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The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

INTRODUCTION.

OFTEN at the gloamin' gray,
Musing on life's early day,
Mid the shadows dim,
I sit and sing the songs of yore,
Until my heart is running o'er,
And phantoms round me swim.

What a crowd of youthful faces !
" In the well remembered places,"
Dear ones gone before !
While song's magic spell has bound me,
How they gather all around me !
As in days of yore :

With them the one of all most dear,
A hero humble and sincere,
Of deep and earnest thought ;
And his was no inglorious strife,
As on the "roaring loom of life"
His tangled web he wrought ;

For burdened tho' he wore, full sore,
Yet uncomplainingly he bore
Injustice ; even when
He staggered 'neath the heavy oad,
Yet never lost his faith in God,
Nor in his fellow men ;

In battle with brute ignorance
On the one hand—and pretence
With power leagued on the other—
Through all his struggles we could see
He was of poor humanity
At least an elder brother :

Yea a true hero brave and bold,
One of the high heroic mould,
Great, simple and sincere !
One who when even hope was gone,
Stood by deserted truth alone,
And trampled upon fear.

His weighty utterance in our verse,
Alas ! we cannot now rehearse,
Or from oblivion save ;
But proud are we to have the power
To throw at least a little flower
Upon a hero's grave.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

(To be continued.)

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXV.

BRAMLEY stated that he had no desire to prosecute the overzealous officers, and, moreover, he was anxious to leave for Toronto at once, but, upon being assured by Mr. Dawson that the morning train had left by this time, but that there would not be another until half past three, he accepted that gentleman's hospitable invitation, and the whole party were driven out some two miles in the suburbs to the residence of the worthy magistrate.

Mr. Dawson's house was a large, comfortable stone edifice, standing in the midst of exceedingly tastefully laid out grounds. Upon the lawn, as the party drove up, two young ladies and a similar number of gentlemen were playing croquet.

"My daughters, gentlemen ; my son, Muffkins, and Mr. Slobby," said their host as our friends alighted and were introduced to the croquet players.

Miss Fanny Dawson, or Miss Dawson, as she was usually called, was a very charming brunette of nineteen ; tall and willowy, her graceful figure being set off to the best advantage by a cool, pink and white muslin dress, at the moment when our friends first beheld her. The simplicity of her dress became her admirably, and as she stood, gently tapping the neatly booted little foot with her croquet mallet, it is not much to be wondered at if Mr. Coddleby's heart fluttered a little faster than was its wont, for she presented a very pretty picture indeed.

Miss Dawson's seventeen-year-old sister, Helen, was also an exceedingly pretty girl. Though bearing a strong family likeness to her sister, she presented quite a contrast to her in the matter of hair and complexion, being a sprightly blonde, with bright, *very* light yellow hair, which was neatly "done up" in some mysterious fashion beneath her ample broad-brimmed straw hat. If Mr. Coddleby was smitten by the appearance of the elder sister, it was evident that Mr. Yubbitts was no less affected by the charms of the younger, and he murmured to Mr. Bramley that he considered her a "demd captivating little creature," intimating at the same time that he thought he would "go in for her."

After the new comers had partaken of luncheon, sides for a game were soon selected, and Messrs. Bramley, Coddleby and Muffkins, Dawson Jr. and his elder sister, prepared to do battle against Messrs. Yubbitts, Crinkle and Slobby and Miss Helen. The last named gentleman did not appear at all well pleased by the recent addition to the party ; he was, in fact, "going in" for the saucy little Helen himself, and by some mysterious intuition, immediately recognized a rival in the redoubtable Yubbitts. He appeared very sulky, and occasionally darted glances, intended to be excessively ferocious, in his new rivals direction, and only replied at first by monosyllables to any question or remark addressed to him, though he became more talkative as the game proceeded.

"Now, Mr. Slobby," exclaimed Miss Helen, "it's your turn to play ; get Mr.—— Mr.—— ah ! yes, Bramley out of the way and then come here," indicating the spot where she desired Mr. Slobby to play his ball, and which spot was close to the fascinating Helen's own.

"Aw—yaw—to be shaw," ejaculated Mr. Slobby, looking more like a young rook than ever, "anywh' neah you—aw—y'knaw—" and he beamed what was meant to be a very fascinating smile on the object of his devotion, and prepared to drive his ball in the direction of Mr. Bramley's. Having accomplished this feat successfully and having struck that gentleman's ball, he prepared to "raquet" his opponent out of the way, and placing his foot, which was covered with an excessively long, thin, pointed shoe, on his own ball, which was in contact with that of Bramley, he aimed a terrible vicious blow at his own,—and brought his mallet down with a terrific thwack on his own foot ! After contorting his visage with an expression of intense agony for a few seconds, he threw his mallet down with the exclamation, "B'Jawve—aw," fell to the ground and wreathed desperately. He was not fatally hurt, however, and in due time the game was resumed.

"Now, Crinkle," shouted Coddleby, who had been getting on famously with Miss Dawson, "it's your turn : and you'd better do your best ; I am a rover, and so is Miss Dawson ;—would that we might rove—" he was adding to the lady mentioned with a very tender look, when, in stepping backward, his foot caught in one of the hoops and he fell heavily to the ground.