presence God's working sublime,
On a scale so o'erwhelmingly vast :

His miracles were not all wrought in the past,
The same sun is shining to-day ;
And the stars every night from infinitudes vast,
Come forth in their mystic array :

And all is a wonder ! this soul and this sense,
From dust unto Deity all !
And the wonder of wonders, the wonder immense !
Is just that we're living at all.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM HALIFAX.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—Doun ye know that in this the last hour of our trials—the Skeme of Confederation has busted, knocked completely out of time and tune. I knew it wud be long afore it was thot on, and so did you.

Anythingk wud fail to be appreciated by a people as was forced upon them, and before they was ever ripe or ready for it.

There is a rite gude old saying as to one man taking a horse to the water, but six can't make him drink.

Now supposin you was taken by the hair of the head to do a job and your assailant left you ; why as soon as

he war gone you would do the very opposite, if it were for only pure cussedness. So it is with this fair land of ourn. The people was pushed or dragged rite into Confederation afore they had time to think on it. And you don't know what a thinkin' climate we have here. You can't think an act in a day here, if you do, you'll get left. Yes, sir, so sure as yur a live man all the rest will be away behind, and you'll find yursel' *left*, away in front, alone and unsupported, without a post to lean upon, the konsekewnce will be you'll have to double up and then you'll be a krank.

Why we wanted a dry dock a few years ago and sot a thinkin' about it, and thowt and thowt and thowt so much over the business, that the kommit-tea at last had to actually implore the citizens to let them give out the job of building the Dock to the Commander-in-Chief of the Admiralty and so listen them of the bisness, as they could'nt sleep for dry-dock on the brayn. This is a new disease what developed here some years ago, the simptoms are very pequyer. I will treat on it at some future time. The kommit-tea couldn't transac any bisness, for whenever any of 'em went to sign his name he'd write down dry dock instead ; and they was getting a very bad name for the manner in which they was *treating* this *dry* bisness ; then they said it was only *halifalucinations* or something of the kind.



They said as how there was a piece of land in the Dock-yard as they oughter have for a Dock, so they trudges off to the Commander-in-Chief, and asked him jist to leave one wing of the Dock-yard gates ajar, and the chairman with crule wink in his eye tickled the old man's palm with a sovereign. I think they wanted that gate left so to have a look at the servant girls as the sailors had their eyes on ; anyway they yused to go down and see that fine piece of land, through the back of the gate ; the sly old beggars was a kalkulating how they could steal it away one of those fine nights. After a pile of thinkin' enuf to bild a tower of Babel they konkected a skeme, copied I think from some American engineer. Everything was got ready, wire ropes, capstand, cranes, falls, blocks, crowbars, jacks and marlin spikes, etc., and the Bowson of the Yard, and all the Ships ready with all hands piped to quarters ; when lo behold ! A dark coated sanktimoniyyus, sinister individule comes up in a fearful sweat with D.Y.P. on his arm, which I interputed as “ Don't you pug.”—“ Hello ! ” says he. “ Hi there ! Avast heaving ! Gentlemen, you kant take that land, it's for the store-keeper's *Cows*.” “ The Store-keeper's Cows ? ” says the chairman. “ Who's the Storekeeper and who are his cows ? I don't know what you mean, sir.”

“ Never you mind,” was the tart reply. “ Them's the horders signed, sealed and delivered. So pack up your duds and walk.” So they did. They tried to entice the fellow over to have a taste at the “ Victoria,” but not a bit, he was too offishus, but it weren't his fault, as he said

