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The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

" Sic doctrines were contrar to natur," folk said,
And it was agreed through the toun,
That tho' they might dae weel tae mak a parade,
In the market they wadna gane down.
Sic doctrines micht suit very weel wi' them a'
Wha hae riches an' siller galore,
But the auld proverb says that love aye flees awa
When poortith comes in at the door.

The Bailie, he said, wi' a nicher an' smile,
" This love doctrine never ull dae,
Its fear o' the Gallows, o' Hell an' the Tile,
Or I micht e'en mysel gane astray !"—
He's only just trying himsel to deceive,
There's been wars since the world began ;
Sae this turtle-doo doctrine I dinna believe,
For I feel there's a deevil in man.

Our hero paid little attention for a',
On Faith, and on Hope, he did lean ;
Once more as the still Sabbath evening did fa',
'Twas thus he held forth on the green :

" The faith of our fathers is passing away,
The fire on the altar's gone out,
And little is left save the cold ashes grey,
And darkness and terrible doubt ;
Sad-eyed weary ones who bade farewell to hope,
When the last fitful glimmer had gone,
Encompassed with darkness they stumble and grope,
In the vast and the vacant unknown.

" Look up weary ones ! for the first streak of day
Descends on the mountain and lawn,
The mists of the midnight are passing away,
And here are the Heralds of dawn !
Hush, hearken ! it is the great trumpet of change,
That's filling the earth and the air,
And new forms of beauty surpassingly strange,
Are startling to life ev'rywhere.

" While faithless and hopeless, at this very hour
As all undecided ye stand,
A force all undreamt of—a new living power !
Is stalking abroad through the land,
Proclaiming earth's sorrows are passing away
By a mightier power overcast,
And ancient Iniquities hear and obey
The summons to judgment at last :

" Before it the errors of ages give way,
The idols old tremble and fall,
And the temples of selfishness sink to decay,
For the Christ-spirit broods over all."

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

A RISING LIGHT.

THE *Manitoba Sun* has arisen upon us, and its beams illumine with northern borealic lustre the inner sanctum of GRIP. The display of Manitoban muscle as shewn in the exceptionally beautiful lithographs, commands our admiration, and on the charming "Broom Brigade" GRIP confesses himself hopelessly mashed. The paper comes to us in a handsome dress, clear print, and is full of sporting and other interesting matter. The racy article on "Our Social Life; or How Winnipeg Amuse Themselves," we enjoyed specially; and recommend its perusal to all who have any interest in our North-West—also to those of our contemporaries across the water who still shudder to contemplate, even in imagination, "these acres of snow." More power to the elbows of our sturdy North-Westerners and may the *Manitoba Sun* never set.

COMING ROUND.

THE *World* moves—it is swearing off—it actually says "the saloons must go !" More than that, it is trying to make us believe it has been of that way of thinking all along, and to prove it, resurrects an old article from the grave of 1883, shewing what a bad, bad thing drink is and how many had cause to, ect., etc. We all know the old story by heart. But between '83 and '87 there is something like three years;—well, what about this interregnum? Has the *World*, like old Rip, been asleep all that time, and just been awakened by the shouting over Howland's big majority—or has there arisen another king who knows not Joseph? Telephone over please.

BACCHUS TO THE RESCUE OF BLAKE.

To the Editor of Grip,

SIR,—In looking over your paper of Dec. 18th, two things were very forcibly impressed upon my mind. The first was the slip bearing my name, address and the time at which I paid for the paper. I send you herewith two dollars (\$2.00), for which you will please give me credit.

The second is your explanatory notes on your cartoon in reference to the Hon. Edward Blake's views on the temperance question. You seem to set yourself up as a sort of an adviser or dictator to Mr. Blake, which, to say the least, is the height of presumption on your part. Mr. Blake is allowed by almost all Reformers to be one of the ablest, if not *the* ablest, statesman regarding all difficult questions, who is now, or has been for many years back, in the country. I question very much whether that noble Statesman and Constitutional Lawyer, Hon. Oliver Mowat, would question, as you do, Mr. Blake's views on the temperance question. You seem to think because the Scott Act has been carried in the greatest number of the counties in Ontario, the country is ripe for prohibition, but you seem to forget, or don't know, how the Act was carried in those places. I will try to enlighten you. In the first place, the temperance men, almost to a man, voted for the Act. Then the class, which is a disgrace to any country, viz: the hypocrites, voted for it also. I refer to the men who vote for the measure and then, on the sly, buy and drink liquor, and what is worse, take it home with them. These actions are of every day occurrence, and I know whereof I speak. Then there is another class, a class of honest, well-meaning men, who doubted the good that was claimed by the Scott Act advocates it would do, and who did not vote at all, as they claimed it would not affect them in any way, hence they stayed at home on polling day. Now, what I wish to show is, after throwing out those hypocrites, as they are not fit to belong to any society, and putting those who did not vote at all with those who voted against the Act, which we have a right to do, according to the good old book, in which Christ has said that, "those who are not against me are for me," then how would the count stand? I have not the slightest hesitation in saying there would be more than two to one against the Act. That being the case, how could you work such an Act? I for one claim that it would be impossible to work it, and such being the case the only conclusion I can come to is that it is a bad law, and as Mr. Blake said in his speech at Pictou, "A bad law I will obey if I must, but I will do everything that is in my power that is legitimate to alter that law." Now, as to compensation, you, Mr. GRIP, seem to hold up your hands in holy horror at the very idea of such a thing, and cite the poor widows and orphans. I