

cause of his religion. Catholics,—English-speaking Catholics, at least,—have suffered too much for conscience' sake, to be indifferent to the fate of a co-religionist, knifed for his religion. Party allegiance will always be secondary to freedom of conscience; and must yield whenever the latter is menaced. Men, who would desert their leader on account of his religion, would lead him to the stake and light the fagot: they have the will; they only want the way.

Sir John Thompson's assailants assert that their hostility is not begotten

of bigotry. What then is all the pother about? His ability is conceded, and, *a priori*, his fitness. Not one of his detractors has the hardihood to charge him with any impropriety in his private life or public career. He is not accused of any disloyalty or recreancy to party fealty. One and all admit that personally he is *sans peur, sans reproche*. If any "kicking" Conservative can point to any one objection to his selection as head of the Government, but his religion, the public would like to hear it.

AN IDYL OF THE PLOUGH.

Siller clouds, an' laerocks sang
Up in the April blue;
Doon in the field the hale day lang
Young Geordie at the plough.
"Gee-wo-min! hie-min! hie-min-hie!"

Buddin' trees an' bloomin' gorse'
Aroon' the headrig braw;
He turns the fur, an' steers the horse,
Doon mony a bonnie raw.
"Hie-min! hie-there! hie-min-hie!"

Katie in her new print goon,
Atween the hedges green,
Comes steppin' blythely to the toon,
But ne'er let's on she's seen.
"Hie-min! wo-there! wo-min-wo!"

Geordie in the furrow stands,
An' glowers the lang road doon;—
The reins hard grippit in his hands,
What ails the donnert loon?
"Hie-min! hie-there! gee-wo-hie!"

Red, red the west; a weary craw
Sits on the idle plough;
But Geordie's to the town awa:
What's in his noddle noo?
"Hie-min! hie-there! wo-man-wo!"

Up through the scented gloamin' sweet
At last comes daunderin' slow,
Love's langour in their lingerin' feet,
Young Katie an' her Jo.
Ay min! ay!

— JESSIE KERR LAWSON.