



CONVALESCENT.

Charming Young Doctor—YOU WILL BE PERFECTLY RESTORED TO HEALTH VERY SHORTLY. KEEP YOUR MIND EASY.

Charmed Young Patient—OH, ER—THERE'S NO HURRY!

—*Flugende Blatter.*

And then the wee gray lintie coy,
Ah wana he a living joy!
While ev'ry wee enraptured boy,
Wi' heart ahusk,
Drank in the strains without alloy
Frae tree or bush.

And wi' what joy ance mair to stray
By Cruckston castle's ruins grey,
Where hapless Mary viewed the frae
Upon Langside,
Which doomed her to a lot o' wae
Sair, sair tae bide.

That ruin auld did ye explore?*

Still sitting in Glengarnock hoar,
From which owre to Largs' rugged shore,
To face the Dane,
Hardy Knute, in days of yore,
Marched not in vain.

Ah weel I mind 'mang youthfu' pranks,
I travelled far wi' weary shanks,
To gaze on Bothwell's bonny banks,
Still blooming fair;
And where the covenanting ranks
Were worsted sair.

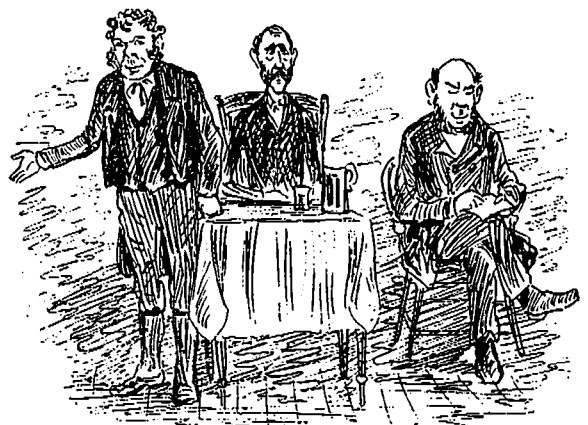
Then a' the glories o' romance
Did ev'ry sight and sound enhance;
How grand upon her steeds to prance!
Oh why did truth
Waken us frae that glorious trance
Wi' facts forsooth?

Dear early world, ere selfish sin!
Wi' a' her weary strife and din,
And wrath-wud-hags had entered in
Wi' cursed greed,
To a' her heavenly glories blin'
As bats indeed.

Still looking back wi' fond regret,
Youth's radiant world we ne'er forget;
The sun o' young Romance tho' set,
Still throws a maze
O' never dying glories yet
Among the braes.

But now I maun draw to an end,
In hopes to see you soon, my friend,
And ae hail day at least to spend,
And hear o' a'
The things that roun' my heart still blend,
Tho' far awa'.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.



GREAT HOME RULE DEBATE.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH:—Ladies and Gentlemen: It gives me much pleasure to preside upon this occasion. I need scarcely say that my interest in the Irish Question is painfully deep. You are all aware of this from my writings in the public press, which, being persons of high foreheads and cultivated tastes, you of course read regularly. You are, doubtless, also aware that, not content with pouring out my soul in streams of fervid ink, I felt impelled by my intense

*The castle alluded to in the grand old ballad of Hardy Knute, beginning thus:

"Stately slept he east the wa'
And stately slept he west."

The ruin, when viewed from the opposite bank of the river Garnock, is one of the most picturesque ruins in Scotland.