

(All Rights Reserved.)

Willie Fulton the Radical.

WILLIE FULTON lived up 'mang the Gleniffer braes,
In a wee flow'ry spot o' his ain ;
Peculiar was he in his words and his ways,
Yet surely he lived not in vain.

His stature was sma', but his heart it was big,
And upright the race that he ran ;
And tho' for lang years he'd to delve and to dig,
Yet he lived the true life o' a man.

His look had the true Apostolical grace
That's pleasant e'en now to recall ;
And maist o' folk said when they looked in his face
That they couldna help thinking o' Paul.

The same kind o' spirit which dwelt in John Knox,
The true martyr spirit was there,
That would have gone out to the deserts and rocks
For freedom to do and to dare.

I canna tell a' that was writ on that face,
'Twas a volume to study and scan—
A guide to our incomprehensible race
On a new and original plan.

A kind o' judicious, synoptical face,
Closely written, and a' underlined ;
A living comment on the whole human race,
By Faith, Love and Hope undersigned.

A face very far frae the common, I ween,
Nae doot ev'ry word on't was true,
And a' lichter up by twa fathomless een
O' caum deeply beautifu' blue.

His garments were russet, braid Scotch was his talk,
Yet pith in each word as it fell ;
His air and his manner, yea his very walk
Was a guide and a sermon itsell.

His words had the true gowden ring o' richt :
The thing that he thought he would say,
Each word bolted oot, no afear o' the licht,
And into a' hearts found its way.

And nae sentimental bit-body was he
Wi' little else in him than talk ;
Nor was he forever ambitious to be
The big Bubbly-Jock o' the walk.

He fought wi' misfortune for mony a day,
And triumphed by courage and skill ;
He put a "stout heart to a stey staney brae,"
For michty was wee Willie's will.

He was nane o' the kin wha would sit doon an' greet
When a stumbling-block cam in the way,
"That gar'd me," said Willie, "aye spring tae ma feet
And meet e'en the deevil half way."

When fortune at last found out Willie's abode,
He still bore his struggles in mind ;
And thought the best way to be thankful to God
Was to lessen the woes o' mankind.

The truth for its ain sake to Willie was dear,
And by it he'd stand or he'd fa' ;
What he said, what she said, for jest or for jeer,
He simply cared naething ava.

Whate'er was the matter, whate'er the dispute,
He saw the true point o' the thing ;
And straight to the centre his arrows he'd shoot,
And killed mony lees on the wing.

And Willie was truly religious indeed,
And when a' religions he'd scan,
He placed that one always the first at the heid
That had maist love tae God and tae man.

That he had his fauts and his failings, nae doot,
For ocht that I ken may be true ;
But while he was living, I ne'er found them oot,
So I'm no gaun to hunt them up noo.

He had his ain crochets, as maist o' folk hae,
But little the waur was for that ;
For instance, when titled folk cam in his way
He sturdily kept on his hat.

Willie didna believe that the hauf o' oor race
Ready saddled and bridled were born,
The other hauf booted and spurred, by God's grace,
To ride them and laugh them to scorn.

And oh, what a pith in the dialect he threw !
When he spake to the serfs o' the land,
It seemed as if manhood enthroned on his brou
Waved o'er them a magical wand.

For manhood boon a' things did Willie revere
And scorned ev'ry kind o' a lee ;
And still to my bosom his mem'ry is dear
For a noble o' nature was he.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.



A CHANGE OF MOOD.

Johnny.—Aunty, can I have 'nother piece of cake ?

Aunty (an ex-schoolmarm).—Of course you *can*, but—

Johnny.—Well, I mean, *may* I ?

Aunty.—No.

Johnny (aside).—Darn grammar, anyway ?

ACROSS THE BRINY.

GRIP's energetic and much esteemed President, Mr. J. L. Morrison, is among the happy number of those who are "taking in" the great Colonial Exhibition. At least, our representative man soon *will* be, as he has just sailed from the American shore, and carried with him so many good wishes that we feel confident of his safe arrival. Amongst other important messages, Mr. M. carries GRIP's Profound and Loyal Respects to Her Majesty the Queen, and her interesting family, and if Her Majesty always treats visitors as they deserve, she will put the best room at Buckingham at the disposal of Mr. Morrison.

POINTERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

DEAR GRIP :

SIR,—All through Ontario divers bodies of town and township Councillors will be sallying out next week on their annual tours, to see what is required in the way of repairs to municipal works. They will be met with many and earnest petitions to do "something for us."

It seems to us, then, that this would be a good time to fire off on a defenceless community a new and original plan looking towards economy in local public expenditure.