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### Little Sweethearts.

Oh mem'ry took flight  
To a land o' delight,  
The instant this picture I saw ;  
To the lang simmer days,  
And the bonnie green braes,  
I was instantly wafted awa' ;  
Despite the lang years,  
Wi' their sorrows and tears,  
And a' the wild storms that did blaw,  
I was 'neath the haw tree,  
My wee lassie, wi' thee,  
In the dear land sae far, far awa'.

Whar the Blin' Laddie's dart  
Photographed on my heart  
Thy features that never can tinc;  
And by some happy thought  
Here the artist has caught  
These very same features o' thine,  
In the lang summer days,  
'Mang the bonnie green braes ;  
Then life didna' seem but a span,  
When we chased the cuckoo,  
And the croodlin doo,  
And the bonnie wee courie wren.

The birds and the flowers  
Werc wee cronies o' ours,  
We followed them a' through the glen  
Oh the gowans were bright !  
And the lark a delight ;  
Does he still sing as sweetly as when  
I ranged a' the dells  
For the bonnie blue bells  
To twice in thy beautiful hair ?  
And ye said to me  
My wee lass ye wad be,  
And we lauched as we never lauched mair.

I see us still sit,  
'Neath that hawthorn tree yet,  
Believing joy aye will remain ;  
But misfortune chased me  
Owre the weary wide sea,  
And we never saw ither again.  
Since then years hae passed,  
And a's doon-hill at last ;  
Though aft we may joyfu' hae been,  
Yet sure I'm o' this,  
We ne'er had sic bliss  
In a' the years lying between.

Now my prayer shall be,  
Little sweethearts, that ye  
Through life's vale thegither may go ;  
And tae ilkither cling,  
Till at last ye can sing  
Jean Anderson's sang to her jo.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

### THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DURING the evening Bramley took occasion to mention to his host that he was looking out for a good man to attend himself and friends on their travels, in the capacity of "general utility man," and asked Mr. Douglas whether he knew of such a person that he could recommend.

"As luck will have it," replied Mr. Douglas, "I do happen to know of a man who I think would suit you to a T. A friend of mine, hearing that I was in want of a valet—though I was not—sent a person to me with some very strong recommendations. He had been, as you express it, valet and 'general utility man' to Sir Jasper

Coneyatch, who, you may recollect, died in this country a few months ago. The baronet, something like yourselves, was touring about Canada and the States, and this fellow I speak of accompanied him in just such a capacity as you have indicated ; he appeared to be a thoroughly respectable fellow, and I think would suit you admirably."

"Indeed ; that is fortunate," remarked Bramley ; "do you know where he is to be found ?"

"Oh, yes ; he left his address," replied Mr. Douglas, "I will get it for you," and, leaving the room, he shortly returned with a slip of paper, saying, "I recollect now, he said any communication addressed to him at the post office would find him ; here's his name—Roger Pengwich—he's an Englishman, and, as you don't want *too* young a man, I think this is the very fellow for you."

"I am extremely obliged to you, Mr. Douglas ; I will drop him a line in the morning," replied Bramley. "Now really, I think we should be saying good-night ; it is getting late," and he rose to take leave of Miss Douglas who was engaged in a game of chess with Mr. Burgoodle, whilst Yubbits was relating some anecdote with much vivacity to Mrs. Douglas, apparently much to that estimable lady's amusement.

"Well, gentlemen," said the jolly host, as a general hand-shaking commenced, "if you *must* go you must. Kindly ring the bell, Elsie ; you can reach the handle without any trouble. Mr. Bramley, I shall do myself the pleasure of looking you up to-morrow as I wish to show you some of our Toronto lions, and I am anxious that you should have a favorable impression of our city.—Tell James to bring the buggy round to the door," he said to the servant who answered the bell. "Yes, gentlemen," he continued to Bramley and Yubbits, "there is much to be seen here, and, if you would like to hear our civic Solons in solemn conclave, to-morrow evening we will visit the council chamber and I can promise you a rich treat, I assure you, if you are admirers of municipal eloquence."

"I should like, above all things, to hear the eloquence of which you speak, sir," said Bramley, "and I most thankfully avail myself of your kind offer to show us all that is to be seen here. I, I may say *we*, are much obliged to you."

"Well then, I will call for you to-morrow morning at say—well, about ten o'clock. Will that suit you?" enquired Mr. Douglas.

"Admirably," replied Bramley, "and now"—looking towards Miss Elsie—"we positively must tear ourselves away. Good night Miss Douglas," and he tenderly pressed that young lady's hand, and afterwards made his adieux to his hostess and Mr. Burgoodle, and Yubbits having done the same, omitting, however, the tender pressure of the young lady's hand, the two friends, accompanied by Mr. Douglas as far as the hall door, took their departure in the light carriage which had previously conveyed Crinkle and Coddleby to the hotel.

On their arrival at that hostelry our friends found that their two companions had some time previously retired to rest. Their example was soon followed by Yubbits, but Bramley remained in the reading room for a few minutes in order to pen a line or two to Mr. Pengwich, desiring that personage to present himself at the hotel if possible, at half-past nine next morning ; but, in the event of his not receiving the note in time, asking him to call at six in the afternoon. This letter he handed to the clerk with instructions to despatch it as soon as possible,