

successful ever held in the University? If the freshmen did not support it quite as well as might have been wished, surely it was not on account of the "At Home" they attended the previous week. The mere increase in their number of acquaintances would be an inducement to attend such an enjoyable event as the Conversat.

With regard to the freshmen having "monopolised the bulletin boards for weeks," I would like to ask if these boards are not for the use of the students in general, and, as long as no other notices are disturbed, if the freshmen have not as much right to use them for their business as any other year.

A former issue of the JOURNAL expresses its "heartly appreciation of the kindness of the three years, '00, '99 and '01," for extending to it invitations to their respective At Homes. In vain do we search the columns of the last issue for a similar recognition. Are we to believe that in the intervening time the JOURNAL has lost its head and with it the sense of gratitude?

It seems but reasonable to look for some explanation of the attitude assumed by the JOURNAL on this particular occasion.

FRESHMAN.

## Poetry.

### The Beadle's Lament.

("Ballads and Poems," by the Glasgow Ballad Club.)

Nae mair, auld Sabbath Book, nae mair  
Shall we twa tak' the poopit-stair;  
Aneath my arm wi' decent care  
Ye've traivelled lang;  
But noo, like bauchles past repair,  
We twa maun gang.

For yon sleek Herd, wi' face o' whey,  
Wha' cam' last spring frae yont Glenspey  
Has set his will, has wrocht his wey,  
Wi' laird and cottar;  
Till e'en the session are as clay,  
And he the pottar!

He's turned the auld kirk upside-doon;  
Pentit the wa's blue, green, and broon;  
The book-brod, tossed roun' and rouss',  
Glowers wi' red plush on't;  
And in the pews ilk glaiket loon  
Cocks whare he's cushioned?

The dounce precentor, Dauvit Parks,  
Nae mair in his bit boxie barks;  
An organ, stuffed wi' water-marks  
Maks a' lugs dirl  
And twa-three lads in lang white sacks  
Start off the skirl.

A braw new Bible has been bocht,—  
Revised, to clink wi' Modern Thocht;  
A braw new beadle has been socht,  
Souple and snod

And this new Herd, himsel' has wrocht  
A braw new God!

A God wha wadna fright the craws;  
A God wha never lifts the taws;  
Wha never heard o' Moses' laws,  
On stane or paper;  
A kind o' thomless Great First cause,  
Skinklin' thro' vapour,  
As for the Bible, if you please,  
He thinks it's true,—in twa degrees;  
Some pairt is chalk, some pairt is cheese;  
But he'll engage  
To riddle oot the biggest lees  
Frae ilka page!

The Fall, he thinks, is nocht but fable;  
Adam ne'er delled, nor killed was Abel;  
Men never built the Tower of Babel,  
Nor lenched an ark;  
While auld Methuselah's birth-day table  
Clean jumps the mark!

No' that he says sic things straucht oot;  
Lord! h's as sly's Loch Lenen troot;  
But here wi' Science, there wi' Doot,  
He crams his sermons;  
Throwin' the plainest texts aboot,  
To please the Germans.

The auld blue Hell he thinks a hainer;  
The auld black Deil a kintry clainer;  
And what is sin, but sant to savour  
Mankind's mersh luggies?  
While Saunts, if ye'd believe the shaner,  
Are kirk-gaun puggies!  
The Lord have mercy on sic teachin'!  
And on the kirk that tholes sic speech in;  
A heathen-man, wi' heathen screechin',  
Were less to blame  
Satan himsel' would damn sic preachin'  
For very shame!

Oh for the days when sinners shook  
Aneath the true Herd's righteous crook,  
When men were telt that this auld book  
Is God's ain word,  
When texts were stanes waled frae the brook,  
And prayer a sword.

Four ministers I've seen ta'en ower  
To yon kirkyard, and a' the four  
Were men o' prayer, were men o' power  
In kirk and session;  
Preachers wha nailed ye wi' a glower  
To your transgression.

Ah for sic men o' godly zeal;  
Men wha could grab ye, head and heel,  
And slype ye to the muckle Deil  
Without a qualm;  
The sinner thro' the reek nicht squeal,—  
They sang a psalm!