

Therefore this paper answers all our ends,
 Because you see there's nothing in it, friends.
 Read it from first to last, from last to first,
 And if you can say who has got the worst;
 For when it cracks the head of your old pastor
 It's ready the next moment with a plaster,
 And so with all the rest, therefore, we know
 It butters o'er the case from head to toe.

But we must touch up, though we've spared the
 birch,

The Constitution of this Knox's Church;
 See, the Precentor, is a man of prayers,
 And not inclined to sing new fangled airs,
 For I believe the real old Scotch "Och Hone"
 To be the very thing itself alone.

REV. DR. WILLIS—Now to an end this business
 seems to taper,

To help it I shall therefore back this paper,
 But congregations should be very prayerful,
 And if their guides particularly careful.

MODERATOR, [rising to move the adoption of
 the paper.]

Now, Sirs, this motion with your leave I'll put,
 And when it's carried we can homewards cut.

DR. BURNS—Not yet, sir, if you please, with all
 your pains,

Till I cut up the whole that it contains.

MODERATOR, [and several others at once.]

No, doctor, we shan't hear another word,
 All that can now occur, has just occurred.
 The case has got the fullest consideration,
 Therefore, you'd but delay the congregation.

DR. BURNS, [solus as the whole Company fall
 back to the rear of the stage after having caught
 the observation that he appeared to the Synod.]

Then to the Synod I appeal; for know,
 This head that's bleached with sixty years of
 snow.

You shall not trample in your godless dust,
 You sons of Mammon and of every lust.
 Sooner than bow beneath this yoke of yours
 I'll seek in my old age my native moors,
 And with an empty wallet at my side
 Traverse them once more in bare-legged pride.
 Think you, that where Ben Lomond meets the
 eye

Heaved up in Majesty against the sky,
 I could not gather in some heathery dell
 A flock a trifle farther off from hell,
 Aye that I could; nor would I cock my nose
 At dirty women making dirty brose,
 In cabins at the back of some old ditch,
 Like those where young Prince Charley got
 the itch.

For God, whom I've been always taught to
 bless,

Would fit my stomach to the doubtful mess;
 The back He to the burden fits, 'tis said,
 Then why not fit the belly to the bread?

I'd leave you all; You're not the stuff for me,
 There's not one of your whole fraternity,
 That has a soul much bigger than a mouse,
 Or that possesses anything like *nouse*.

I'm sick of you, sick of you, kith and kin,
 Your very names oft drive me into sin.

Pyper and Campbell, Oh, if I'd a chance
 I'd lead those precious worthies such a dance;
 But where's the use in talking on this plan,
 The fact is I'm almost a used up man.

But after all I won't abate a jot,
 I'll burst my boiler or this Meal Club Plot.

*Exeunt omnes, while the Moderator is
 in the act of pronouncing the benediction,
 and during a variety of original expres-
 sions and noises on the part of the major-
 ity of the company. Music, "There is no
 luck about the house." Cabs, dogs, and
 policemen in the distance.*