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The Day Preacher :

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

(Concluded from GRIP of Jan. 22.)

TIE villagers hung on ilk word that he said,
For they kent he was upright and true ;
Yet deep in their hearts was an undefined dread,
An abhorrence of ev'ry thing new ;
And the story it ran that on ilk Sabbath e'en,
At the meeting o' nicht and o' day,
That to the death region by being unseen
Our hero was wafted away.

'Twas there, they maintained, that he got a' his lair,
Learned to prophesy what would befa' ;
And o' this they were positive, perfectly share,
That he "wasna owre canny ava."
His sayings kept ringing the haill country roun',
E'en the king o' the shoemaking craft,
A birky, self-satisfied, sceptical loun,
Pronounced him "decidedly daft."

"He speaks o' ane that he ca's Swedenborg aft,
And for my ain part I would say,
The twosome are red-wud, ay perfectly daft !
And tae Bedlam are straught on the way :
"They're wonnerfu', nae doot, the things that he says,
Ingenious never a doot ;
But for him tae believe them, ah, that is the craze !
Its the last spark o' reason gaun oot.

Yet when he encountered our hero, I wot !
His witty things never would tell,
In presence of him they aye stuck in his throat,
Or still-born and flat they doon fell :
And aft as he wended his way awa hame,
Rather vexed at the death o' his joke ;
"He's mad ! yet tae match him " in wrath he'd exclaim
"Would tak e'en anither John Knox."

And all o' that ilk thought him cracked in the pate,
And nae doot he'd end in a crime ;
It never cam into their heids he was great,
And living ahead of his time ;
And often I thought that the deils in the hells,
Must have laughed wi' a lauchter a' grim,
At the puir silly bodies sae prood o' themself's,
A' sit'in' in judgment on him.

For he lacked but ambition, the vice o' the gods,
To set the world all on a gaze ;
When told so, he only said, "what is the odds
If I could not make men change their ways ?
"Ambitious for what ? For the wreath that adorns
The bard's and the scientist's name ?
Believe me the green laurel covers but thorns,
And heart-break's the hand-maid of fame.

"I know no ambition that can soar more high,
Than here in life's foul murky fen,
To cleanse, to enlighten, exalt, purify
The thoughts and the feelings of men,
"For nature's pure instincts they fain would uproot,
And turn the Muse into a toy ;
And the eager young spirit alas they'd imbrute !
And its sense of the sacred destroy.

"Yes, I am ambitious ! ambitious to see
Still more of great Nature's vast plan,
From sin and from sorrow to set ourselves free
And to live the true life of a man."
And there were a few young disciples who heard
And hung on the words that he said ;
And still in the village his mem'ry's revered,
Tho' he's long since been laid with the dead.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXX.

(Continued from GRIP of Jan. 1st.)

[THE author of this veracious narrative, in resuming his pen, begs to explain to his readers that the unwarrantable interruption of the story and its unaccountable disappearance from the page of GRIP for several consecutive weeks, is the fault entirely of the editor. That high-handed individual thought fit to make this unseemly break and the only explanation he vouchsafes is that he wanted to give my readers a rest. This, I need hardly say, is unsatisfactory to me, and looks remarkably like adding insult to injury. As, however, I have been paid in advance for the complete work, I have no choice, but to put up with the editor's eccentricity, and go on with the story. I have his promise, however, that such an interruption shall not occur again.]

We left our three Pickwickian friends on board Mr. Douglas' yacht, the *Elsie*, on the point of starting for their pleasure trip.

The vessel appeared very much larger to our friends, now that they were on board, and order and neatness were observable everywhere, every rope being just where it ought to be, and every article being kept in its own proper place, making much more room than could have been enjoyed had any disorder or untidiness been permitted. Her deck was scrupulously clean, and every piece of brass work about the vessel shone and glittered in the sunshine like so much gold. In short, she was a perfect model of order, and cleanliness, and good management, and reflected the highest credit on Mr. Chambers, her sailing master.

"Now, Chambers," said Mr. Douglas, "the sooner we're off the better ; I fancy we can make Oakville with this breeze, eh ?"

"No doubt of it, sir," was the reply. "I think the breeze will hold all day, and will probably freshen presently."

"Well, then, let's be off ; go as near the Island as you can, so that these gentlemen may have a glimpse of the abiding-place of the famous ex-champion—that is, when he *does* abide there, which is not often," said Mr. Douglas.

It was a beautiful morning, and the heat of the sun which might, otherwise, have proved unpleasant, was tempered by a cool, brisk breeze from the south, in which direction lay the blue waters of Lake Ontario. Scarcely a cloud flecked the clear blue sky above, and the bosom of the bay, rippled by the now freshening breeze, was dotted with numerous pleasure craft, whilst the ferry boats ran at short intervals between the city and Hanlan's Point, and imparted an air of life and vigor to the scene.

"I'm afraid we can't make the island without tacking, Mr. Douglas," remarked Chambers, as the *Elsie* sped gracefully onward under an immense spread of snowy canvas, "the wind's about due south, sir."

"Oh ! well, never mind," was the reply. "Stand straight on for Oakville. Whew ! this is a fine breeze. Mr. Yubbits, would you like to take the wheel for a spell ?"

"For Heaven's sake say no," whispered Bramley, turning pale, to Yubbits. "My goodness, you can't steer, can you ?"

"I shall be very happy," replied Yubbits to Mr. Douglas, without heeding his friends remonstrance but not exhibiting any remarkable amount of alacrity or eagerness to assume the helmsman's place ; "all right, Summers, let this gentleman take the wheel," continued Mr. Douglas, and accordingly the helmsman relinquished

THIS is the time when you can tell a man's character by the condition of his sidewalk.