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## The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

“AND still when to earth some great conqueror comes,  
We offer him homage profound,  
Mid the blaring of trumpets and beating of drums,  
The calm voice of wisdom is drowned ;  
The prophets, the priests, the Messiahs of earth,  
The sad-eyed and lone weary ones,  
No heralding trumpets blare forth at their birth,  
No shouting, no beating of drums.

“But the world grows sick of the drum and the life,  
Of the wreck and the ruin war's wrought :  
And here, in the great battlefield of our life,  
Henceforth shall our battle be fought.  
Here bloated Wealth rears her palatial abode,  
E'en where the starved laborer dies,  
And our prayers and praises ascending to God,  
Are mixed with his curses and cries.

“While men like mere cattle are chained to the soil,  
Their strength and their energies spent,  
That others may seize on the fruits of their toil,  
'Tis vain to preach peace and content.  
How long shall mere old feudal barriers stand ?  
A mockery, a hollow pretence ;  
On nature, on manhood, we take up our stand !  
And the lordship of plain common sense.

“'Tis time sentimental mere moonshine should cease,  
That maunders of friendship and love,  
In the dear humble cottage with virtue and peace,  
'Neath the outspreading wings of the dove ;  
Such veils cannot hide the aristocrat's greed,  
Alas they are all out of place !  
If he'd be a lord or a true knight indeed,  
Let him look the stern truth in the face.

“Talk not of what your fighting forefathers did,  
That's all braggadocio vain ;  
In charity let their achievements be hid,  
Come wipe out this terrible stain.  
Go forth to the great battlefield of our time,  
'Tis there thou art called on to-day ;  
Go shelter the weak from temptation to crime !  
And thy heart's better instincts obey.

“'Gainst fraud and injustice the battle shall be,  
And all the iniquities old ;  
The Hero to be, must Humanity free  
From the terrible fetters of Gold.  
The Angel of Warning o'er Britain now floats !  
Hear'st thou what the spectre doth say ?  
Hush ! 'Stern oaths are muttered in grim, husky throats,  
To rend from the spoiler the prey.'

“But such would be folly and madness, my friends,  
Unite ; to each other be true ;  
On Union and Knowledge your future depends,  
And not on the will of the few.”  
While frankly and fearlessly thus he foretold  
Of the good or the evil to come,  
He looked like a seer or a prophet of old,  
That could not or would not be dumb.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“I CAN never sufficiently thank you for your bravery and——” began Mr. Yubbits' fair companion, after they had walked a considerable distance in silence ; but that gentleman interrupted her with,

“Now, please, Miss—Miss——”

“Douglas,” said the lady.

“Miss Douglas, please say no more about the affair ; I only did what anyone would have done in my place,

and I sincerely hope that that fellow has got a lesson ; what a cur, a man—no, I can't call him a man—but whatever he is, he must be an arrant cur.”

“Oh ! Toronto abounds with just such creatures,” rejoined Miss Douglas, “though I was never before subjected to any annoyance from them. I certainly think you punished him severely, though no more so than he deserved.”

“No, I should think not ; it was lucky for him that my friend Bramley did not chastise him——”

“Which was Mr. Bramley,” enquired the lady.

“The stout one who—who—who put his arm round you when you were fainting,” replied Yubbits.

“Oh ! indeed,” said Miss Douglas, blushing, but with a captivating little laugh. “Is Mr. Bramley, then, so very terrible ?”

“Miss Douglas, he would have killed that fellow if he had been roused,” answered Yubbits. “He is very powerful, and when righteously indignant forgets his strength.”

“Dear me, I should not have thought it,” remarked the lady ; nor in fact would anyone else, and why Mr. Yubbits should have made such a statement was exceedingly mysterious, though he possibly may have had his reasons for doing so.

“We are nearly home now,” said Miss Douglas, as they emerged into a broad, smooth street, the sides of which were lined with elegant boulevards before residences whose imposing appearance was indicative of wealth on the part of those dwelling in them. “This is my street.”

“I am sorry to hear it,” responded Yubbits, on whose susceptible heart the beauty of his companion was making some slight inroads, though occasional thoughts of Fanny Dawson greatly aided him in repulsing them. “I have enjoyed my walk very much indeed.”

“Oh ! you must come in and let papa thank you,” exclaimed Miss Douglas, as they halted before a large handsome house standing some fifty feet back off the street, and in front of which was a neatly mown lawn and several flower beds, gay with the brilliant hues of their floral treasures, and Mr. Yubbits was raising his hat preparatory to bidding her good-bye. “He would never forgive me if I allowed you to go without being introduced to him ; please come in,” and as she started off up the path to the front door, Yubbits could do nothing else but follow, and soon found himself in a most tastefully and richly furnished drawing-room, in the presence of a very handsome gentleman of about fifty, but whose stalwart, muscular and erect figure showed but little of the effects of the weight of his half century of years, and an exceedingly pleasant looking lady who appeared to be fully ten years his junior, and who, from her strong resemblance to Mr. Yubbits' companion, was evidently the mother of that young lady, for the same glossy dark hair, deep hazel eyes and pleasing smile, displaying even rows of small, snowy teeth were to be seen in both ladies.

“Oh ! papa,” exclaimed the young lady, taking off her hat and gloves and running up to the elderly gentleman and throwing her arms round his neck, “I have had quite an adventure which, however, terminated happily ; thanks to the bravery of this gentleman, who rescued me from the insults of a horrible man who was so rude to me as I was coming from church.”

“Ah ! Elsie,” said her father, kissing her affectionately, “you would go alone though I advised you not to do so ;—and you, sir,” he continued, turning and holding out his hand to Yubbits who was standing, scarcely knowing